THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded by Benj. Franklin

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DRAWN BY
CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

UNACCUSTOMED AS I AM—By Irvin S. Cobb

The Trail Maker

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In the motor car industry Buick is the trail maker. Buick first conceived the valve-in-head idea. Buick built the first valve-in-head motor.

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Pioneer Builders of Valve-in-Head Motor Cars
Flint, Michigan
Branches in all principal cities. Dealers everywhere

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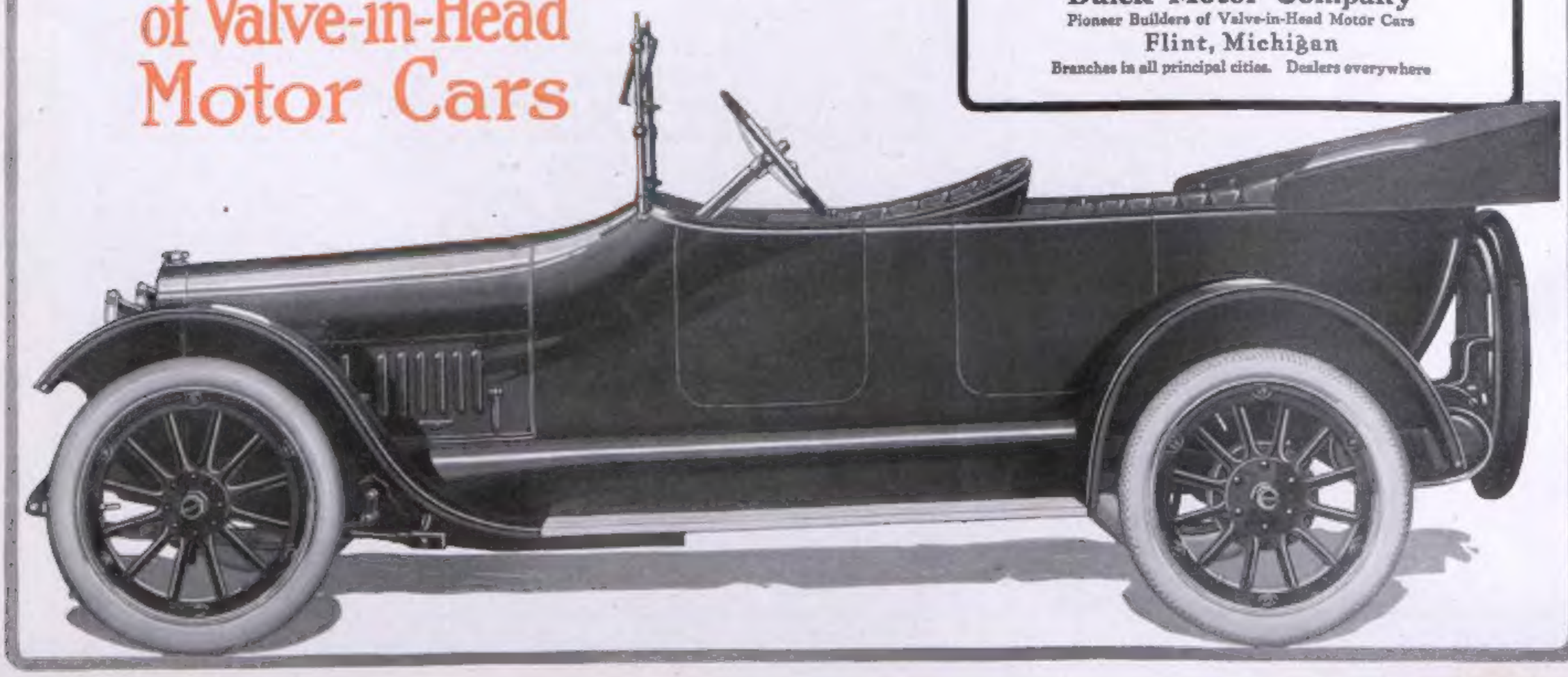

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Society Brand Clothes

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"Unaccustomed as I Am—"

By IRVIN S. COBB

SKETCHES BY TONY SARG

Somehow I Lived Through It; and the Audience Lived Through It

AGAIN, as in a dream, do I behold, stretching before me, the sea of upturned faces—only sometimes, when the attendance fell off, it wasn't a sea, but a small lake or pond; and once in a while was but a tiny puddle entirely surrounded by wide shore lines of empty red plush seats, with the upturned faces scattered here and there on its surface, like infrequent lily pads.

Again and again, in my mind's eye, I see the audience streaming in, pausing on their way past the ticket window to gaze in a rapt, almost a stupefied manner at the posters of myself on display in the lobby; then turning to one another and murmuring: "Is it possible?" During the course of the tour I gave away a good many of those posters to persons who came and asked for copies. I believe in doing my mite for the Home Beautiful Movement in this country; for too long have the walls of our houses been adorned with examples of effete Old World portrait gravure. The crying need is for our more rugged native American art.

Abraham Lincoln was not pretty to look at, but his likeness is popular. In the matter of personal beauty Benjamin Franklin sinned and came short. Andrew Jackson, with that long head of his and that unroached forelock, looked a good deal like a neglected horse in the face. And I am proud to think that I have done my unselfish share too. So I gave away a good many of my posters. Their intrinsic value was not great, I grant you; it was the association, the unusualness of the subject, and all that. And the only drawback to their artistic success was that they looked a good deal like me. Otherwise I cannot think of a thing to be said against those pictures.

Again do I behold the yawning stage as set for the entertainment, with one lone table and one lone chair; on the table a pitcher of ice water, perspiring profusely with stage fright; and, hovering in the wings, me, obeying a similar law of Nature. Again I hear the last words of the graceful concluding paragraph of the introductory remarks of the official announcer. Again I see myself setting forth on that eternally long journey from my shelter behind the scenes to the center of the stage. Sometimes it seemed two miles; sometimes no more than a mile and a quarter.

Again, when the affair is over, I catch a glimpse of myself running to catch a train for our next one-night stand. We spent so many nights aboard sleeping cars during those crowded months that when, by any chance, we laid over for twenty-four hours in one town, I couldn't sleep unless I put a cinder in my eye before retiring, and arranged with a bell hop to come in from time to time and shake the bed violently. If only we could have hit upon some attachable device whereby my skull could be jammed against the headboard with great abruptness about once in so often, I am certain I might have enjoyed perfect rest.

How to Know When to Get Up in the Morning

AGAIN, after six or seven hours on the Pullman, I see our train rolling into our destination. We flitter past the most outlying real-estate development, a wide expanse of what was recently a cornfield, but gridironed now with new streets leading to nowhere in particular, and dotted over with model homes, which look as though they had been put together according to cut-out patterns published in the Sunday paper, and marked by a pair of large and impressive gateposts, with no gates and no fence; and set off with a nifty sales office, designed something like a lodge house for a lunatic asylum and something like a debauched Japanese bungalow, and decorated, for a hundred feet along the side nearest the tracks, with a mighty blue billboard bearing in red letters nine feet tall the modest legend: Touchwood Manor—Do You Notice the Air of Undoubted Refinement About This Suburb? But if the outfit happened to be down in a deep hollow it would be called Something-or-Other Heights.

We pass next the serried rows of domiciles inhabited by those who are too rich or too poor to go out half a mile beyond where the trolley tracks end and own their own homes. We catch a whiff from the stockyards by the right of way and the soap factory on beyond; and so, informed and warned by these unfailing signs, we arise and collect our belongings, leaving behind us in our berth only our pyjamas, our tooth brush, our watch, and a few other small articles, and presently are disembarking in a smoke-filled station shed, to be cordially greeted by the warm-hearted and hospitable bus driver, who meets all the trains, even though the trains don't always meet him. And so begins—in memory—another day.

Always, though, my mind reverts to the momentous afternoon when the whole thing started. On the street I met a friend who was and is in the theatrical business—at least he was still in the theatrical business at last accounts. I haven't seen the bankruptcy column of this morning's paper yet. The theatrical business was always very uncertain, but since the movies came in it is practically certain, sooner or later.

"Well," he said—taking my hand in his and holding it firmly to prevent my escape—"well, everything is as good as settled."

"I beg your pardon," I said. "I don't quite get you."

"Don't be startled," he said. "I'm trying to break the news gently. You are going out lecturing and my firm is going to manage you."

I was startled, though. Who wouldn't have been? If a man met you on the street and, in an offhand kind of way, said that you were going into the lion-taming business, and that he had already arranged for a cageful of Nubian lions direct from the jungle, I figure it that you would be startled into betraying some passing surprise. So it was with me.

Shanghaied by a Lecture Outfit

"WHO was telling you?" I said when I had in part rallied from the shock.

"Nobody's telling me," he said. "I'm telling you. It's all settled, I tell you."

So saying, he fixed a hypnotic eye upon me. Now it is a constitutional shortcoming of mine that I just naturally hate to say "No" to anybody. In my heart I may think it, but my tongue refuses to take hold of the word.

"But what am I going to lecture about?" I inquired almost timidly.

"About the war, of course," he said briskly; "the war and anything else that you can think of."

"And who," I inquired, "is coming to hear me lecture?"

"Anybody who has the price. We play no favorites beforehand and assume no liabilities afterward."

Yet still I demurred: "But I don't know anything about lecturing!"

"And we," he retorted, "don't know a thing in the world about handling a lecturer. So it's as fair for one as it is for the other. Besides, who's taking all the risks and doing all the work? We are—that's who! Where does your kick come in? All you've got to do is put on your cute little head-waiter's suit and your granite-ware shirt, and get out there and lecture."

"But the public ——"

"As for the public," he said, "*Caveat emptor!* That's Latin. A lawyer handed it out to me the other day. That and some more dead language cost me seventy-five bucks. It means C. O. D., without privilege of examination—the *Caveat* part does; and *emptor* is Latin for 'I should worry!' Call it a dead language if you want to—it looks to me like those Latinites were the live boys when it came to putting a whole lot of meaning into just two or three words. Better drop by the office this afternoon or to-morrow and we'll fix up a contract—I suppose you'll want some money for yourself; you writing guys are sure a grasping lot—and we'll lay out the billing and go over the route as far as it's made up. Well, I'm in a hurry. So long!"

Then, after he had moved off a few paces, he halted, taken with a new idea.

"Say, you know how a lecture goes, don't you? How you get it started and how you get it stopped, and everything like that?"

I shook my head. I hadn't attended a lecture since I was a small boy; the only one I could recall offhand was given in the basement of the Sunday school and dealt with the Holy Land, and was illustrated with colored magic-lantern slides. I said so. He shook his head.

"Magic lanterns is absolutely nix. We've got to be up to date to get the money. You'd better stop in at Carnegie Hall the next night or two and pick up a few pointers from one of those travelhog boys. And if it's absolutely necessary we can arrange it probably so it won't cost you much to take a few quick lessons from a teacher of elocution—get you a special rate, you know."

He left me in a daze. My days of daze were merely starting. They followed for a while, one right behind the other. As one under the influence of subtle drugs I signed

contracts, O. K.'d designs for posters and three-sheets, and conferred with the impressive gentleman who, it seemed, had contracted to do my advance press work.

He was attired as a real advance agent should be—in a glossy and pampered high hat answering to the name of Ponto, and an overcoat with four separate varieties of dead animals sewed on it; and a great glittering in his necktie showed where he had been kicked in the chest by a jeweler's mule. He guarded his jewelry and his overcoat very zealously, but especially his overcoat. I guess he was afraid somebody might leave the door open and it would go back to the Zoo.

Fondling his horseshoe pin the while, he dismissed from consideration all thought of possible difficulties arising in connection with our venture. It seemed he had been out ahead of a trained-animal act during the past season, and the season before that had managed a Polish dancer who, starting life at the back of a Tenth Avenue tenement, three flights up—ring Finnigan's bell—had eventually acquired a foreign accent, a stage name that had seven syllables and a sneeze in it, and a new husband every little while. He said that as a genuine imported Polish dancer his star had been historically and traditionally correct in every respect.

And as for the true artistic temperament—well, he said she couldn't have had more of that if she had been born and brought up at the Pole, right among the best families of the Polar regions. Every time the present incumbent—meaning by that her then husband—season of 1913–14—came hurtling out of a door of the lady's apartments—or out of a window, if handier—with a flight of gold-mounted hairbrushes and scrapbooks of clippings and things circling about his head, he said to himself—the manager did—that as a finished artiste she certainly was there or thereabouts.

So, with all this valuable experience behind him, he didn't feel the least hesitancy about undertaking the advance work for a simple little thing such as a course of lectures. An earthquake, really, or a comet to manage during its cross-country engagement, would have been more in his line. If somebody had engaged him to go out ahead of the fabled Dinosaur, or the resurrected Thunder Lizard, say, he would have been referring to his attraction as Dinah or Big Liz before the end of the second week. He had reverence only for box-office receipts and his fur overcoat.

To aid him in preparing his press matter for the papers, I suggested that I give him a few salient details of my career. But it appeared they were not exciting enough for his purposes; they lacked thrill and the emotional quality. He waved aside my offer of collaboration and furnished me with a really interesting life history right out of his own head. So that part of it was all settled without any trouble or any prolonged mental strain for either of us.

The Competitor Whose Jealousy Wouldn't Jell

I TOOK a hint from my manager and attended a travelogue. The speaker came out, rippling gracefully inside his form-fitting evening clothes, and spoke at length, with beautiful modulations and appropriate gestures. I was envious of his easiness of manner and his perfect stage presence as each succeeding view was flashed upon the screen and he, standing alongside of it, said, "And now we find ourselves in Edinburgh"; or, "So this is the Nevskii Prospekt"—as the case might be and was if you stayed long enough. Later I caught him sitting in one of my audiences—it was, as I recall, at Baltimore; but I could tell from his expression that he was not greatly alarmed at seeing what the opposition had to offer. I was envious of him, but his jealousy wouldn't jell.

I decided not to patronize the gentleman who taught elocution by note and ear. I did, however, purchase a handbook on the subject of this justly revered art. But after glancing through its pages I dropped it, without a regret, over the side of the boat. Among other things it contained charts of a little figure engaged in different gesticulations, variously labeled Rage, Hate, Regret, Despair, Murderous Frenzy, Resignation, and so on. As I said to myself at the time:

"It will be all very well for those who pay out money for my lecture to express these emotions physically; but I'm no gymnast. If I undertake to mix up my remarks with a lot of difficult and complicated bodily evolutions, I might as well buy me a set of pink silk fleshings and rig up a horizontal bar to start with. No; one who is naturally simple should strive, I take it, to be simply natural. I shall endeavor to be sartorially correct without being Delsartorial."

It was in a city which we chose purposely, on account of a reputation for forbearance and Christian virtues on the part of its inhabitants, that I made my timorous début. I shall not describe my personal sensations on that occasion. I am not of a morbid nature, I trust, and I likewise assume that the reader is not of a morbid disposition, either; so why should I harrow up the feelings of both of us with the horrible details?

I shall merely state briefly, in passing, that when the curtain rolled up before an assemblage of hardy adventurers, who had gathered in out of the night, I was crouched back behind the protecting shadows of the proscenium arch. And I was perfectly calm and collected, except that I had already swallowed nine miles of Adam's apples, and was still swallowing them at the rate of thirty or forty a minute. And my tongue knocked together and my knees clove to the roof of my mouth, and my hands and feet were giving me a great deal of annoyance on their account—no matter where I put them, they kept getting in my way.

And every time the gentleman who was introducing me mentioned my name I quivered from head to foot like a stricken doe—only my sex prevented me from being more of a stricken doe than I was. But somehow I lived through it; and, what was even more important, the audience lived through it—at least, all of them were able to leave the building unaided, at the conclusion of the entertainment. Indeed, some of them, after getting out, almost ran.

After that first plunge things went easier and easier. I lost some of that frightened-fawn look out of my eyes and I quit feeling so much like the hunted hind, and my complexion became, as it were, less spotty and more stable. And at each appearance I learned things. For one thing, I learned the difference that exists in the minds of the auditors between a crowd listening to an after-dinner speaker who is working for nothing, and a crowd listening to a platform performer who is getting paid for his performance.

Sometime ago I happened on the great lesson that the less an after-dinner speaker has to say and the shorter the time he takes to say it, the more grateful to him is the audience. Haven't you ever heard the outburst of hearty and prolonged applause that goes ringing out on the smoke-laden air of the banquet hall when the toastmaster reads a telegram of regret from a distinguished orator who was asked to be present and found at the last minute he couldn't come?

In Every Town—Big, Medium-Sized or Small—the Official Post Awaited Me

The Audience That Wants Its Money's Worth

ANY after-dinner speaker who made a habit of just sending a signed photograph of himself, and never appeared in person, would be in enormous demand for public dinners. Evening after evening he could remain quietly at home, enjoying the company of his wife, with his little ones prattling at his knee. By the way, why do little ones always pick out a knee as a suitable place about which to do their prattlings? And meanwhile, at a point perhaps miles away, the gratified company that had invited him to address them would be bursting into cheers, and between cheers exclaiming in terms of the warmest admiration regarding his kindness, his charity and his consideration for his fellowman. I throw out this suggestion for what it may be worth.

But with the audience that gives up its money to hear somebody speak the situation is exactly the opposite. This audience always is made up of sturdy souls who are beggars for punishment. It possesses incredible powers of endurance. It is prepared to stay with you to the bitter end; it is fortified and resolute. Or possibly those who compose it aren't expected home until ten-forty-five and find it more comfortable to be indoors than outside. Anyhow, it hangs on until the finish, and has even been known to applaud, in an exhausted sort of way, the concluding words.

I learned that in the opening periods of my wanderings; and I learned, too, that, in a way of speaking, the platform performer has an advantage over an actor in a play. Between the actor and his audience a wall of radiance is interposed; the footlights make it. All beyond that curtain of hard white brilliance is, to him, a blur. He hears it, of course, and he feels it; but he cannot see it. But the lecturer, if he knows the first rudiments of his trade, has the footlights shut off altogether; and he looks his audience in the eye, so to speak.

From the mass certain faces always stand out. He may focus his attention upon them and, bridging the gap between by the powers of mental telepathy, or whatever it is, make friends with the owners of those particular faces. By thought transference he says to them even as he utters the patter of his memorized discourse:

"You can see for yourselves, dear ones, that I am out here doing my feeble best; and you down there—you are plainly a kindly and a forgiving and an understanding lot. Therefore, let us forget for the moment all these strangers who have somehow managed to get inside this place, and as kindred beings, having something in common, just commune together in the spirit for an hour."

The Only Drawback to the Posters Was That They Looked a Good Deal Like Me

Scattered over this continent I have a large number of soulmates whose names and residence addresses I do not know.

I picked up a considerable knowledge of acoustics and the necessity of pitching the voice at varying angles to accommodate itself to the surroundings; for, you see, we played theaters, halls, skating rinks, opera houses, academies, armories, concert places, converted gymnasiums, auditoriums, colisseums—we played nearly everything except vacant lots and circus tents.

I remember one place, a big barnlike arena, with galleries, which, through some freak of construction, was an exercise ground for echoes. If you spoke above a whisper there your voice would go away and, after rambling about among distant crannies for a spell, return to you and repeat your own words in your own ear—which was disconcerting. I know, in my own case, it made me feel like an anthem, whereas I had started off with the intention of being a solo.

I might have endured appearing as a duet—I have that kind of figure and am often spoken of in reports of social events as being one of the most prominent couples present—but I do not care to be a whole choral society all by myself. The proprietors of that building could draw off half of the acoustics and put it—or them—up in bottles for the export trade to the silent spots on the world's surface, and still have left a plenteous supply for all their purposes.

A small cyclone was raging—outside—on the night when I made my modest appearance in this arena—and the tin roof overhead was rippling and snapping like a stage sea; and every now and then somebody's factory chimney in the vicinity came down with a fierce clattering. Despite the opposition from the elements, I was going along at a pretty fair clip when, looking upward toward the top balcony, I saw a large, carelessly dressed gentleman in the act of entering by a rear door.

He was having some difficulty with his legs—in handling them, I mean. Either there were too many of them or not enough; at that distance I couldn't tell which. But I could see plainly enough that he was intoxicated in a reserved, dignified and gentlemanly sort of fashion. Fascinated, I watched him. Something told me that unwittingly he was going to create a diversion. He did.

At the head of a steeply slanting aisle he tripped over one of his feet. He started falling down the steps. He never exactly lost his balance; he never exactly kept it, either. Not a word did he utter—he was too busily engaged in falling to waste any of his energies in idle conversation; but if he had worn sleigh bells on his ankles, and had been carrying a bass drum and a kitchen range in his arms, he couldn't have made more noise and more different kinds of noises than he did make. The wall at the front of the gallery alone prevented him from coming on down and joining me informally on the stage. He struck that barrier with a crash, spread-eagled himself across it, half on one side and half on the other, and hung there, flapping gently, like a loose-furled sheet in a fair breeze.

Encounters With the Official Human Pest

EVERYBODY stood up then—everybody except him. The audience already was disturbed by the sound of the storm; I suppose they figured that Sousa's Band had just come through a skylight. A policeman came hurrying down the aisle; another policeman joined the first policeman. Between them they heaved the intoxicated one upright. It seemed to me he would feel more natural if decanted; but they thought differently. So they upended him and, leading him back over the perilous route he had just reversed, he meantime explaining to them in dumb show exactly how the accident had occurred, they all three vanished through the doorway.

I Hadn't Attended a Lecture Since I Was a Small Boy

The Press Agent Furnished Me With a Life History Right Out of His Own Head

Things were just quieting down again to normal, when our overladen friend appeared, wavering and wabbly, at the extreme back of the main floor. Evidently, having been ejected from the balcony, he had come quietly round to the principal entrance and purchased a downstairs seat. I was bound to admire his determination to enjoy a treat of intellect and eloquence, though at the same time internally deploring the possible consequences.

He made fair headway toward the front rows of seats, creating no more confusion than a medium-sized switch engine could be expected to create under similar circumstances, until he came to where a black shadow fell across the aisle. He eyed it doubtfully for a long, pregnant half minute. Then he stooped, turned up his trousers at the bottoms and, measuring the distance, undertook to step over it. But he miscalculated and landed right in the middle. With a mighty effort he flung himself across—I presume he was a poor swimmer at best—and the lunge carried him clear to the orchestra railing, where he repeated, with tremendous success, his previous imitation of a sail at half-mast.

Again the two policemen removed him and his parcel from our view, he continuing, to the last glimpse of him, to maintain his air of apologetic rectitude. But when the lecture was over and I, on the heels of the departing audience, went forth to catch a train, he was propped against the closed window of the box office, with a crumpled bill clutched in one hand, dumbly entreating somebody to sell him admission for the third time. Probably he wanted to witness the janitor in his specialty of turning out the lights. Or maybe he wished to enjoy the echoes, which were still arguing with the acoustics.

At the outset we arranged in each city with some person of prominence to introduce me. It is a rule that a lecturer must always be introduced by somebody. But we encountered frequent snags here. We found often that, between the local introducer and myself, we were giving too much for the money. He became the star and I merely the supporting company. He would start off by speaking of me, and then, finding the subject uncongenial, would turn to speaking of himself; and so doing would be reminded first of one thing and then of another, until presently he would be flying down the main line forty miles an hour, passing all the way stations and dodging all the terminals, leaving me backed far up a siding, twenty minutes behind time and my right of way gone glimmering.

So, after the second week, we carried along a regular introducer—one willing to work by the week instead of by the piece—who introduced me in a few sentences of suitable and well-merited encomiums. I know his encomiums were suitable and well-merited because I wrote them myself with great care, and he memorized them. But that is a trade secret, and perhaps I should not be divulging it here.

In every town—big, medium-sized or small—the official pest invariably awaited me. He was in the hotel lobby when I arrived, or he was lurking behind the scenes of the theater that night; sometimes he even came down to the station to be on hand when our train got in. I do not mean that he was a newspaper man, or a representative of some civic organization, kindly anxious to offer small hospitalities to the visiting fireman or a personal friend.

He was the official human plague of the community, and invariably he opened the conversation by saying that he wished to get my private views on some phase of the war. What he meant was that he wanted to give me his private views on all phases of this war and a number of other wars, and then wear me down into agreeing with him.

It's hard enough, in the present divided state of the public mind, to stay at home and be a neutral. Take it from one who has tried both systems, it is a blamed sight harder to be a traveling neutral.

If Major P. P. Pest chanced to lean toward the German side of the present joint debate in Europe—and it has been my experience that those who lean that way lean very heavily indeed—he would drop round right after breakfast, and invite me to join him in his morning hate. If he happened to be one of the rampant pro-Teutons I found it easier not to disagree with him than to take issue on any point, but just to humor him along until he had talked himself out. So you might say we were pro and con—that is, he was the pro and I peddled the con.

The Champion Bare-Handed Bore

ON THE other hand, if he believed from the bottom of his tiresome soul that all the sweetness and light abides on the side of the Allies, and that the Central Powers ought completely to be abolished just as soon as their enemies can get round to that detail of the program, I for one would be the last to say him nay. After all, life is very short on this planet.

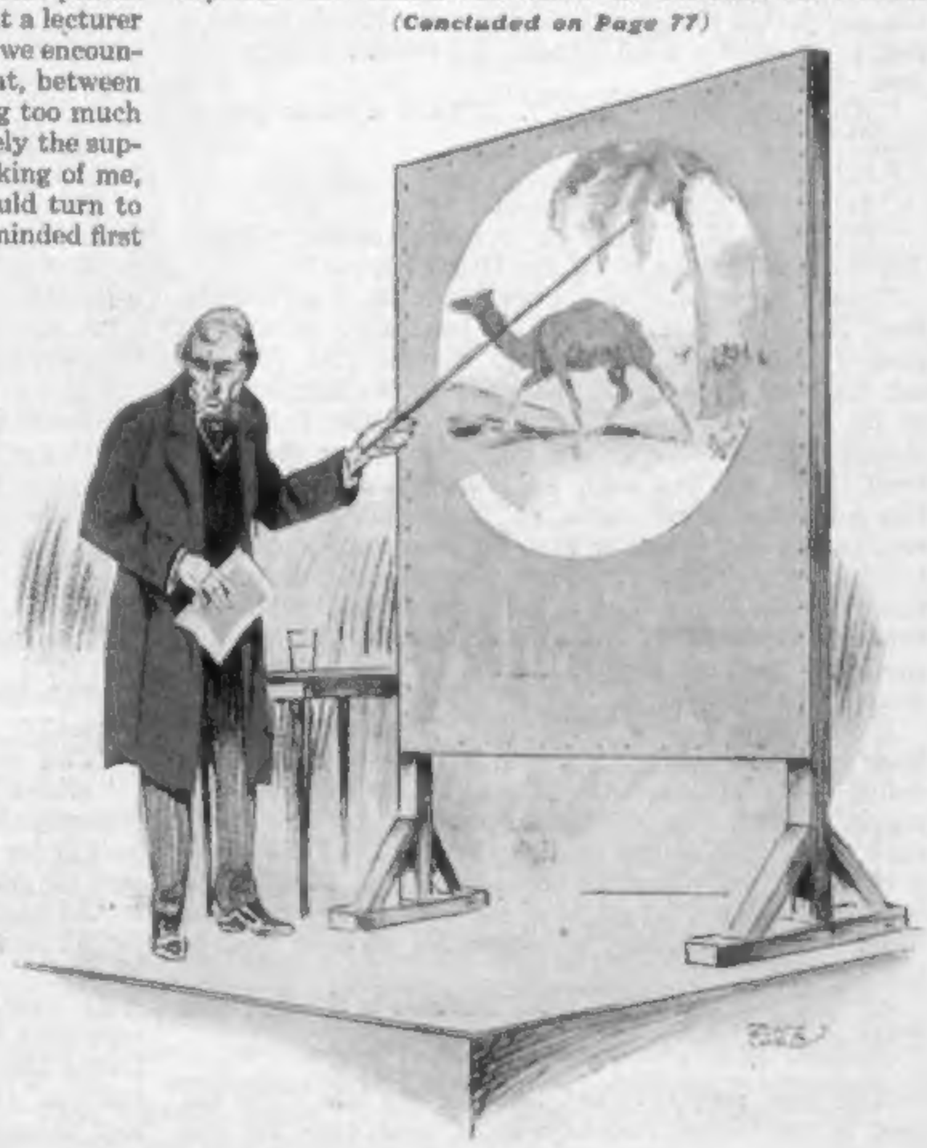
The champion pest of all the pests I encountered held fast to this view of the situation. He was one of those walking afflictions who can hold you helpless for half an hour on a stretch without putting a finger on you. He was the most successful bore with his bare hands that ever I saw. He might have done better with a kit of boring tools, but I doubt it. The man had natural gifts.

He caught me unawares. He outgeneraled me, outflanked me; took me fore and aft, and finally completely surrounded me. When I was backed into a far corner of the last ditch, the forlorn hope of a lost cause, fighting for breath, he cruelly impaled me on the lance tips of his steely, relentless glance, and, while I wriggled in feeble agony, demanded of me, as one intrepid Anglo-Saxon to another, whether I agreed with him that the Anglo-Saxon was waging a magnificent struggle for the liberties and civilization of the world. And if not, why not? Hearing him one got a mental picture of a small determined Anglo-Saxon licking, single-handed, practically all the rest of creation.

I might, I suppose, have told him that my Anglo-Saxon strain wouldn't bear the acid test, some of my ancestors having been the kind of Anglo-Saxons who came from the North of Scotland and spoke Gaelic; and others were the kind of Anglo-Saxons who hailed from the south of Ireland and disliked any mention of the late Oliver Cromwell coming up in the course of social conversation.

I might have added that, after a cursory view of the situation, I was rather of the opinion that, in his struggle against the embattled foeman, the Anglo-Saxon, from time to time, was receiving some slight assistance from Frenchmen and Italians and Russians and Poles and Belgians and Japanese and Hindus and Sikhs and Ghurkas and Turcos

(Concluded on Page 77)



The Last Shot in the Locker

By NORMAN DUNCAN

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

Cap'n Saul Was Proud o' the Smart Work—Sensin' Out a Swift Gale o' Nor'easterly Wind

A MAN might hear what he liked on the water front. In the taprooms 'twas just the same. There was rumors o' the ice all the way from the Straits o' Belle Isle an' the Labrador coast t' the Funks an' Cape Bonavist'. 'Twas even held by some ol' sealin' dogs that the floes had gone t' the east in a spurt o' westerly weather an' would be found far t' sea in the southerly drift. All this while ol' Cap'n Saul, o' the Royal Bloodhound, cocked an ear an' kep' his counsel in the taproom o' the Anchor an' Chain, puttin' two an' two t'gether, an' arrivin' at the correct result o' four, accordin' t' the ol' cock's habit.

"The ice is inside the Funks, Tumm," says he. I was a cap'n o' the watch for the ol' man, used t' makin' free with un ashore, and had been, too, ever since he first commanded a vessel t' the ice. "I'll twist the Bloodhound t' the west," says he, "an' shake off the fleet in the night. Havin' clung with profit t' my sealin' wisdom these ten sealin' seasons," says he, "they'll follow me an they're able, an' pester my fellows, an' steal my panned fat. They're all bit mad by the notion that the ice drove t' the east with the nor'west puff an' whisper o' wind we had. I'll fiddle their wits this year—mark me!"

"Whisper o' wind?" says I. "'Twas a whole gale o' wind."

"Pt!"

"An' the ice did drive t' the east."

"Pt!" says he. "You'll never make a sealin' skipper, Tumm. I smells the ice off the Horse Islands."

'Twas foul weather all the way from St. John's t' the floes. The fleet sailed into a saucy head wind an' a great slosh o' easterly sea. The tenth o' March—this. 'Twas a fair start an' no favor, all managed by the law; the fat on the floes was for the first crews o' the fleet t' find an' slaughter it. An' there was a mighty crowd on the water front t' wish the fleet well; an' there was a vast commotion too—cheerin' an' wavin' an' the poppin' o' guns. At sea 'twas a helter-skelter race for the ice. Cap'n Saul touched up the Royal Bloodhound beyond St. John's Narrows; an' the ship settled to her work, in that rough-an'-tumble o' black water, with a big white bone in her teeth—shook her head an' slapped her tail an' snouted her way along t' the nor'east.

A whisp o' fog come with the night. 'Twas thick weather. Dear man, how cold! An' Cap'n Saul drove nor'east, as before—slap into a smotherin' sea; an' by this the fleet, taggin' behind, was befooled an' misled. An' then, after dark, the ol' man doused the lights an' switched full steam t' the west; an' when day broke the Royal Bloodhound was alone, come what might of her bein' alone—an' come it did, in due course, bein' all a-brew for us, even then, in the nor'west.

An' the fleet was off on fools' business in the bare seas t' the east.

Well, now, an you've any taste for my tale o' the last shot in the locker, two days later, near dusk, we was crawlin' nor'west through the first ice o' the floe. One hour o' drab light left o' the day—no more. An' 'twas mean ice, believe me an you will—small pans an' a naughty mess o' slush. There was a hummock or two, it might be, an' a clumper or two as well, an' a man might travel that ice well enough, sore pinched by need t' do so; but 'twas foul footin' for the weight of a full-growed man an' tricky for the feet of a lad, an' a man must dance a crooked course, an' caper along, or perish—leap from a block that would tip an' sink under his feet to a pan that would bear un up until he had time an' the wit t' leap again, an' so come at last, by luck an' good conduct, to a pan stout enough for pause.

Mean ice, t' be sure—yet a fine sign o' swiles driftin' by; here an' there an ol' dog hood on a hummock, an' there an' here a harp an' a whitecoat on a flat pan. But the orders o' Cap'n Saul was t' leave the swiles be—t' keep the mouths o' the guns shut, says he, until the Royal Bloodhound had run up t' the herd that was comin' down with the floe.

"I'll have no swiles slaughtered in play," says he.

A gun popped for'ard. 'Twas from the midst of a crowd. An' Cap'n Saul leaned over the bridge rail.

"Who done that?" says he.

There was no answer t' that.

"Mm-m?" says he. "Who done that?"

No answer.

"A dog hood lyin' dead off the port bow!" says he. "Who killed un?"

Still no answer. An' Cap'n Saul didn't ask again. Forthwith he stopped the ship.

"Mister Knibbs, sir," says he t' the mate, "send the crew after that dead hood."

An' the mate jumped.

"Cap'n Saul, sir," says he, his eyes poppin', "the ice ——"

"Sir?"

"This here ice, sir ——"

"*Sir?*"

"This here ——"

"SIR?"

"This ——"

"Mister Knibbs, sir," says Cap'n Saul, "this here ice is fit enough for any crew that I commands. An' if the crew isn't fit for the ice, sir, I'll soon have un so, ecod! Put un over the side. We'll waste no swiles on this v'y'ge."

"All hands, sir?"

"All hands over the side, sir, t' fetch that dead hood aboard."

An' over the side went we for punishment. An' we was more than two hundred men. An' nar' a man was spared. Cap'n Saul sent the ship's doctor after malingers an' the mate an' the haft of a swilein' gaff after lurkers; an' he kep' us caperin' an' teeterin' for dear life on that dirty floe, soppin' an' shiverin', all in a parlous way, until dusk was in the way o' cotchin' some of us unaware.

'Twas then that I encountered ol' Jonathan Farr, o' Ha-Ha Harbor. Bein' clerk of a French Shore trader in summer weather, I knowed the ol' codger well; he had traded fish an' oil with me, aboard the Quick as Wink, through twelve summer seasons; an' I was shocked t' find un cavortin' over that foul, tricky ice, with the thin blood an' dry ol' bones he had t' serve his need—a gray ol' dog like Jonathan Farr, o' Ha-Ha Harbor, past his full labor these years gone by, gone stiff an' all unfit for the labor an' chances o' the ice. Still an' all, the ol' man was blithe enough, as I marveled t' see; his eyes was lit up with a flicker o' fun, sparklin' somehow through the rheum of age, an' his words was mixed with laughter.

An' we come t' rest on a pan—the three of us t'gether—ol' Jonathan Farr an' me an' a little lad. An' I marked this in a glance—that the lad, whoever he was, was out o' heart with the work he was at.

"My gran'son, Tumm," says Jonathan.

An' I pitied the lad—a wee, white, soft-eyed little chap, all taut an' woeful with anxiety.

"He's young for the ice," says I.

"A young dog," says Jonathan, "masters his tricks with ease."

"Too young," says I, "for man's labor like this."

"He'll l'arn all the better for his youth."

"Time enough," says I, "two years hence."

"Ah, well, Tumm," says Jonathan then, "I wants t' see my gran'son fit an' able for his labor afore I goes my way." An' he clapped the lad on the back. "Eh, Toby?" says he.

An' the little lad was grave an' mannerly.

"Ay, gran'pa," says he; "you're wonderful careful o' me, you is!"

"That I is, Toby."

"Yes, sirree!"

"I bet I is careful o' you!" says Jonathan. "An' I'll keep on bein' so. Eh, Toby?"

An' the lad turned t' me.

"I'm havin' a wonderful bringin' up, sir," says he. "My gran'pa is wonderful careful o' me. With the wonderful bringin' up I'm havin'," says he, "I ought t' turn out a wonderful clever man."

"Ye will!" says Jonathan.

"That ye will!" says I; an' I jus' couldn't help it.

"Pray God," says the lad, "I'm worthy!"

Jonathan give the lad a little clap on the back. I fancy 'twas t' thank un. An' it made the lad squirm an' grin like a patted puppy.

"What you think of un, Tumm?" says Jonathan.

'Twas a wistful question. Jonathan wanted a word o' praise. An' I said it with all my heart.

"Big as a whale!" says I.

"He've the hull of a young whale," says Jonathan; "an' afore this v'y'ge is out he'll have the heart of a bear."

An' Toby chuckled.

"Ay—maybe," says he.

"Ye will!" says Jonathan.

Well now, an you've taste left for my yarn o' the last shot in the locker, you must know that 'tis not uncommon t' fall in with a timid lad on the coast: a lad give too much

t' music an' the makin' o' ballads, an' t' the tellin' o' tales too—the like o' that. Such poor folk is timid when young. 'Tis no shame. By an' by they harden t' their labor. An' then they laughs at what they used t' do. I've sometimes thought it a pity. But that's no matter now. An' I knowed this lad, an' I knowed his weird, sad songs, an' had bellowed them, aforetime, in the cabin o' the Quick as Wink.

Oh, the chain 'e parted
An' the schooner drove ashore;
An' the wives of the hands
Never seed un any more—
No more;
Never seed un no mor-or-or-ore!

What now? 'Tis a song weird an' sad enough for a wee lad like Toby Farr t' make!

Afore a bogie stove in the forecas'le of a schooner at anchor, Toby Farr could yarn o' foul weather in a way t' set the flesh of a man's back creepin' with fear; but 'twas told of un at Ha-ha Harbor, an' laid t' the sad songs he made, that in a pother o' nor'easterly weather he was no great hand for laughter.

"'Tis Toby's first season at the ice, Tumm," says Jonathan. "Eh, Toby?"

"Ay, sir."

"An' gran'pa come along with you, didn't he, Toby? You wanted ol' gran'pa for company, didn't you? Eh, Toby?"

"Ay, sir."

"Isn't got no father—is you, Toby?"

"No, sir."

"Isn't got nobody but gran'pa t' fetch you up—is you? Eh, Toby?"

"I'm content, sir."

"Hear that, Tumm! He's content! An' he've been doin' well out here over the side on the ice. Isn't you, Toby?"

"Is I, gran'pa?" 'Twas a flash o' hope.

"Is you!"

"Ay—is I, sir?" 'Twas eager. "Is I been doin' well, sir—as you'd have me do?"

"That you is!"

"Is you tellin' me the truth, gran'pa? It isn't jus' t' hearten me, is it?"

"'Tis the truth! You is doin' better, Toby, than your father done at your age. I never knowed a lad t' do so well first time on ice like this. An' you was all on fire t' come t' the ice, wasn't you, Toby?"

"I wanted t' come along, sir."

"An' you've not repented, Toby? Mm-m?"

"No, sir." An' the lad stared about an' sighed. "I'm glad I come, sir."

Jonathan turned t' me with his face all in a pucker o' joy.

"There's spirit, Tumm!" says he.

"Ay," says I; "that's brave enough, God knows!"

"I been cronies with Toby, Tumm," says Jonathan, "ever since he was born. A ol' man like me plays with children. He've nothin' else t' do. An' I'm enjoyin' it out here at the ice with Toby. 'Tis a pleasure for a ol' man like me t' teach the young. An' I'm wonderful fond o' this here gran'son o' mine. Isn't I, Toby? Eh, lad?"

"That you is, gran'pa!" says the lad. "You been wonderful good t' me all my life long."

"Hear that, Tumm!" says Jonathan.

An' the lad was mannerly an' grave.

"I wisht, sir," says he, "that my conduct might win your praise."

An' then Cap'n Saul called us aboard with a saucy toot o' the whistle, as though we'd been dawdlin' the day away in pranks an' play. An' that night, below, when Toby Farr was curled up asleep, I learned more o' this queer matter o' Jonathan an' he. An' I learned that 'twas in the mind of ol' Jonathan Farr that he would not last long in the world—that he was wistful t' have the lad hardened afore the time for his departure fell. Proper enough: of all that he had t' leave the lad, which was much, when you comes t' think it over, he could leave un no better fortune than a store o' courage an' the will an' skill t' fend for hisself. But the ice was no fit place for Jonathan Farr—a lean, weary ol' dog like he.

"Ah, well," says he, "what matter?" For his time was on the way and the lad was heartened an' taught in his company; an' as for the frost that might bite his ol' flesh, an' as for the winds that might chill the marrow of his ol' bones 'twas nothin' at all t' suffer that much, says he, in the cause of his own son's son, who was timid, as his father had been, in youth, an' his father's father afore un.

"Ay," says I; "but the lad's too young for the ice."

"True, Tumm—he's tender," says he; "but I've no certainty o' years. An' I done well with his father, Tumm, at his age."

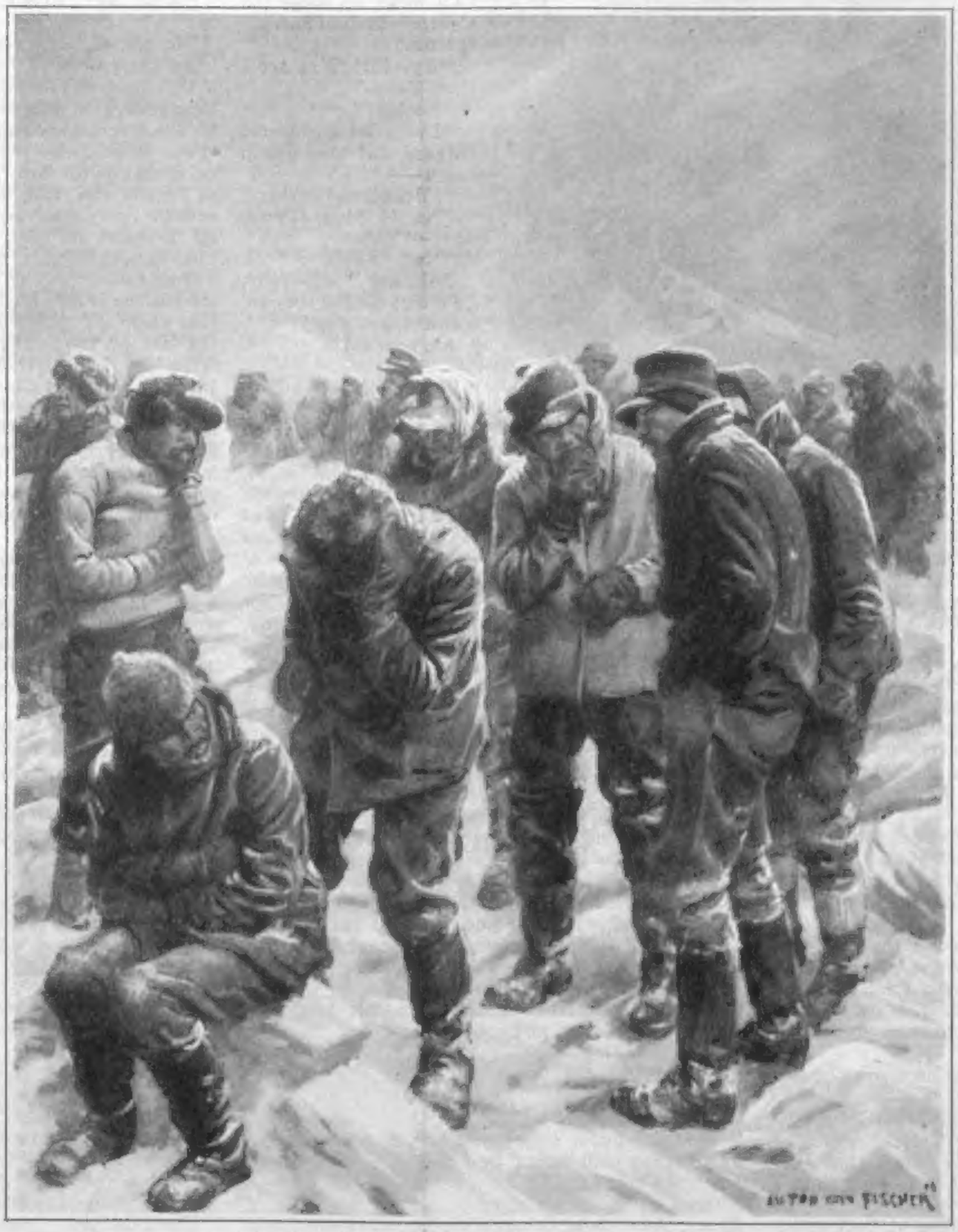
"'Twould go hard with a tender lad like he in time o' trouble."

"No, no, Tumm ——"

"He'd never live it through, Jonathan."

"Ay," says Jonathan; "but I'm here, Tumm—me! An' that's jus' what I'm here for—t' keep un safe."

"You!" says I in banter.



We Waited for the Ship. An' the Wind Begun t' Buffet an' Bite

"I'm ol'—true," says Jonathan. "Yet I've a shot left in the locker, Tumm, against a time o' need."

An' that's my tale.

Nex' day Cap'n Saul found the herds—a patch o' harps an' new-whelped young; an' we killed like madmen all that day. At dusk the crew was broke t' the slaughter, an' could bat a swile an' travel the ice without fear or awkwardness. There was a pretty prospect o' makin' a quick v'y'ge of it. An' 'twould mean a puff an' bouquet o' praise for Cap'n Saul in the St. John's newspapers, an' a sixty-dollar share in the fat for every man an' lad o' the crew: "Royal Bloodhound—Cap'n Saul Galt. First Arrival! In With Thirty Thousand!"—all in big, black letters t' startle folks' eyes an' set the tongues o' the town clackin'. 'Twould be news of a size t' make the town chatter for a fortnight; 'twould spread t' the outports; 'twould give Cap'n Saul all the swilein' glory o' that year. A great stir an' wonder in Water Street when Cap'n Saul went by—bumpers in the taprooms too: for Cap'n Saul had his backers by the score; an' a deal o' cash, down in wagers on his fortunes, went this way an' that every season.

An' there'd be a bottle o' port wine in the office with the owners when Cap'n Saul swaggered in t' report what everybody knowed—that Saul Galt, o' the Royal Bloodhound, was the first o' the fleet t' come in with a load.

Sir Archibald Armstrong hisself would be there t' clap the skipper on the back—an' t' lift his wee glass.

"Your health, Cap'n Saul!" says he. "I'm proud o' ye, sir!"

Well now, an you've the taste for my tale, drivin' this way an' that an' squirmin' along, nosin' an' rammin' an' blastin' a course through the floes, we loaded fifteen thousand in a week. 'Twas still gray weather—no wind t' matter; an' the sea was flat in the lakes an' lanes, an' the ice was abroad, an' no great frost fell t' scorch us. I was master o' the Third Watch for ol' Cap'n Saul—the watch o' Jonathan Farr an' Toby. At dawn the First Watch filed over the side, every man with a gaff an' a towrope an' a biscuit or two; an' all day long they killed an' sculped an' towed an' panned the fat—all smothered in blood. An' meantime the Royal Bloodhound run away out o' sight t' land the Second Watch on another field; an' beyond that, then, t' land the Third Watch, which was mine; an' then she made back through the ice t' stand by an' pick up the First Watch. An' when she had picked up the First Watch an' stowed away the swiles, an' had gathered the Second Watch, 'twas dusk an' after every night, an' sometimes long after, when she got back t' pick up my watch, which was the last t' leave the floe.

An' 'twas labor all day an' sweat most o' the night—torches on the pans where the sculped swile lay; an' torches on deck—the decks all red an' slippery with blood an' fat an' ice. An' it looked well for us everyone—a load o' fat an' the first t' port with it.

Toby Farr killed an' sculped an' towed an' panned a lad's full share o' the fat.

"Well, sir," says I, "how does you?"

"I thrives, sir," says he.

"A cock so soon!" says I.

"My gran'pa," says he, "is teachin' me."

"Is you apt?" says I.

"I've learned courage," says he, "an' 'tis a hard lesson t' learn."

"God knows!" says I.

"I'll be jus' 's fit an' able's anybody—mark me!" says he—"afore this v'y'ge is out!"

Foul weather fell with the crews on the floe—a wee nor'east gale o' cold wind. The floe went crunchin' t' the sou'west—jumpin' along with the wind like a drove o' scared white rabbits. An' the pans packed; an' the lakes begun t' close—the lanes t' close. I gathered my watch in haste. Swiles? Drop the swiles! 'Twas time for caution—quick work for crews an' ship. Cap'n Saul snatched the other watches from the ice an' footed it back for we afore the press nipped the Royal Bloodhound an' cotched her fast; an' my watch was aboard afore dusk, leavin' the kill t' drift where the wind had the will t' drive it. An' Cap'n Saul was proud o' the smart work—sensin' out a swift gale o' nor'easterly wind with that ol' foul-weather nose o' his, an' pickin' his crew from the ice with the loss o' nar' a man.

'Twas a narrow shave though—narrow enough t' keep a man's heart in his mouth until he got a mug o' hot tea in his stomach. An' that night there was talk of it below—yarns o' the ice: the loss o' the Greenland's men in a blizzard—poor, doomed men, cut off from the ship an' freezin' t' madness an' death; an' o' how the Greenland steamed into St. John's Harbor with her flag at half-mast an' dead men piled for'ard like cordwood.

Tales o' frosty wind an' sudden death—all told in whispers t' saucer eyes an' open mouths.

"A sad fate, Toby!" says Jonathan, t' test the lad's courage. "Mm-m?"

Toby shook his shoulders.

"Yep," says he.

"All them poor dead men in a heap!"

"Sad enough, sir."

"Cast away in the cold an' all froze stiff!"

"Yep."

"Hard as stone!"

"Yep."

"An' piled for'ard like cordwood!"

"Sad sight, sir. Yep."

"Oh, dear me!" says Jonathan.

Toby put a hand on the ol' man's shoulder. 'Twas t' hearten his gran'pa's courage, I fancy. An' Toby smiled.

"Cheer up, gran'pa!" says he. "You isn't a-feared, is you?"

"Hear that, Tumm!" says Jonathan.

An' Toby whistled a tune.

"Whistlin'!" says I. "Yet afore this v'y'ge is out ye may lie a blue corpse yourself on the ice!"

An' Toby yawned.

"Yep," says he.

'Twas a cure.

"My Gran'pa Takes Care o' Me!"

Sunday then—an' that a broodin' day. 'Twas a dull, draggin' time. Not a gaff was out, not a gun; not a man sot foot on the floe. We killed no swiles. 'Twas not the custom. All that day we lay made fast t' the ice, frettin' for midnight. Cap'n Saul kep' to his cabin. 'Twas said that he read his Bible in a fury; an' if he read his Bible at all, an' offered his prayers for salvation, good weather an' bloody decks, like a pious swilein' skipper, 'twas in a smother o' fury, no doubt, face an' little gray eyes in a flush o' rage with the ill luck o' the Sabbath delay. Time an' quiet weather went wastin' away. Quiet weather—quiet enough that day; a draft o' westerly wind blowin', the sky overcast an' blank, an' a flurry o' snow in the afternoon, which failed afore dusk; a black, still midnight drawin' on.

An' on the first stroke o' the midnight bell, for which he had waited since the dawn o' that dull Lord's Day, Cap'n Saul popped out o' the cabin, like a jack-in-the-box, an' stamped the bridge, growlin' an' bawlin' his orders in a weekday temper until he had dropped the First Watch an' was underway through the floe, a matter o' twenty miles, t' land the Second Watch an' we—feelin' a way through the lanes.

Afore dawn we was on the ice. Cap'n Saul put back t' stand by the First Watch. Black dark yet. Ah, man, 'twas bleak on the floe! We shivered in the frost an' dark. An' the light lagged as the light will when 'tis waited for. An' 'twas a sad dawn. I minds it well. A slow glower an' lift o' thin gray light; no warmth o' color in the east—no rosy flush an' glow. An' when day broke at last we made into the herds, mad t' be warm, an' begun t' kill like the daft. Whatever an' all, 'twas done without heart. There was less blithe slaughter that day than unseemly broodin' an' weather-gazin'.

'Twas a queer thing too. There was no alarm o' foul weather that any man could see.

A drear, gray day it was, day drawin' near noon. I minds it well. Yet there was no frost t' touch a man's heart, no need t' cower an' whine in the wind, no snow t' make a man a-feared. A scowl in the nor'east—a low, drab, sulky sky, mottled with blueblack an' smoky white. I minds it well. An' that was all. An' I fancied, then, with the lives o' my crew in mind, that the weather quarter was doubtless in the devil of a temper, but no worse, an' was no more than half-minded t' kick up a little pother o' trouble afore day run over the west.

An' I was at ease about that.

"She'll bide as she is," thinks I, "'till Cap'n Saul gets back."

I was wrong. It come on t' blow. The wind jumped t' the nor'west with a nasty notion o' misbehavior. 'Twas all in a moment. A gust o' wind, cold as hell, went swirlin' past. I chilled t' the bones in it. An' then a bitter blast o' weather come sweepin' down. The floe begun t' pack an' drive. I gathered an' numbered my watch. An' we waited for the ship. No sign. An' the day turned thick. Dusk fell afore its time. 'Twas not yet midway o' the afternoon. An' the wind begun t' buffet an' bite.

It begun t' snow too. An' 'twas a frosty cloud o' snow. It blinded—it stifled. 'Twas flung out o' the black nor'-west like flour from a shaken sack. An' we was a-feared. We knowed that weather. 'Twas a blizzard. There was a night o' mortal peril in it. There might be a night an' a day—a day an' two nights. An' we knowed what would happen t' we an Cap'n Saul failed t' find us afore the pack nipped un an' the night shut down. It had happened aforetime t' lost crews.

'Twould happen again. Men gone stark mad in the wind—the floe strewn with drifted corpses. We had heard tales. An' now we had visions. Dead men goin' into port—ship's flag at half-mast; an' dead men goin' into port froze stiff an' blue, an' piled for'ard like cordwood.

"I'll make a song about this," says Toby F'arr.

"A song!" says Jonathan.

"'Tis about the gray wraiths o' dead men that squirm in the night."

"I'd not do it."

"They drift like snow in the black wind."

"Ah, no," says Jonathan. "I'd make no songs the night, about dead men an' wraiths."

"Ay, but I'm well started ——"

"No, lad!"

"I've a bit about cold fingers an' the damp touch ——"

"I'd not brood on that."

"An it please you, sir ——"

"No."

"Ah, well," says Toby, "I'll wait till I'm cozy an' warm aboard ship."

Ah, poor lad!

'Tis well knowed on this coast, from Cape Race t' Norman an' the Labrador harbors, what happened t' Cap'n Saul that night. 'Twas vast, flat, heavy ice, thick labor for the ship at best—square miles o' pans an' fields. In the push o' the nor'west gale, blowin' down all at once with vigor an' fury from a new quarter, the big pans shifted an' revolved. Is you ever seed waltzin' in your time an' travels? 'Twas like that—slow dancers, revolvin' in a waltz. An' then the floe closed. An' what was a clear course in the mornin' was packed ice afore dusk.

When the day begun t' foul Cap'n Saul snatched up the First Watch, where he was standin' by, an' come drivin' down after we. 'Twas too late. The ice cotched un. An' there was no shakin' free. We glimpsed un—the bulk o' the ship an' a cloud o' smoke; but he cotched no glimpse o' we—a huddle o' poor men, wrapped in snow an' dusk. A blast o' the gale canted the Royal Bloodhound until her bare yards touched the floe an' Cap'n Saul had a devilish ado t' save her alive from the gale. An' that was the measure o' the wind. It blowed a tempest. Rescue? No rescue! We knowed that. A rescue would walk blind—stray an' blow away like leaves. We must wait.

There had been Newf'un'landers in this hard case afore—poor men! An' we knowed what t' do.

"Keep movin'!"

"No sleep!"

"Stick t'gether!"

"Nobody lie down!"

"Fetch me a buffet, some o' you men, an I gets sleepy."

"I gives any man leave t' beat me."

"Where's Tom Land?"

"Here I is!"

"I say, Tom—Long George gives any man leave t' beat un black an' blue!"

An' a laugh at that.

"Mind the blowholes!"

"An a man gets wet he'll freeze solid."

"No sleep!"

"Keep movin'!"

An' we kep' movin' t' keep warm. An' even we larked. Tag, whilst we could see t' chase—an' a sad leapfrog. An' we wrestled an' scuffled until 'twas black dark an' the heart went out of us all. An' then we wandered, with no lee t' shelter us—a hundred an' seventy-three men stampin' an' stumblin' in the wind, clingin' t' life hour after hour an' waitin' for the dawn, bit by frost an' nigh stifled by snow. Ah, dear man, 'twas gnawin' cold! Twelve below—'tis said. An' that's bitter weather, God knows! It bit through t' the bones an' heart. An' you'll mind what we wore t' withstand it—no greatcoats, t' hamper the kill, but jus' jackets an' caps an' mitts. An' the floe was flat an' bare t' the gale.

I'm not knowin' the pitch o' the wind. 'Twas a full tempest, I knows. An' it stung an' cut an' strove t' wrest us from our feet an' whisk us away. An' there we was, in the grip o' the wind, stripped t' the strength we had, like lost beasts, an' helpless t' fend any more. An' I seed young Simeon Tutt, o' Whoopin' Harbor, trip an' stagger an' fall at my feet; an' afore I could lay hands on un, t' save un, the wind blowed un away like a leaf, an' he was never seed again, but drove into a lake o' water, in the dark, 'tis thought, an' there perished.

By an' by I stumbled on poor ol' Jonathan Farr, o' Ha-ha Harbor. 'Twas long past midnight then. An' I seed no lad.

"That you, Jonathan?" says I.

"'Tis I, Tumm."

"God's sake!" says I. "You livin' yet?"

"No choice," says he. "I got t' live."

"Where's the lad?"

"The lad's ——"

'Twas hard t' hear. The ol' man's words jumped away with the wind. An' still I seed no lad.

"What say?" says I. "I don't see the lad. Where is he?"

"In my lee," says Jonathan. "He's restin'."

An' there stood ol' Jonathan Farr in the writhin' gloom o' that night, stiff an' still an' patient as the dead, with his back t' the gale, plastered with snow an' frozen spindrift, his shoulders humped an' his head drawed in like a turtle. 'Twas bitter dark—yet not as black as the grave. 'Tis never that on the floe. An' the wind streamed past, keen as a blade with frost, thick with crisp snow an' clammy with the spray it cotched up from the open lakes an' flung off in sheets an' mist. Dead bodies lyin' roundabout then—a man stumbled over the dead as he walked.

Young men, sprawled stiff, hard as ice t' the bones, lyin' stark in the drifts—Big Sam Tiller, o' Thank-the-Lord, he that whipped Paddy, o' Linger Tickle, in White Bay, when the fleet was trapped by the floe in the Year o' the Small Haul, was dead by that time; an' I found little Dickie Ring, o' Far-Away Cove, I mind well, dead in his elder brother's dead arms—they was pried apart with a crowbar, I mind, when the time come. An' yet there stood ol' Jonathan Farr, cased in snow an' ice, with the life warm in him—makin' a lee for little Toby. An' Toby was snuggled up to his gran'pa, his face close—sheltered an' rested from the gale as much as might be.

I bent down.

"How does you?" says I.

Toby put his head out from its snug harbor an' spoke in a passion, as though I had wronged un, an' ducked back from the smother o' wind an' snow.

"My gran'pa takes care o' me!" says he.

"Will you save un, Jonathan?" says I.

"I've a shot in the locker, Tumm," says he. "I'll save un alive."

An' out flashed Toby's head; an' he tugged at his gran'pa an' bawled up:

"Is I doin' well?" says he.

"You is!"

"Is I doin' as well as my father done at my age?"

"You is! Is you rested?"

"Ay, sir."

"Full steam ahead!" says Jonathan with that. They bore away—playin' a game, ecod! An' Jonathan was the skipper an' Toby was the engine. "Port!" says Jonathan; an' "Starboard your helm!" An' I lost sight of un in the dark.

We kep' close—a hundred an' seventy-three livin' men, t' start with, an' now God knowed how many!—kep' close for comfort an' safety; an' we walked warily, drunk an' stupid in the wind, in dread o' lakes an' blowholes an' fissures o' water, an' in livin' fear o' crusts o' snow windcast over pitfalls. An' we died fast in the dark. God, 'twas awful! Is you ever dwelt on the cold parts o' hell with a mind moved t' fancy the like of them?—the swish an' sad complaint o' doomed souls, wingin' round an' round an' round in a frozen dark! 'Twas like that.

Dawn delayed—'twas night forever; an' the dark was peopled—the throng stirred an' was not visible; an' from these black wraiths o' men, movin' roundabout, never still, all drove round an' round by the torture o' the night, come cries o' pain—sobbin' an' wailin', rage an' prayer, an' screams for help, for God's sake! An' many of us wore out, afore dawn, an' was foredone; hands froze, feet froze, lips an' throat froze—heart froze. An' many a man dropped in his tracks, limp an' spiritless as rags, an' lay still, every man in his own drift o' snow; an' his soul sped away, glad t' be gone. Brothers, some, an' fathers an' sons, I mind—the one beatin' the other with frozen hands, an' callin' to un t' rouse an' stand up lest he die.

Dawn come. 'Twas jus' a slow, dirty dusk. An' day was no better than dusk. Still we walked, blind an' tortured, in a frosty smother an' drivin' whirlwind o' snow.

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THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A HYPHENATED AMERICAN

How I Fell Into the Melting Pot

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

IMMIGRANTS do not shed tears of joy when they see the Statue of Liberty. They do not approach American shores filled with rapture, reverence and high resolve. At least the immigrants from Western Europe do not. I am one of them, and I know that the prospect of greater political freedom had no more to do with my resolve to emigrate than the number of feathers in the tail of the American eagle. I did not even intend to stay. Nowadays most of the immigrants from Western Europe expect to go home again. American ideals do not attract them because they do not know what these ideals are. But they have heard of the American dollar and formed a very high opinion of its size, abundance and accessibility. It is the dollar, not the goddess on its face, that beckons across the Atlantic and induces them to cut loose from home and family. Of course there are a great many immigrants to whom the United States is a refuge and asylum, but most of the refugees from Western Europe whom I met did not flee because the political secret service was on their heels. They became very vague and changed the subject when the talk drifted round to the reasons for departing from the old country.

I came to America to save two thousand dollars in two years. This ostensibly was the sole impelling reason for leaving the Fatherland. When my father died, and his large family had to depend on the pensions paid my mother and the minor children, I found it impossible to continue my studies at the North German University I had just entered. One cannot work his way through a German university. It isn't done, as the English say.

I do not know how it is to-day, but eighteen years ago the chances for a German student to earn money by any labor except tutoring were as numerous and fat as dairy cows in Death Valley.

Surprising the American Professor

A BIG prize in the lottery played by my mother religiously—this is literal, since the proceeds of the lottery were to provide funds for a large cathedral—or the land of the dollar and the skyscraper offered the only solution. So one bright July morning, following a hilarious celebration in the Bremer Rathskeller, I embarked on the liner and set out for America.

I did not travel steerage. I have often since wished that I had. It would have mitigated the shock of the plunge into the cold, cold water of the New World. It would have been a splendid training period, a kind of purgatory for the hell to come. At the time, however, I saw the need neither of preparation nor of economy. Wasn't I about to begin saving money at the rate of almost a hundred dollars a month?

Having youth, a good liver and a fine appetite I enjoyed myself hugely. It was a gay ship, filled with American and German-American tourists homeward bound. Though my cabin mate was a horse dealer, I did not mind the association greatly. One must become used to rubbing elbows with all kinds of people in America, I assured myself. But I cultivated the acquaintance of a scholarly appearing American with a trim Vandyke and twinkling humorous eyes behind a pair of gold-rimmed glasses, whose deck chair stood alongside of mine. Not that I hoped or expected to form a connection that might be of help in my enterprise. I merely wanted to practice English conversation with an American gentleman possessed of a pure accent.

The American with the scholarly appearance turned out to be ideal for my purpose. He was a professor at a California university returning from his sabbatical year. We became good friends, even though I insisted upon English conversation.

On the second day out of Southampton, while we were reclining on neighboring deck chairs, the professor suddenly asked:

"Isn't it rather late in the season for a visit to America? You'll barely have four weeks if you want to be back in time for the opening of the first semester."

"Oh, I'm not going back to the university for two years," I replied. "I need two thousand dollars to carry me through the course until I get my degree, and I figure that it will take me that long to get it."

The professor sat up as if pricked by a pin, stared at me for a moment and lay back again. He whistled softly. After a while he began to ask casual questions which I answered frankly. The examination over, he shook his head and turned on his side. I smoked with great content, enjoying every puff.

"So you figure that you can save a thousand dollars a year because a distant third cousin who wasn't asked about your project made twice as much soon after he landed in 1882," growled the professor after a long time, turning over so suddenly that his steamer rug slipped to the deck. I nodded complacently. "You say this unknown cousin has an installment business in Chicago. Does he know you are coming? When did you write him?"

I replied that I had announced my intentions and the date of the departure five days before sailing. The professor groaned.

"Wouldn't even give him time for a cable, would you? Good Lord, young man, if I were in your place I'd ——"

He stopped in mid-air, so to speak, looked at my complacent puffs of cigarette smoke, shook his head again and grinned.

"It's no use," he continued. "The task is beyond my persuasive powers. I wish you luck. You'll need it."

That was the last he said on the subject. He offered neither advice nor information. Apparently he had realized the utter futility of attempting to change preconceived notions concerning America by mere words. Only the blasting powder of actual experience could shatter them. It did—and the blast was set off without warning.

These latter days of carnage and slaughter have reënforced my belief, based upon experience, that the high walls separating nation from nation cannot be breached by the spoken or printed word. No book is comprehensive enough to give one nation a detailed, true picture of what the other nation's average family eats for breakfast, how its members go to work, how they dress, make love, marry and keep house, what they aspire to, hope for, read and talk about, what they do evenings and Sundays, why they go to church, how they die and are buried. And if such a volume of microscopic detail should be written nobody would read it. Yet the page of the book or the periodical is practically the sole medium through which one people can gain knowledge of its neighbors on this globe.

Schoolboy Notions of the New World

I KNEW America fairly well before I was nine years old. At eleven I could find Salt Lake City, Chattanooga, New Orleans or any other important city without hesitation on any map. At twelve I could bound the United States, name its principal rivers and their tributaries, draw a fair map of its main topographical features, recite the list of all the states, name their capitals and great cities and indicate their principal products. Facts, facts, facts concerning the United States and other countries were forced into me under high pressure in the classroom, but I did not retain them. They were mere brain prisoners of war, to be released as soon as the battle with the geography examinations was won.

Yet I had all the time in the background of my consciousness a most vivid picture of the United States. Its outlines were as vague and hazy as those of a post-impressionist landscape, but this defect was amply covered by its brilliant coloring. Red Indians, black slaves, buried treasures and virgin gold, buffaloes, skyscrapers, bloodhounds and endless droves of squealing stockyard pigs formed the principal themes of this

Immigrants Do Not Shed Tears of Joy When They See the Statue of Liberty

There Were Many Informal Gatherings of Male and Female Revolutionaries

imperishable picture, a luminous, quivering background whose radiance utterly blotted out of existence the disconnected gray facts laboriously placed in front of it by the textbooks.

The high colors of this picture came principally from the palettes of James Fenimore Cooper, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Buffalo Bill and Mark Twain, though the biggest splotches of screaming red were supplied by the German versions of the great American dime novel which in the Fatherland have one and only one theme—the ceaseless battle of wits and blood between palefaces and redskins.

I do not know how it is in England, France or Italy, but in Germany the average man views the United States through colored glasses made fifty and a hundred years ago. No other country in all the world has such a glamour for the German youth as America. From his earliest years his mind has been filled with the stories of Pizarro and Cortés, with tales of Inca and Aztec treasures, with the lurid romances of California's gold, with pictures of endless forests and vast plains covered with buffaloes, of wild mountains and sudden riches wrested from them. And the truth of these tales is confirmed by the recitals of the emigrants returning home for a brief and opulent visit.

Unsuccessful emigrants never return home.

I realize now that it wasn't altogether the desire to save two thousand dollars that drove me over the Melting Pot's rim. The long line of hunters, trappers and gold miners, from Leatherstocking to Buffalo Bill, all lent a hand to give me the initial lift. American ideals, though, had no more to do with my emigration than the prayer wheel of the chief bonze of Tibet.

From Brooklyn Bridge to the Loop District

UPON landing I immediately registered at a hotel: then inquired the way to the Fulton Street ferry and started out to see the Brooklyn bridge. Photographs of the great structure had captured my imagination and its location was well known to me. In the shop window of the tobacconist at home whom I had honored with my gloved and caned patronage there hung for years a large-scale bird's-eye view of New York and surroundings. So often and thoroughly had I studied that print on my way to and from school that I was familiar enough with the principal features of New York City to find my way across Manhattan without asking one question, stopping only long enough to watch a few trains roar by on the Elevated overhead.

As I stood in the center of the great bridge, absorbed in the contemplation of the wonderful panorama, a peculiar exaltation came over me. It seemed as though the essence of the spirit that is America were giving me wings, increasing the buoyancy of both body and spirit. The air seemed lighter, more transparent than the air of Germany, the sunshine warmer, more brilliant, the shadows sharper, the cigarette smoke sweeter, more pungent than the German brand. New York on that hot August afternoon seemed almost tropical to me. It strengthened the childhood impression, persisting despite better knowledge, that there was no winter in America. I had never seen a picture of an Indian in an overcoat and I could not imagine how the nomad redskins could carry stoves and ranges with them. Even the storm cloud looming in the south seemed blacker than German thunderheads. I left the bridge reluctantly, and I have returned to it regularly on every visit to New York since then.

For three days I absorbed New York through every wide-open pore, prowling round alone during the daytime and going on tours personally conducted by a new friend, the liner's assistant purser, during the evenings. On the third day I departed unwillingly, arriving in Chicago the following night.

There was no one at the station to meet me. Though I had expected no one, my heart suddenly dropped clear down into my boots. For the first time I began to suspect that everything might not be smooth sailing. I had the distant cousin's address, but I had no idea how to get to his house, and I began to wonder uncomfortably how he would receive me. The passengers had all dispersed, the gates had been shut again, and I was still standing irresolutely in the waiting room when an expressman in shirt sleeves addressed me in German. Instantly and indignantly I began to wonder how he found out that I was not a native. It puzzled me for weeks. Everybody was positive of my nationality at the first glance, before I opened my mouth, yet I seemed to be unable to disentangle the racial snarl round me. It did not occur to me then that my round red cheeks, the heavy durable shoes, the cut of my clothes and the style of my funny little German hat proclaimed my nativity a mile off.

"Have you a trunk?" asked the expressman. I nodded.

"Where do you want it taken?"

I showed him the address of Alfred Krone, the unknown, unsuspecting cousin.

"All right; give me your check and I'll take it right out. You can ride with me if you want to. It will cost you half a dollar."

Thanking Providence for its kind intervention, I followed the expressman to the baggage room, watched him heave the trunk on the wagon without offering to help, and climbed to the seat beside him.

We traveled through the loop district, across the river and out to the North Side in silence. It was a warm, soft night. Despite the late hour white dresses and white shirt sleeves shone from the dark porches, and the chorus of the locusts shrilled incessantly out of the still foliage of the trees. Once more the feeling of being in the tropics swept over me. The wind that came from the lake was scented with the breath of adventure. I forgot my ignoble position on the seat of a common express wagon, forgot my destination, forgot the future, swept houses, pavements, lights, cable cars off the prairie and went on a thrilling buffalo hunt with North Wind, the great Indian chief.

"That's the house," said the expressman, stopping in front of a two-story frame building, its every window pitch-dark. "I'm sorry that I can't help you get the trunk inside, but it will take you a while to get the people out of bed and I can't wait."

I handed him his fee plus a *Trinkgeld*. He looked at the nickel, grinned and handed it back.

"You made a mistake, *Landsmann*. It's only fifty cents," he said as he mounted the wagon. "Better hang on to the small change. You may need it."

I struck a match and studied the two cards beneath the electric-bell buttons. My remote cousin lived upstairs—and he evidently was not expecting me. After long minutes of painful hesitation I pushed the button. In response the screen in a second-story window went up, a head appeared, and a voice without the smallest trace of amiability inquired my business.

I stated my name and was told, with a sigh that was half a groan and half a growl, to wait a moment. Presently Alfred Krone came down in his bare feet, his nightshirt tucked into his trousers, and held out his hand.

"I don't know whether I should cry or laugh," he grumbled sleepily; "but since you are here I won't do either. Your letter came day before yesterday. We have a bed ready for you and the sooner you get into it the better. Drag the trunk into the hall and follow me. We'll talk things over in the morning."

Both Krone and his sister Alma, who kept house for him, were exceedingly good to the stranger who came to them without being invited. In the morning after breakfast I told them my story and explained my object. During the recital brother and sister looked at each other in silent wonder. When my story was finished Krone began pacing up and down the room.

"I suppose you have about three dollars left," he began almost petulantly.

"Seven dollars," I replied.

He ran his hand through his heavy black hair. "Just what I thought. Such fool business! What can you do? Nothing! If you had a trade, if you were a good mechanic, it would be easy, but you don't know anything except languages and literature and calculus."

"Why can't I do the same thing that you did when you came over?" I interrupted. "You saved two thousand dollars the first year, and I know you didn't have much money when you left Germany. Why can't I do half as well?"

Krone looked at me searchingly for a moment and sat down again.

"All right, I'll tell you just how I got my start," he said, "and when I'm through I'll lend you the money to go home again." Whereupon I shook my head energetically.

How Krone Got His Foothold

"LIKE yourself," he began, "I came over in the cabin with letters of introduction to a friend of the family who had a good position with a large tobacco house in Baltimore. I wanted to get a job as a bookkeeper, but he put me off from week to week until I realized that I should be penniless unless I began earning. I heard that business was fine in Chicago, so I came out here. That was in 1882. But bookkeepers who couldn't speak English fluently and who had no idea of American business methods were not in great demand. After hunting round for a week I gave it up. Then I answered an advertisement for salesmen that promised good wages and mentioned that experience wasn't necessary. The advertiser was selling plush-covered ornamental photograph albums on the installment plan, fifty cents down and twenty-five cents a week. He asked five dollars apiece and paid twenty per cent commission. I thought I'd try it. I sold four the first day and made twenty-six dollars the first week. After I had been selling albums and saving my money for half a year I went into business for myself with another agent. We bought a peddler's wagon, put in a stock of notions and started out into the country. In four months we cleaned up six hundred dollars each, clear. Then I came back to Chicago, went to the wholesale house, bought a dozen assorted plush albums at a dollar seventy-five cents apiece, and went out to sell them at five dollars each. I sold nineteen albums the first week and did better the next. Then ——"

I calculated rapidly. On nineteen albums the profit was sixty-one dollars and seventy-five cents a week, more than three thousand dollars a year. Surely I could do half as well, live on three hundred dollars and save twelve hundred a year.

"That is far better than I ever expect to do," I interrupted; "but I believe I could sell nine albums a week if you let me have the money to buy them with."

Krone smiled. "I haven't sold an album for a long time," he answered. "The album business lasted only a year. Then everybody was selling them for three dollars and nobody bought. But in the meantime some of my album customers wanted wringers, others wanted lace curtains, still others wanted rugs on installments, and I sold them. There was good money in it. If a wringer cost me two dollars wholesale I sold it for five dollars. But I haven't been peddling"—I winced at the word—"for three years now. I've got enough property to live very comfortably

on the rents, and I am selling only to my old customers and their friends. I don't want to expand. The way the business is now I can take care of it in three days a week and I've been thinking of selling out altogether, but if you want to stay I'll do this: You can sell anything I have in stock on a commission of twenty per cent. Later on, when you have found out whether you like the business, when you have saved up some money and learned how to handle your customers, I may sell you an interest in my business or turn it all over to you for a share of the profits."

Noticing the glow of joy that spread over my face he proceeded at once to apply a cold wet bandage.

"Don't be too optimistic," he warned. "The business now isn't paying better than twelve hundred a year and is shrinking right along. You will have to work hard to bring it up again, and there is a great deal more competition than formerly. I still believe you'd do better to go home again before it is too late. I'll loan you the money for the trip."

But I would not hear of returning. I was determined to see the venture through to the end and said so. Krone shrugged his shoulders.

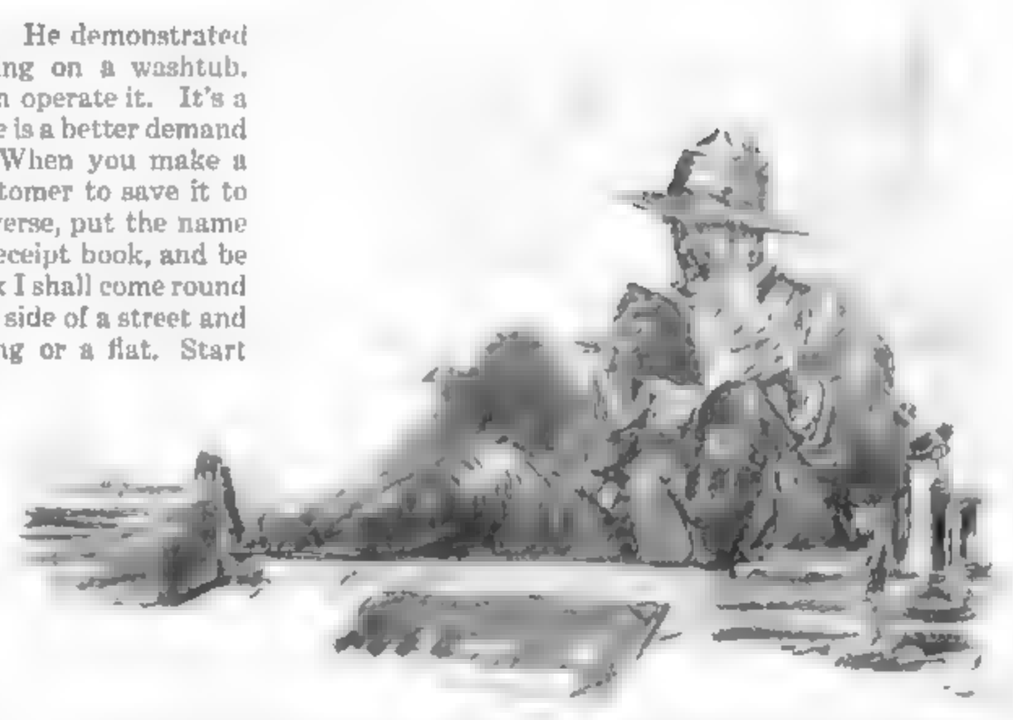
"You are the best judge," he replied. "Come along collecting now. When should you start in selling? Tomorrow morning, of course. What's the use waiting any longer when you have made up your mind to stay?"

A Short and Simple Selling Lesson

THE die was cast. On the morrow I would begin to earn my own living, become a small cog in the great American business machine. As yet I had no clear conception of what the decision implied. I realized that I should have to sell certain commodities, but the details of the selling process had not been considered. Since then I have observed that the average man usually launches himself into new enterprises with his eyes blind to the details that determine success or failure. Perhaps this partial blindness helps society to get ahead. If everybody would inform himself beforehand concerning the hardships, difficulties and dangers of every new undertaking, we should probably still be reading four-page papers by the light of tallow dips, and the youthful immigrants would still be able to find plenty of buffaloes in Nebraska and Kansas. Still, a little more deliberation and calm detailed consideration of methods, consequences and results would prevent a heavy percentage of unnecessary failures and heartaches, be the venture industrial, commercial or matrimonial.

Exactly a week from the day I had landed in New York, intent upon saving two thousand dollars in two years, I found myself on the streets of Chicago carrying a wringer which I was to sell for fifty cents down, twenty-five cents a week. Early that morning Krone had taken me to the storeroom in the attic of his flat building, where he cast his eye over the wares and picked up a self-clamping, self-adjusting clothes wringer, a notebook, a pad of plain receipt blanks and an indelible pencil. He handed me the outfit and gave me his instructions:

"The price of the wringer is five dollars on installments. For cash you can sell it at four. It's a good wringer, very handy and simple." He demonstrated the manner of attaching and adjusting on a washtub. "See how easily it works? A child can operate it. It's a good seller, and in these hard times there is a better demand for it than for rugs or lace curtains. When you make a sale write out the receipt, tell the customer to save it to have the payments credited on the reverse, put the name and address down on the stub of the receipt book, and be sure to find out on which day in the week I shall come round to collect. Work systematically up one side of a street and down the other. Don't skip a building or a flat. Start somewhere round in this neighborhood and work away from it. It will save you carfare. And don't forget to go round to the back door. They get mad if you ring in front."



Not Even the United States Army in Wartimes Seemed to Care Whether I Fought and Died or Loafed and Lived

These words comprised the sum total of my education in salesmanship, theoretical or practical. Unlike American boys, who begin to sell things before the first milk tooth drops out, I had never been the party of the first part in any commercial transaction. The intricacies of so small a deal as the sale of a newspaper were totally unknown to me. German boys do not sell newspapers for the very good reason that no German dailies are sold on the streets. And if they were so sold boys would not do the selling. Had Rockefeller been born in Germany he would not need a statistical department to keep track of his wealth. Under no circumstances could he have saved the famous thousand dollars before he was seventeen.

Remunerative labor of the temporary variety is not for the German boy. There are no odd jobs to be had. He can't drive a grocer's wagon or a butcher's cart during rush hours because such vehicles do not exist—the market basket and the bare-armed maid constitute the delivery system. If any delivering is to be done, the apprentice who is making the accurate weighing out of sugar and prunes, the scientific carving of sausages or the mixing of cake dough his lifework, falls heir to the job. And the number of apprentices is legion. Whether they pursue their three-year course of study with the blacksmith, the grocer, the bricklayer, the drygoods merchant or the shoemaker, they all work for the same wages—the annual Christmas present—and their peonage debars the school boy from the chance of earning an honest penny. If he runs an errand for a neighbor he may accept an apple or a pear, but woe betide him should he take money for the service and be found out!

"Over Here No One is Ashamed of Any Kind of Work So Long as It is Honest"

I still remember vividly the shame and humiliation I felt when, as a boy of fifteen, I was compelled in an emergency actually to carry a large loaf of bread in broad daylight for four blocks on the public street. And now, almost without warning, I found myself face to face with the necessity of peddling a wringer from house to house!

An American youth would have accepted the situation with a grin and the hope that sales would be good. To me it was torture merely to carry the wringer in full view of the public. Though I told myself over and over that nobody knew me, I still could not overcome the fear that the wringer in my hand would be noticed and would expose me to ridicule. It was most reassuring to discover that not a person in all Chicago seemed to care whether I carried a wringer, a rose or a hodful of bricks. After a mile or so of half-slinking, half-dodging progress the wringer ceased to burn in my hand. My plunge into American commerce had caused not the slightest ripple of public notice. My courage was coming back when suddenly I remembered why I carried that wringer. I should have to go round to back doors like a common *Hausierer* until it was sold.

How did one sell things? What should I say when I had achieved the back door? My conversational English, despite its purity of grammar and accent, was limited as to vocabulary and limped in its delivery. That difficulty, though, was speedily overcome. I readily composed my selling talk. That part was easy. But I had trouble in understanding American, especially when it was spoken rapidly. Well, I would have to keep my ears open. Repeating my selling arguments over and over again to make sure of them I decided that I would enter the first house on the next side street to the right and begin my labors.

It was a modest, newly painted cottage whose yard I first invaded. Happily it had no bay window on its side. If it had been possessed of such a bay window, and if someone should have looked through it, I am certain that I would have bolted back to the street. Almost on tiptoe I sneaked down the cement walk and gained the back yard in safety. Four steps led to the door of the rear porch. I walked up and knocked. The door opened and a young woman with a child in her arms looked at me questioningly. I raised the wringer invitingly.

"Would you like to buy an excel——"

Before I could finish my speech the woman shook her head.

"Not to-day," she said sweetly, and shut the door. I grew to hate that phrase in the next year.

The Luck of the Fifth Day

THE ice was broken. Before noon I had worked three blocks thoroughly, knocking at every door and holding out my wringer invitingly, but my arguments produced no sale. I returned to lunch as empty of pocket as I had left. The afternoon brought no better results. Everywhere my offer of an excellent wringer on easy payments was declined, not always politely.

I made my first sale on the morning of the fifth day as I was about to give up hope of ever earning an American dollar. A gray-haired, comfortable old lady was sitting in a rocking-chair on the back porch knitting industriously, while two canary birds in a cage suspended above her sang a duet of trills and runs with all their vigor. A tea table stood in front of the old lady. There were ferns in hanging baskets, flowers in pots and vases, wickerwork porch chairs and a blue and white hammock. The porch looked so opulent, its mistress so evidently beyond the period or necessity of laboring at the washtub that I despaired of selling her a wringer even before she looked up. Yet I delivered my little speech which I had meantime supplemented by the information that all other kinds of excellent household goods would be sold on time. Putting on her glasses the old lady looked at me for a moment. She put her knitting down.

"How long have you been in America?" she asked in German.

Experience had taught me the utter futility of attempting to hide the fact that I was a greenhorn. So I confessed at once how exceedingly green I was.

The kind old soul by intuition sensed my perturbed condition and most tactfully endeavored to revive my wilting spirits. She described Chicago as it was in the sixties when she arrived with her husband, a druggist, who could find no work in his profession for seven months. With a laugh she spoke of the lumber he had to pile in the yards, of the freight he had to rustle on the docks, in order to make bread and butter.

"I was very proud of him in those trying days," she said, the light of happy memories in her eyes. "He was so strong and courageous. He never lost hope or confidence,

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A QUESTION OF BREEDING

By Mason Houghland

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

ABOUT a year ago William Hawkins, late of the mixing room at the Chelsea Soap Works Ltd., together with other members of "F" troop whose hands and carriage still vaguely suggested glue factories and cotton mills, watched with some apprehension the ceaseless milling of an uneasy drove of branded horses in a paddock near Calais.

"I say, what caused you to choose the cavalry, Bill?" asked a khaki-clad trooper seated near by on the top bar of the paddock fence. "Did you think you'd look more like a man on a 'orse's back?"

To this remark William Hawkins made no reply, for since the fatal day when, in a moment of enthusiasm, he had confided to a fellow trooper his reason for enlisting in the cavalry, "Soapie 'Awkins" had been unanimously chosen as the butt for the sophisticated ironies of the troop. Unfortunately enough, his appearance seemed to have been designed for the amusement of his fellows. In the soap works, for the five years past, his unusually large ears and protruding teeth had called forth the best efforts of the factory wits, and he had long since learned that silence was the only effective rejoinder to the never-failing pleasantries of his fellows.

"It ain't that I don't object to it," he had once explained to Mollie McCarty, who worked near him and whose blood predestined her to take the part of the under-dog always. "And it ain't that I'm afraid—I hope not that! But somehow I live in a different world from them all. I know there's none of them that can tell a 'dray chunk' from a thoroughbred, and so it doesn't concern me—much—what they say."

At that "much" Mollie's eyes filled; and William Hawkins was made aware that at least one person on earth liked him. So later he plucked up courage to ask her to walk with him on Sunday. She accepted bravely, for she had known what being lonesome meant, but she wondered what on earth she would find to talk to the poor fellow about.

However, she need not have worried, for as they walked through the park Mollie discovered the whereabouts of the "different world" her escort had spoken of. For by some odd accident in the subtle alchemy of Nature, William Hawkins, of the Chelsea Soap Works Ltd., was a connoisseur of fine horseflesh, a lover of things equine, a man doomed from birth to think about the pedigree, past performance and future hopes of every horse that crossed his vision. And, with the easy assurance of certain knowledge, he picked out the points and faults of the beautiful animals that cantered down the bridle path that Sunday morning. Mollie, noting the smart habits of the riders, concluded that a horseman, even if circumstances forced him to work in a soap factory, was quite a superior person, and looked at her companion with changed vision.

She little guessed that he had never looked down from a horse's back—but for that matter William himself was almost unconscious of the fact that in the twenty-five years of his life he had never been any nearer horses than to view them from the sidewalks, or in the pages of The British Horseman, a periodical for which he regularly subscribed.

In fact, until Mollie had shown her sympathy, his only interest in life had been a vague dream that some day he would own one of the "spirited equine aristocrats" that he saw in the park during his Sunday morning walks by the bridle paths. In pursuance of this idea he had nightly for a long time devoted an hour to a labored review of a veterinarian's handbook, or thumbed the yellowed pages of his only other volume, The Gentleman Rider, which latter compendium of fact and fancy was his bible.

But after Mollie's gray Irish eyes had softened and dimmed a few times upon his approach, the dreams of William Hawkins embraced a vine-covered cottage as well as a stable. However, he was much too reticent to express these longings to her, and contented himself with wondering how a girl so lovely could tolerate him.

When war broke out, and feverish posters everywhere reminded young men of their duty, he did not have any doubts as to his own course; the chapter on Military Horsemanship in The Gentleman Rider was very explicit upon the duties of gentleman riders in times like this. It was all very well for the factory hands to babble of socialistic antipathy to war, but there was only one course for a horseman to pursue. This he did—after an awkward good-by to Mollie.

And so four months later found him, a fair imitation of a cavalryman, seated on the paddock bars at Calais, anxiously eying the uneasy herd of branded American horses that were to supplant the venerable English animals upon which "F" troop had received its mounted exercises. As he watched, the restless aliens milled round and round in the mud, and the "Top" Sergeant, Michael O'Leary, with two splashed and begrimed helpers, methodically attached halter-straps and turned over mounts to waiting troopers.

One gaunt, gray, high-headed gelding refused to be caught, and pivoted and whirled and kicked at each cautious attempt to approach him. The helpers cursed freely, despite the fact that Lieutenant Gifford was present. That officer caressed a downy, nostril-width, regulation mustache, and wisely bore in mind the whispered advice of the old Major:

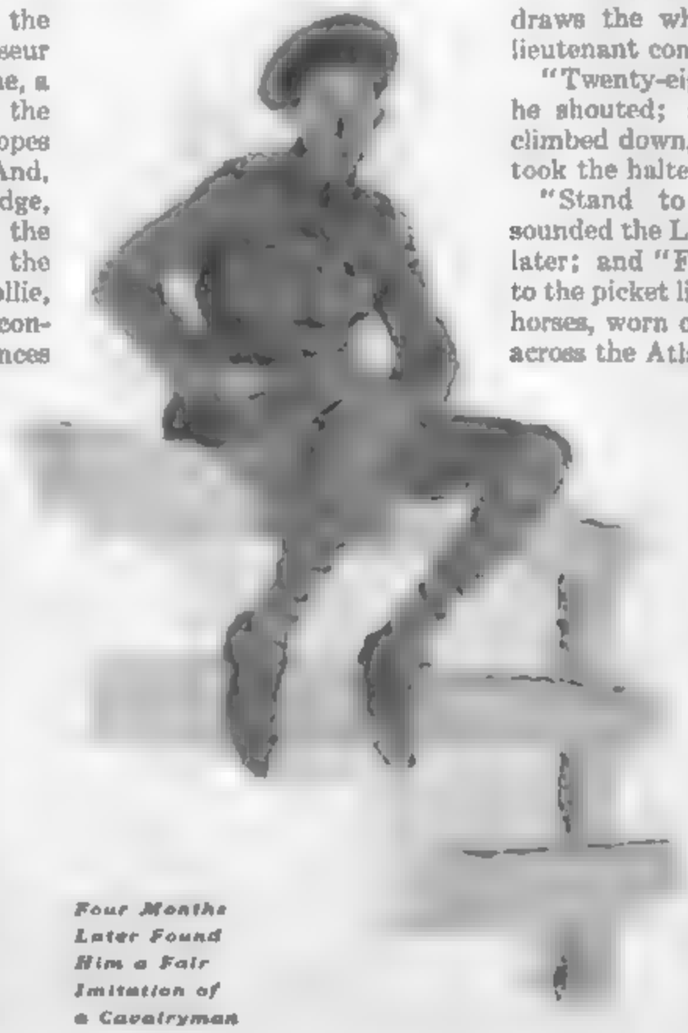
"When in doubt leave it to Sergeant O'Leary. That veteran can always find the way out."

The advice proved to be correct, for, having relieved his feelings by profanity, the Sergeant resorted to soft words, and presently his heavy hand closed over the gray's nostrils and the halter-strap was snapped.

"Twinty-eight!" read the Sergeant from the branded fore-hoof, "and who draws the white-eyed divil?" The lieutenant consulted his list.

"Twenty-eight—Private Hawkins," he shouted; and William Hawkins climbed down, saluted, and dubiously took the halter.

"Stand to horse! Lead out!" sounded the Lieutenant a few minutes later; and "F" troop wound its way to the picket line. The majority of the horses, worn out by the long voyage across the Atlantic, lugged heavily on their halters and had to be fairly towed along by their new masters; but the gray kept a step ahead of Hawkins all the way to the picket line.



Four Months Later Found Him a Fair Imitation of a Cavalryman

The next morning, as the men were grooming, the "Top" Sergeant lingered a moment to note the change which the perspiring Hawkins had made in the gray. In the cattle country of the United States horses are too plentiful to be pampered, and the experience of being groomed was a new one to the gray mustang. Never before had the hand of man been laid upon him with kindness, and he hardly knew what to make of all this brushing and rubbing. If it was a new preliminary to the pain that always accompanied man's approach, he was ready, and with uplifted head and nostrils wide he evidenced his proud contempt. Sergeant O'Leary eyed the slim, flat legs, the tapering barrel, the well-muscled haunches and the glistening coat.

"Hawkins, me b'y," he grunted, "was you a hostler before you came to the colors?" Hawkins blushed with pleasure, and indulged in the luxury of a small lie.

"Well, our family used to always keep a few good hunters—bred in me to handle them—that is—I suppose," he finished lamely. Lieutenant Gifford happened along just then on his inspection tour and, overhearing the reply, chuckled to himself:

"My word, what swanking! He never was nearer to the hunting country than the East End of London, I'll warrant."

O'Leary had seen enough blood spilled to know that it was all red, and questions of breeding in men did not interest him; but he could detect the slightest evidence of blood lines in a horse.

"Be looking at thim flat legs, Hawkins! See how he carries that head! I'd bet me pay that his great-granddaddy was one of that bunch of thoroughbred hunters that the O'Malley stables used to export to America ivery year. If ye can ride him ye've the best horse in the troop."

Had Hawkins witnessed the round-up at Dewey, Oklahoma, U. S. A., the summer previous, he would have realized that the Sergeant's last remark indicated that old cavalryman to be an exceedingly shrewd judge of horses; for he would have seen a blindfolded gray horse stagger to his feet from a rasping entanglement of ropes, and sway nervously as the hair cinches of a huge saddle bit into his belly. And he would have seen a bespurred and howling cowpuncher vault into the saddle; and would have watched the trembling gray-horse leap high in the air when the black handkerchief was jerked from his eyes; and probably would have been sick and sore at heart to have seen the desperate struggles of this wild thing as the daggerlike rowels gnawed at the bleeding flanks; and would no doubt have shuddered when the gray, blinded by quirt cuts across his head, harassed on every side by shouts and blows from other mounted demons, suddenly summoned all the heritage of strength and spirit that was his, and in one great plunging whirl changed his shouting rider into a whining, broken thing on the ground.

But William Hawkins had seen none of these things, and little suspected their existence. His own attitude toward his mount was inspired by the first paragraph in the second chapter of The Gentleman Rider:

> The horse is made gentle and obedient and his powers and qualities are best developed by patience, kindness and encouragement. Every action of the rider should tend to induce full confidence that no harm is intended, and that nothing but kind treatment is to be expected.

And so as a mother watches her firstborn Hawkins cared for his mount. The gray sniffed and snorted in uncomprehending wonder at first, for kindness was to him a trait foreign to man things. The first time he was mounted he pitched his new master to the ground at once; but as the days passed, the gray began to evidence the keenly sensitive reaction to kindly treatment that is the heritage of well-bred horses, and, although still hampered somewhat by old fears, tried his best to do the bidding of the man who so carefully handled him.

The troop, however, found plenty of excuses to laugh at Soapie's horsemanship; for the noise and excitement of the drills could only be associated in the gray's mind with the broncho-busting contests of other days, and frequently he bolted. At first his rider clung frantically to the saddle and despaired of ever checking these fear-maddened rushes; but in a few days he learned, with a thrill of wonder, that the gray trusted him, and that a few soothing words were all that were needed to calm the animal's fear.

Whereupon Private Hawkins was several times reprimanded for mumbling in ranks and it was widely whispered that "Soapie 'as a bloomin' fit every time 'is old 'orse raises 'is ears."

Finally, early one rainy morning, the bugle sounded the long-awaited general call, and "F" troop struck its tents and moved briskly down a long white road. Hour after hour they trotted and walked, trotted and walked, with the rain blowing fitfully in their faces and the wind whipping their wet ponchos across their knees. By the middle of the afternoon men and horses were traveling with their heads down, oblivious to everything but the muddy road just ahead. At dusk they went into camp in a stone-walled farmyard.

When Sergeant O'Leary went down the picket line that night just before taps sounded, to see that everything was secure, he found Hawkins busy rubbing the gray's legs.

"Me b'y, ye are in the army, a beggarly boob drawing the king's shilling this ain't Epsom Downs the night before the Derby," he sarcastically admonished.

"A horse with breeding has got to have attention. He can't rough it through like these cold-blooded ones," answered Hawkins, much to the Sergeant's delight. Just then an intermittent, thunderlike rumble from the south brought Hawkins sharply to his feet, and he looked inquiringly at the Sergeant. The Irishman stood with his head cocked to one side and a half-grin on his face.

"Yes, it's thim ye hear, me b'y," he chuckled, "and it's closer to thim ye will be one of these fine evenings."

Hawkins slept poorly that night, for supply trains and wagons kept creaking down the road, automobiles and motorcycles coughed explosive warnings, delayed troops broke ranks and went into camp near by, horses neighed and stamped, sentries challenged—and now and then from the impenetrable darkness of the heavens came a distant whirr that caused him unconsciously to shrink closer to the earth.

He Screamed Like a Mad Thing and Catapulted Straight Into the Shifting Mass

Just as Boots and Saddles was sounding the next morning a mud-splashed motorcycle courier brought orders that caused the officers of the troop to evidence an unusual interest in the condition of the horses and to regard the untried recruits about them with an appraising eye. When, in column of fours, the troop moved out to take its place in the squadron, the "non-coms," veterans for the most part, eyed each other significantly. The wagons were being left behind, and that meant a great deal to the initiated. Hawkins heard Sergeant O'Leary whisper to a corporal:

"Detailed as a contact squadron, or I miss my guess. The b'ys will be seeing some new sights before long, I'm thinking."

Hawkins wondered what these strange sights were going to be like. How was he going to feel when he saw them? The rumble of the distant artillery fire diminished.

A few miles farther, and the squadron turned from the main road and at a brisk trot made eastward on a little-used byroad. An hour or so later they overtook a long column of French infantry which opened up to let them pass through; then a battery of horse artillery, which they rode round. Shortly afterward they came upon the distended bodies of two dead horses by the roadside, and had much difficulty in getting their own animals by. Hawkins noted the clean, straight legs and the fine head on one of the dead horses, and shuddered to think of the possibility that some day the gray might be lying that way by the roadside.

They clattered through a deserted little hamlet and deployed as skirmishers just beyond it; the first platoon of "F" troop, under the command of the young Lieutenant Gifford, moved straight ahead down the road, however, and Hawkins found himself endeavoring to emulate that horseman's easy, rhythmic balance.

The sun had come out now and the bleakness of the deserted countryside was no longer noticeable. Now and then an indignant hen clucked her way to the safety of the hedges, or a dignified duck waddled across the road squawking protestations against the clatter and jingle of the little cavalcade.

After three or four miles of brisk trotting they turned through a gate and, in extended order, with considerable caution, ascended a long slope the crest of which was covered by a dense thicket. During the slow climb Hawkins found himself wondering what would happen if the thicket held any of the enemy; and now and then he looked back over his shoulder and marked the distance they had come. His uneasiness passed, however, when the trooper riding next to him complained softly

"What's the use of all this 'ere climbin' round, I say? It ain't even excitin'."

They neared the copse, and breaking their way through the thick bushes reached the high point of the hill and dismounted. The Lieutenant swept the undulating fields and meadows ahead with his glasses and uttered a quick exclamation:

"Enemy's cavalry—reconnoitering in force!"

Hawkins strained his eyes and could just discern something moving on the road far ahead.

So those specks were the enemy! He caressed the velvet nostrils of the gray and stood at ease. Certainly there was nothing about the sight to alarm anybody. Then he heard a sudden gasp behind him and a high-pitched voice rang sharply in his ears.

"Mounted skirmishers moving toward the road at our rear, sir!"

He saw the Lieutenant pivot and level his glasses, and whirled in time to see a long line of oddly uniformed lancers emerge from the shelter of a group of farm buildings some half a mile away. Hawkins felt an odd tingling sensation at the back of his neck and stared in wonderment at the approaching riders. Then he heard the Lieutenant's voice:

"Platoon, attention! This hill must be held until the guns we passed some miles back on the highway can be brought up. If we don't occupy it those lancers there will. We can hold it against them for half an hour. There's a chance that a man on a good horse might get through to our squadron. It must be brought up. Who will volunteer?"

There was a little silence. Not a man among them had ever faced real danger before. Years of dull mechanical routine in shops and factories had formed their chief experience in life. Despite the months of drill just past, guns and horses were still alien to their lives, and man after man looked and lowered his eyes in confusion. The young officer's face flushed in surprise.

Then Sergeant O'Leary, tall, flat-backed and stern-faced, stepped forward and saluted

"I'll have a go at it, sir," he said.

The Lieutenant nodded. "Slow until you get to the gate, and then down the road at speed," he suggested. The Sergeant mounted and urged his horse out through the brush and down the sunlit slope at an easy canter. Hawkins eyed the line of moving lances.

Among the branches overhead sparrows twittered and scolded. In the distance a dog barked lustily. A peaceful quiet hovered over the evenly hedged little meadows below, and the stone-walled roadway shone white in the sunshine. Hawkins' eyes quitted the line of bobbing lances and followed the Sergeant.

He saw him approach the gate, dismount, open it and lead his horse through, close it and mount again and he watched the spurred leap as the horse felt the roadway under his feet. Hawkins breathed more easily and shifted his carbine to have an unobstructed line at the enemy. He watched the running horse, and noting the military erectness of its rider, frowned and mumbled to himself:

"He isn't riding right to get all the speed. Ought to be over on his neck and carrying him by the bits."

Then his eyes grew wide! He saw the Sergeant sway slightly—then pitch from the saddle and heard the crack of several guns. The Lieutenant's even voice was just audible in his throbbing ears:

"Fire at will! Low—at their horses! Eight hundred yards! Commence—firing!" The officer's reassuring voice continued, easy, cool and steady. Hawkins felt the barrel of his gun grow warm under his thumb, and noticed that the enemy were scattering for cover.

Then he glanced down at the road again and saw the dark form lying there move, draw itself slowly erect, then, reeling and lurching, it staggered down the highway. Sergeant O'Leary was trying to make it on foot!

"Ain't he game!" sobbed the trooper at Hawkins' right; "and they'll kill him in the next three minutes!"

Then Hawkins as in a dream heard his own voice speaking: "Lieutenant, can I go?" he was saying calmly. "I can make it easy."

As though from a far distance he heard the officer's assent, and saw the curious glances of his fellows. Quickly he slipped his bandoleer from his shoulders, laid down his gun and hurried to his horse. When he vaulted into the saddle he felt the gray tremble; and as he rode through the brush his fellow troopers heard him talking calmly to his horse:

"Easy now, boy! Don't get excited!"

As they pushed out of the brush and gained the open a fusillade from the enemy greeted them, but Hawkins was not aware of this. He saw only a grassy slope, a five-barred gate, a sunlit reach of hedges and rolling meadows, and felt an eager horse beneath him. Memories of slums and soap factories were gone. Hawkins, the gentleman rider, sat easily in his saddle. Straight down the slope the gray galloped.

Back on the hilltop the Lieutenant, watching through his glasses, shook his head. "They'll kill him when he stops to open the gate."

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CAN THE HOTEL COME BACK?

By Edward Hungerford

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

THE American House is closed. It has been thrust aside—like an old glove or a shabby coat. Time has not dealt gently with it. The morbiferous taint of smoke from the factory chimneys and the near-by railroad has hopelessly begrimed it. For a dozen years or more it has grown shabby. Folk then began to scorn it. And within the past five years it became more grimy than when it first started to descend from its high estate. Recently even the cheapest of travelers forsook it. After that it closed its doors and ended the losing fight for traffic

Yet the time was when the American House was the best-known tavern at your end of the state. It was known all the way from New York to St. Louis. The great families for a hundred miles or more roundabout made annual pilgrimages to it. It had a tremendous reputation. Not even the St. Nicholas, in Cincinnati, or the Mansion House, in Buffalo, or the Massasoit House, in Springfield, had a fairer reputation for its cooking. It thrived in the days when the American plan reigned—three or four wonderful and steaming meals brought in each day by steaming and delighted black-skinned servitors. Such meals! The Royal Gorge is a marvel, yet it is not more wonderful than the six-o'clock gorge at the old American House when it was in its prime.

Well you remember the day that you first went inside that great lobby and studied the black and white pattern of the octagonal floor tiles. And can you ever forget the time you first dined at the American House! The palace of the doges could have held no room finer than that great refectory, with its pillars and pier glasses upon all sides, the long tables, the glittering chandeliers held overhead, the negro men grinning and awaiting your pleasure. The picture can never be drawn again. The dining hall has grown as dusty and begrimed as the street front, and the black and white tiles of the office floor are to-day loose and uneven and rattle under your feet.

The American House is dead. There are three new hotels in your town, which has changed from a sleepy growing town, sprawled along the river, into a really metropolitan city. These three hotels are modern. Each rises a dozen stories or more from busy corners where the smart new business streets of your town interlace. They are resplendent architecturally—all the way from the wood-paneled rathskellers up through the various kinds of Louis-the-Something-or-Other dining rooms to the gay gardens upon the roofs. Each represents an expenditure of close to a million dollars. Not only do these architectural elegancies cost money, but the new hotels have a myriad of creature comforts in the sleeping rooms and modern baths such as the American House never dreamed of possessing. And from the day they opened their doors these houses scorned the so-called American plan. They called their dining rooms restaurants and placed their sole reliance in the pay-for-what-you-eat method, better known as the à la carte or European plan.

Showy Hotels That Do Not Pay

YET of these three hotels but one is making money. They are nearly of a size, their room and restaurant rates practically alike. Neither is there very much difference between the commercial value of their locations, although it is said that one of them can never make a profit—because it was built just one block too far away from Main Street and in the wrong direction. Eventually it may have to follow the fate of the American House, unless one of these smart tavern keepers who makes a business of doctoring sick hotels finds it and places it upon its feet again. But even in that case, the men whose dollars went into the original investment in the property are bound to be heavy losers. It is the penalty that they must pay eventually for having tried to bolster up a losing and decadent street by the elaborate process of placing an elaborate hotel within it.

That leaves two hotels in the reckoning. From the point of view of prestige one of them—let us call it the Wrentham, for your town is a purely fictitious though typical American city—is a shade ahead of the other, which we can call the Roxmere. The Wrentham had an architect of slightly better taste. Its design is a little more commodious. It is more elegant. Fashion gives it the preference. Yet it is the Roxmere that is making the slight profit return. For if the Roxmere's office is a bit more garish, its design is more practical and more efficient. And although it buys practically the same class of supplies for its restaurant as does its more elegant competitor, it makes a hundred and twenty-five per cent on the raw food as against seventy-five per cent at the other house. Because of this very difference it returns a slight but steady dividend return to its owners, a thing which the Wrentham has never enjoyed; while that third investment two blocks out of the way frequently has to return to its promoters for cash to meet the current monthly bills.

In modern manufacturing and in modern storekeeping the rules of the game are fixed. So carefully are they understood that a man in some particular line of manufacturing knows, or should know, to the fraction of a cent what it is costing his competitor to produce any given line. To the manufacturer or the merchant the difference in buying between the Roxmere and the Wrentham may seem well-nigh incredible. Yet this is not an exaggerated case. Not only is America over-provided with the new type of city hotels, but the hotelmen have not as yet completely mastered their own game. When they are frank they will tell you that. And when they are not frank you may be quite sure that they have not even started to overcome the first rudiments of their problem.

An observant writer recently made some pertinent remarks about our hotels—in no way flattering.

"Every large family has one backward child," said he, in substance. "The hotel is the backward child of American business. It puts on a uniform, but it wears a soiled collar and its neck is dirty back of the ears." Then he followed this sweeping accusation with a number of exhibits calculated to show the inefficiency, if not the absolute perfidy, of the hotel. Yet, like almost every other sweeping statement, this one is not absolutely true. We have created here in America a fine science of developing backward children. And before we are done with it the hotel may be regarded as no exception to this rule.

In the beginning the problem of the new hotel, coming right upon the heels of the development of steel framework for buildings and the creation of the skyscraper, was almost entirely architectural. If a hotel was big and new and structurally complete, it was judged fit and received the stamp of popular approval. But as this new form of tavern multiplied and competition increased—when good-sized towns began to have two or three or four new taverns instead of merely one—the traveling public became more critical, more discriminating, if you please. Its taste became captious, its demands exacting. It must have service—service of the highest sort.

The first of the great modern hotel keepers—his name was George C. Boldt, and his great hyphenated tavern in New York has been a landmark for almost a quarter of a century now—set the pace. It was a wonderful pace. Boldt moved over into New York from Philadelphia where, because of his rare executive abilities, he had risen to be a hotel keeper of large reputation, and in Fifth Avenue he provided the first large hotel in America where a man of means could have both luxury and comfort apparently without limit. From the beginning his idea was immensely successful.

Of course there were quiet folk whose names were oft repeated in bluebooks and stockholders' lists who scorned the idea of a hotel where the talk was of John W. Gates and the money that was being made in steel. But these were in a minority and there were plenty of quiet hotels for them, where one could win the recognition of a head waiter without showering market tips upon him.

Boldt's tavern was a tremendous go from the first. Men from the Middle West, the West and the Far West, flush in the rapid development of mines and street railroads and factories and department stores, did not mind the gossip and chatter and atmosphere of money-making that hung round the place. They liked it. It inspired them. And within a few years after the first section of the house was opened it was necessary more than to double its size, making it one of the largest hotels in the world. Since those days the northward sweep of the smartest commercial center of New York has swept up and round and nearly past it, but it has never lost its prestige.

The Day of the Four-Dollar Breakfast

HOTELS, like poets and prima donnas, have their heyday. And there came a day when there was a newer hotel in upper Broadway than the great, dull red pile on Fifth Avenue, and some whimsical newspaper man was dubbing the new favorite the "Forty-second Street Country Club." Then came a great new hotel, raising the whiteness of its bulk above Central Park like a feudal château above the greenery of its grounds; after it, a return to the hyphen in the form of one of a chain of famous European houses; still more recently a great new tavern builded as part of the terminal development of a railroad whose trains start from the very heart of New York. Yet these were only a few out of many—taverns of a type appealing to the most exclusive. With them had come twenty or thirty other great houses—each of them far-famed if builded in a city smaller than New York.

The Boldt principle of hotel keeping was contagious. It spread rapidly afar from New York. Other towns were demanding new taverns—and getting them. First the big metropolitan cities, then the smaller metropolitan cities, then cities robust but in nowise entitled to the distinguished prefix of metropolitan—finally cities of every sort, big villages and in some instances villages not big save in hopes and in ambitions.

The American House, and all that it typified, was dead. A new order had come. No longer were there to be big set meals, three or four times a day; no longer darky waiters, sometimes suspicious as to the exact state of their linen but nearly always genial and anxious to please. The European plan was of a different sort. It gave no concessions. Instead it brought in white men as waiters, supposedly Frenchmen but in reality rarely ever so. And the changes it wrought in the kitchen were hardly less radical than those in the dining room. French became the official and the exclusive language of the range and the steam table. The men that worked over them might have come from any one of a half dozen European countries, but they all spoke French. If they did not they lost their jobs.

American cookery, in first-class hotels at least, was dead. The invaders from overseas did not compromise with it. By the simple process of bringing their own tongue and their own customs into the kitchens they evicted it. No longer might a man wander into a large hotel and order freely the dishes of his boyhood. A traveler went into one of the large New York hotels and ordered a sirloin steak. The waiter shook his head sadly. He did not know what it was that his patron desired. The head waiter of another great hotel, when asked the other day to plan a nice breakfast for one, suggested *compote de fraises, Wiesbaden; cereal avec crème; omelette aux champignons; poussin grillé; pommes de terre hachées à la crème;* and *un pot de café*—all at a cost close to four dollars. Shades of baked apples and apple sauce and breakfast pie and buckwheat cakes and pork sausage and ham and eggs and fried potatoes, what are we coming to in America!

The answer is that in New York a hotel can get away with a breakfast at four dollars, but in Indianapolis or Sioux City or Spokane it is a very different matter. Those towns and all the others of their kind have not sacrificed

their Americanism as yet. And in most of them the first burst of enthusiasm over the new hotel has subsided a bit. The tavern is no longer new. And the town has grown more critical. For one thing, it does not care for the indifferent class of waiters who drift to its hotel. The innkeeper does not care for them very much himself. But he knows that it is practically impossible to get high-grade white waiters to work outside of New York, particularly in towns of a hundred thousand population or less. And you may be very sure that Indianapolis or Sioux City or Spokane do not care for four-dollar breakfasts. The proof of that rests in the popular-priced lunchrooms and restaurants that have sprung up roundabout the large new hotels in practically all of our cities. And one can imagine the way that the *maître d'hôtel* just arrived from Paris and New York by way of Hartford and Toledo gazes upon the rooming guests finding their way to the unostentatious but hopelessly vulgar jitney lunch across the way.

Here is one of the real hotel problems in America to-day. The smart innkeeper outside of New York, and a good many of them in New York, are attempting to compete with it by installing "club breakfasts," each combining typical Yankee dishes at a total cost of from forty or fifty to seventy-five cents, "merchants' lunches" at half a dollar, and table-d'hôte dinners at about twice that figure. There is much sense in this idea. The fixed-price meals are ample, but they are not tasteful, as were those in the old-time American-plan hotel. And their price has been made as low as the *restaurateur* feels that he may safely go. Even then the meal is apt to be a loss—especially if he figures in his fixed charges his "overhead," if you please. If he can break even at these prices with the cost of his raw supplies he is doing well. Even then he is not meeting the prices of the jitney lunches round about him. And there are many of his room guests who do not hesitate to patronize these places which he designates as parasites.

Small Cities With Large Ideas

YET it is evident that if one of these places can make a reasonable return on the investment—and many of them do—the hotel, with its advantage of brains and executive direction, as well as buying its raw supplies in large quantities, ought to be able to do the same thing. At any rate several hotel keepers have buried their pride and are making the experiment. A tall skyscraper tavern in Chicago had a white-tiled cafeteria installed and ready when it first opened its doors—some two years ago. The new hotel in Shreveport has done the same thing. And the memorable dry wave which swept over Tennessee a little time ago left one of the largest taverns in Memphis with its bar and grillroom untenanted. It immediately tore out the old fittings and installed new, only this time there were white-aproned waitresses instead of the strong-armed mixers of mixed drinks, a new and gleaming marble soda fountain replacing the bar which for twenty years had been one of the institutions of the town. Still other hotels are following the example of these. And it may be one of the straws which point to the complete rejuvenation of the entire hotel business in America.

"The nub of the trouble rests in the fact that every ambitious town in America—and what self-respecting town in America is not ambitious?—began by wanting a brand-new hotel of the New York type." Such is the opinion of the man who runs the largest hotel and restaurant business in the big town that crowds itself upon the island of Manhattan. "There is but one town that can afford the New York type of hotel—and that town is New York."

Of course, you say, this is the opinion of the man who would like to have his guests eating four-dollar breakfasts. But, strange as it may seem, it is also the opinion of a good many men who are constantly upon the road, who are dipping into the cities and the consequential towns all the way across the continent. These men have seen the aping of New York hotels and New York hotel habits by imitators all the way from Boston to San Francisco.

Not only have these others copied the architecture, the decorations, the furniture of the big houses on Fifth Avenue and on Broadway, but they have followed blindly in all the details of the service. The men who have had their training at certain New York desks have been eagerly sought after by the promoters of other hotels. The small devices and little customs which the pioneers in the renaissance of American hotel keeping installed have been faithfully and slavishly copied by every new house that has followed them. The result has been exactly as the New York innholder described it. And the keen-witted and appreciative traveler no longer finds in Boston or Philadelphia or Baltimore or New Orleans or San Francisco taverns that reflect in the details of their *cuisine* the glories of the private-house cooking of those seaboard capitals of good eating. Instead he finds in each of them New York hotels, Manhattanish down to the last detail of their service.

The thing shows itself in many ways. Take the question of home entertaining, for instance. Twenty years ago when a house entertained it engaged a caterer. He, in turn, called in his colored waiters, his cooks and his serving men. They brought tables and camp chairs and china and silver and linen by the wagonload. Upon them fell the brunt of the entertainment.

To-day the profession of the caterer is practically a lost art in the United States—particularly in the more elaborate sort of homes. The hotel has usurped that function. Under the plea of helping to meet the fixed charges—the high-set overhead upon an investment where the pennies were not always too carefully watched—it has developed the use of its parlors and dining rooms for every sort of local function. They run the gamut from banquets and weddings and balls to serious-minded morning musicales and the ponderous meetings of scientific societies. And one of the accessories of the staff of the modern hotel is an ingenious and social-minded man or woman—preferably a woman—who is constantly devoted to the development of this side of the tavern, a function never dreamed of until recent years.

It is because of these encroachments of the hotel that the ancient, stiff and rather useless custom of calling and receiving calls in New York on New Year's Day has been superseded by the modern, informal and entirely useless custom of going to a hotel restaurant on New Year's Eve and spending a vast amount of money on food and drink. And New Year's Eve having been fully developed along these lines as a commercial proposition, the development of Election Night followed. Now this is well enough for New York—to-day certainly the gayest, if not quite the greatest, metropolis of the world—well enough, if you please, for a dozen or so of the other largest cities in the land; but how about the smaller places? Must they follow blindly along the same pathways?

In Syracuse, New York, and in Davenport, Iowa, the new hotel has become a social center for the town. A few years ago a merchant or a manufacturer in a town of that type might go to dine in its chief hotel half a dozen times a year, the women of his family not once in a twelvemonth. To-day his wife and his daughters know the head waiter of the new tavern by his first name, and he has a pleasing fashion of trying to humor them. They are constantly under its roof—for luncheons, for card parties, receptions, dinners, dances and suppers after the play. It costs, costs much more than ever the most audacious caterer of other days would have dared to charge. Yet everywhere our standard and our cost of living have increased. A man who rides in a drawing room upon a Pullman car is no longer looked upon as a millionaire. And the new hotel in almost any town finds that there is no demand for rooms without private baths. And so it is that the development of the social possibilities of the new hotel in your town may be not only legitimate, but its financial salvation—in some cases its way out.

For, after all, here is the question toward which this has all been leading—can the hotel come back financially? Can the profitable tavern properties of a few years ago in many towns be again duplicated in most of our towns? There are men who think it can. And as a proof that they know what they are talking about they offer their own experiences—their ability to make a profit upon their own properties, even when operating under the hard competitive conditions that have arisen in so many towns.

There is the man who has built up a substantial fortune by what he calls the business of doctoring sick hotels. But he specializes in taverns of a cheaper class, old-time inns, like the American House, which have had their day of glory and, like some rather elderly ladies and gentlemen, are trying to think themselves still in their youth and prime. And by the time he takes a house the original investors have lost heavily in it. There is a little secret in his doctoring methods, beyond the ordinary good methods of a well-trained hotel man. He buys a house and its furniture at a bargain and after others have lost their money in it. In this way his overhead is kept at so low a figure as to give him a working chance with the property, even at outrageously low prices. And he counts upon such prices to offset the possible disadvantages of age and location in his properties.

Saving at the Back of the House

BUT how about the new hotel in the average American town which has none of these disadvantages and yet cannot seemingly be made to pay a profit? There are many such, more than the average man might realize. For it is one of the cardinal principles of hotel keeping that the establishment must be maintained at the top notch until the very hour when the sheriff comes in and turns the key in the front door. A hotel must keep up the appearance of success or it loses its traffic at once. Rats are not more suspicious of a rotten ship than travelers of a tottering tavern.

But there are ways in which a hotel of fairly modern type and in a fairly good location ofttimes does come back. And one of these ways is the path through "the back of the house," as the steward's or catering department of the average hotel is known. It is this department of the house that feeds its guests; that purchases the raw materials, converts them into cooked dishes with wonderful French names at from 80 cents to $1.25 a portion—no dividing the portions, if you please—and serves them. It is needless to say that it is a vital department to any hotel. And in that fictitious American community which we began by calling "your town," we have already seen how two hotels, approximately of the same type and size, are coming to two very different destinations because one makes a hundred and twenty-five per cent profit upon the raw materials and the other but seventy-five per cent.

The steward's job in any hotel is no sinecure. And the larger the hotel, the more difficult it becomes. It is a hard school, that greasy, busy place at the kitchen door, a school where recesses are unknown and the schoolhouse doors never close. Yet it is the smart, well-trained, capable steward who in most cases makes the most practical and hence the most successful hotel keeper. There is a hotel man in one of the cities of the upper Lakes who says that he owes his success almost entirely to the fact of the thoroughness of his kitchen training. He worked his way

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THE OLD DOMINIE

By George Weston

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

NOW this story—I confess it freely—has a touch of melancholy at its beginning; but—my word for it—you won't find a great deal of sorrow toward the end. Which I mention for the benefit of those who like to take their pleasures sadly, who fain would read and sigh, and shake their heads with many a doleful wag. One or two such wags, indeed, I will grant them; but when I reach the point where my Old Dominie, in his seventieth year, dresses himself in exquisite raiment and disports himself in the modern Babylon, I wish to serve notice that dolor will have to chase itself. And when I describe how a certain Babylonian got his—though ever so strongly reënforced by the world, the flesh and the devil—I trust that all my readers will rejoice as heartily as I did when I first heard the story here set down.

I

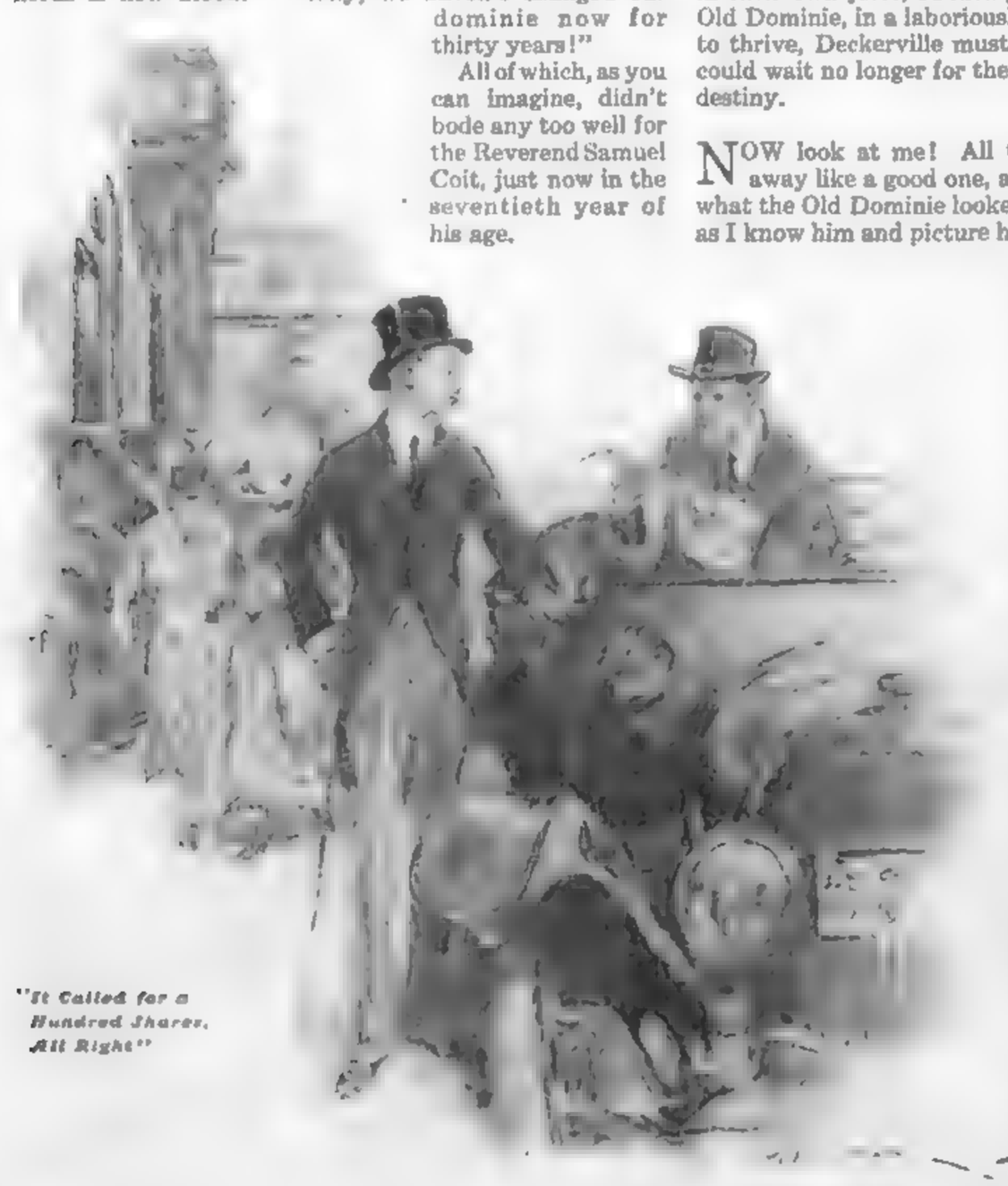
THE Dominie's name was the Reverend Samuel Coit, but everybody in Deckerville referred to him as the Old Dominie. "Where's Herbert working to-day?" "He's drawing wood for the Old Dominie"—a time-honored Connecticut expression which is a long way from being dead yet. Or one of our neighbors passing by would stop his horse and say: "I see the Old Dominie's digging his garden"; or "I see the Old Dominie's cutting his hay." From which, no doubt, you will gather that the Reverend Mr. Coit was a wiry old man and that Deckerville isn't exactly a metropolis.

Describing Deckerville first, you have only to imagine a church, a school, a post office, a small mill and fourteen houses strung along between the highway and the Quinebaug River.

Like many New England villages, Deckerville is going back faster than it goes forward. The more progressive families move away and the Old Guard, left behind, is a very human mixture of philosophy, pride and—in growing measure—bitterness.

Indeed, as Deckerville went farther and farther back philosophy and pride gradually merged almost altogether into bitterness. This rancor, seeking a victim, alternated for a time between the school-teacher and the minister, but finally settled against the Old Dominie.

"What Deckerville needs is a live young dominie." "What Deckerville needs is a dominie who can sing and get the young people to go to church." "What Deckerville needs is new blood." "Why, we haven't changed our dominie now for thirty years!"



"It Called for a Hundred Shares, All Right"

All of which, as you can imagine, didn't bode any too well for the Reverend Samuel Coit, just now in the seventieth year of his age.

He lived in the parsonage opposite the church and was paid each year two hundred dollars in cash, one hundred dollars in kind, and was given the use of twenty acres of land between the cemetery and the river. And yet, in his younger days, he had been a Greek scholar of distinction and knew more Attic literature than is good for a modern to know. When he ought to have been pushing his worldly fortunes he was generally deep in the labyrinths of Œdipus; and so, outstripped by more progressive men, he found himself growing old in Deckerville, with a wife who was almost as impractical as himself.

One Christmas, going out to take her presents in a gale of sleet, she caught a cold that turned to pneumonia; and for the rest of that winter the Old Dominie divided his spare time between reading a Greek Testament, with eyes that couldn't see, and staring through the window at a new mound in the churchyard.

That spring he was sixty years old and began to suffer with rheumatism in his knees.

In the first summer of his solitude a young niece of his wife came to keep house for him. She was sixteen years old, an orphan, a tall, grave child, with a knack of making heavenly rice puddings, which she accomplished somehow by repeatedly stirring in the half-formed crust. Not only that, but, being an orphan, she was also something of a Cinderella and knew how to keep house and how many pennies made a nickel. She could wash, iron, clean the stove without getting dirt all over her face, turn her petticoats, go without rubbers; and when no one was listening she sometimes went to the piano and played A Hot Time in the Old Town with one finger in the treble and an indiscriminate bass. Never having had anyone to love before, she gradually fastened her affections round the Old Dominie; and he, coming out of his solitude, regarded her as an answer to his prayers. Which suggests the thought that those who go down on their knees to pray have their moments of triumph, even as Cæsar and Crœsus had theirs.

The girl's name was Grace. At sixteen, so far as looks were concerned, she was a nondescript. But at twenty-six, in spite of her homemade clothes, her wrinkled shoes and her hands reddened with housework, she wasn't very far from being a beauty.

That was the year when Grace's beau went out into the world to make his fortune and met a Wise Man of Babylon; and that was the year when the Old Guard, stewing so long in their own juice, suddenly boiled over and advised the Old Dominie, in a laboriously written letter, that, in order to thrive, Deckerville must have a younger minister and could wait no longer for the consummation of its manifest destiny.

II

NOW look at me! All this time I've been gossiping away like a good one, and never once have I told you what the Old Dominie looked like, so you might know him as I know him and picture him to yourself as I can see him now. He was tall and wiry, bearded with closely cropped white whiskers, as most Greek scholars are apt to be when they reach a certain age. Also, he wore a celluloid collar on week days, linen on Sunday, had a prominent nose and ferocious white eyebrows; and I never saw him going down over the bridge toward the post office when he wasn't adorned with a rusty frock coat which flapped round his thin old legs at the least provocation of the breezes.

And, so you won't think I am hiding anything, I ought to tell you he had his weaknesses too. He liked to smoke a cigar, for instance, in the privacy of his study; he kept a diary, like Pepys and Doctor Johnson; he liked to fish in the Quinebaug, even as Peter and James fished in the Sea of Galilee; and I mustn't forget his sovereign cure for stomach troubles—a rather delicate prescription, which he often hesitated to tell to the ladies. And for other little weaknesses, he would like to tell you—if you ever met him—how many promises of good are mentioned in the Bible; and how, even if he was threescore years and ten, he could jump up and click his heels together three times—three times!—before returning to earth—though that, of course, was on the days when he had no rheumatism.

"I May as Well Tell You—I'm Busted!"

But for all his jumping and clicking he knew as well as anybody that his voice often quavered when it should have held firm; and he knew that at his recent baptisms in the Quinebaug it had taken every ounce of his strength to make an immersion and avoid a catastrophe. And for all his knowledge of how many promises of good are mentioned in the Bible he knew very well what happens to old dominies when they leave their last church and have nowhere to go but out. Wherefore he watched, with prayer and benevolence, the attachment that was growing between Grace and young Jimmy Decker, the sole surviving member of the Decker family.

So now I must tell you a little about Jimmy—it won't take long; and you can like him or not, just as I did. To be quite candid about it, I started by liking him not at all and I ended by liking him a great deal; because, when you've said and done, his faults were the faults of the age, and when a whole community sets out to spoil a boy it succeeds in its task much oftener than it fails.

Jimmy, then, was a direct descendant of that old Major Decker who bought our part of Connecticut from the Indians away back in 1654, buying it with the proverbial bottle of toddy and five yards of red cloth. The Deckers have always lived in the stone house by the river, and there Jimmy dwelt with his grandfather, who finally died and left his grandson fifteen thousand dollars in Government bonds, which was all that was left of the Decker fortune. This money was to go to Jimmy on his twenty-fifth birthday and the Old Dominie was named as trustee. Wherefore it naturally happened that Jimmy was a frequent visitor at the parsonage, and that was how the attachment started between himself and Grace.

Was it a love affair? Honestly, I couldn't have told you. To me, at the time, it looked more like a brotherly and sisterly regard. They walked together, went out on the river together, drove together; but I never saw Jimmy look at Grace with that shyness which is the confession of love, never saw them walking hand in hand or letting the boat drift on the river. But the Old Dominie seemed to take it for granted that Jimmy's intentions were serious, and I have seen him look at them with the Bless-you-my-children! expression which makes an old man look young again and leaves him smiling tenderly. "Perhaps he knows more than I do," I reflected, and found satisfaction in the thought.

As a matter of fact, I discovered later—as you will soon see for yourself—that with the Old Dominie it was simply a case of the wish's being father to the thought. For the first time in his life he was taking a worldly view of the future, spurred to it, no doubt, by the absolute knowledge of what happens to old dominies and their families when they leave their last church and have nowhere to go but out. If Jimmy and Grace were married, Grace would have a good home in the old Decker homestead by the river, and it would be strange indeed if she couldn't find a room for an old retired dominie, where he could sit at a sunny window and read his Greek Testament: "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace ——"

So he would read and then look across the river at the gathering sunset or listen to a robin in the orchard. Sweet dreams for an old man—especially for one who knows what the sunset promises and what the robin is trying to tell him when it sings so earnestly in the trees.

It was about this time that he started his Greek Concordance for Theological Students, buying five hundred sheets of paper from Mr. Burgess' printing office, and feeling perhaps that he wasn't quite so ready to depart in peace as he had thought he was.

"Life gets pleasanter to me every year," he told me one morning as we went down to the post office together. "I haven't had the rheumatism in my knees now for nearly a month, and I've got my Concordance drafted out as far as gamma. Of course, at my age, I don't expect to reap any profit from the book myself; but it will be something for Grace and her children."

In other words, as Jimmy's twenty-fifth birthday drew near the Old Dominie practically took his niece's engagement for granted, no one correcting him. In his capacity of Jimmy's trustee he had even secured the offer of a promising partnership in a Norwich grain business—a partnership that could be bought for ten thousand dollars, and Norwich only a few miles from Deckerville, with a good train there in the morning and a good train back in the afternoon. But I know now—and I think Grace knew it then—that Jimmy Decker's apparent restlessness wasn't the nervousness of a lover who had only to speak to make himself secure.

It was rather the impatience of a traveler who longs for the morning to come so he can up and be gone. This restlessness found expression two or three weeks before his birthday. Jimmy asked for five hundred dollars in advance and went to Hartford, at which the Old Dominie grew gently facetious, making sure he had gone for the ring. But, instead of a ring, Jimmy came back with a fifty-horse-power car, evidently bought partly on credit, the balance to be paid when he got his money. That was the first shock to the Old Dominie; but it was nothing to the second he received when Jimmy's day of deliverance finally arrived.

"French Toast and Dropped Eggs! and—Oh, Uncle!—We're Going to See Jimmy To-Day!"

"It won't take me long to make a fortune now," said Jimmy, looking at the bonds with a hungry eye. "New York had better look out for itself!"

"What? What? What?" cried the Old Dominie, his house of cards toppling over in a moment. "You—you're going to New York?"

"You bet I am! No chance round here for a young man!"

"But, my dear boy! My dear James! With that fine house of yours—and that partnership in Norwich I've told you about ——"

"Oh, that's too slow! I'll sell the house as soon as I can; but first I want to go to New York and see what there is down there."

Grace was in the next room getting dinner ready, peeling onions for a stew and stirring the thickening over the fire, which accounted, no doubt, for the red flush on her cheeks and the watery brightness of her eyes. And when Jimmy went in to see her his cheeks began to burn, too, and his eyes soon had the same watery brightness. This, also, may have been due to the fire and the onions. But for my part I think Jimmy had suddenly made that great discovery which comes to a man only once in a lifetime. And what that great discovery was I leave you all to guess.

"You'll write, of course, James, as soon as you get there?" said the Old Dominie when Jimmy went round in his car the next morning to bid them good-by.

"You bet I will!" cried Jimmy; "and be back before you know it, with money in every pocket!"

Which, between you and me, was an attempt at jocularity intended to make Grace smile. And while Grace was bravely smiling with her lips—while she cried in her heart—our young man started off into the Great Unknown, as many million fine young men have done before him, and will again.

That was on a Tuesday. On Thursday morning, hurrying to the post office to see if there was any news of Jimmy, the Old Dominie found, instead, a formal notice from the trustees of the Deckerville Church that they had engaged a younger minister, who would take possession of the parsonage on the first of the coming year.

I shan't attempt to tell you all the Old Dominie passed through that week.

He himself best summarized his feelings when he wrote the following entries in his diary:

"Have received great consolation this evening in reading the following beautiful chapters of the Bible—Psalm xxxvii; Isaiah lv; Matthew v. Grace still trying to cheer me; but I heard her sobbing in her room this morning and went in to comfort her. Still no news of James. Hope the dear boy is well. Heard from Mary's cousin to-day—a cold letter. They are boarding. Heard from Wallace, whose wife is ill and cannot assume any new responsibilities. No one else to write to."

And underneath, in a hand suddenly grown tremulous with age:

"'My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?'"

III

NOW what I am going to tell you next I am going to tell you without any defense. One morning early in December the Old Dominie heard Grace singing in the kitchen while she was getting breakfast. Whereupon he buttoned his collar with celerity and hurried downstairs to bask in the sunshine.

"Something good for breakfast?" he beamed.

"French toast and dropped eggs; and—oh, uncle!—we're going to see Jimmy to-day!"

"Why—why—why —— Have you heard from him?"

But bending over the frying pan she answered faintly:

"N-no. I—I had a dream." Then, springing upon that astonished old man like a tiger, she wrapped her arms round his neck, whispering in his ear: "He's coming to-day! He's coming to-day! Oh, uncle, aren't you glad?"

She told him part of her dream—not all—it was such a childish thing that I should scorn to repeat it; and while she was telling him he saw she was wearing her prettiest house dress, a blue-and-white check with large pearl buttons, and her hair was arranged in a wonderful bob and adorned with a geranium leaf.

"Of course," he said when she had finished, "no one would be more pleased to see him than I should. But all the same, my dear, you mustn't build hopes too high."

Thus Wisdom, speaking to Fond Desire; but if Grace went to the front window once that morning she went a dozen times, and when the ten-thirty train came in she frankly dropped everything and stood watching down the hill toward the station. Then, running to her uncle, she wrapped her arms round him again and whispered:

"He's coming! Didn't I tell you? He's on the bridge!"

They opened the front door, crowing over him in anticipation; but even in the distance they could see that something was wrong with the last of the Deckers. He had no strut of the returning hero, but walked forlornly, with his hands in his pockets and his hat down over his eyebrows. No Roman general resembled he, proceeding grandly up the Appian Way, but looked more like a captive prince, with chains upon his ankles, chewing the cud of a bitter defeat and finding the daylight hateful.

He warmed a little at the welcome he received from Grace and the Old Dominie, but soon his face was overshadowed again and he drew a deep blue sigh.

"Well," he finally blurted out, "I may as well tell you first as last—I'm busted!"

A silence answered him—a silence born of delicacy, but in Jimmy's case more accusing than any indictment could have been.

"And worse than that," continued Jimmy—"it serves me right. Of course I didn't think so at the time. It sounded all right then, and he looked like such a fine fellow; and I saw the doctor's office—though I didn't see the old miser; and I looked up the stock, and everything ——"

"You mean to say, James, you've lost your bonds?" inquired the Old Dominie, looking puzzled.

"And the car!" nodded the moody young man; and, Nature coming to the relief of woe, he blew his nose very hard indeed and drew another long sigh, which seemed to ease him.

"Why—why—— That's awful!"

"That's right, Mr. Colt. Lay me out good! For the first time in my life I was trying to get ahead of somebody, and the first thing I knew somebody turned round and got ahead of me." He stopped and hissed at himself, as one would hiss at a villain. "It all began with that car of mine," he continued, "though I guess it would have been the same if I hadn't had a car. Anyhow, I hadn't been in New York a couple of weeks when I saw that car was costing more than I could afford—and winter coming on too! So I said to myself: 'The car's nearly new; I ought to get a good price for it. Then in the spring I can buy a good second-hand car, and save a lot of money this winter.' So I advertised in the Evening Star, which is a very conservative paper in New York, and the next morning I had a letter from Mr. Walling Stuyvesant, 3d. You can see for yourself the way he wrote."

He handed them a letter written in an aristocratic hand on the stationery of one of New York's leading clubs. The writer, Walling Stuyvesant, 3d, asked for an interview and inclosed a self-addressed envelope for a reply.

"Well, I wrote him," continued Jimmy. "I wrote him and he called. Oh, I tell you he was the real thing too—silk hat, dark complexion, gold cigarette case, and a drawling way of talking; just the way I always imagined a clubman looked. Very refined and proper, you know, and—oh, my!—but he was witty. Had me laughing half the time—yes; and admiring him too—I might as well tell you so."

"And did he buy the car?"

"Well, yes. He agreed to pay my price after we were better acquainted. Made a deposit of one hundred dollars and agreed to pay the balance on the first of the month. Of course I mentioned I was looking for an opening in New York where a young man with some capital could make money—and that's how he came to mention the old miser who was dying of paralysis."

Again poor Jimmy stopped to hiss at himself.

"It all came about so naturally too," he continued. "Walling's brother was a doctor, and among his patients was an old miser who had a lot of bank books and a hundred shares of Bethlehem Steel stock. He was very weak and, before he died, he wanted to turn the Bethlehem stock into money if he could get two hundred dollars a share for it. But while he was lying there sick and couldn't read a paper or anything the value of the stock had shot up to

four hundred and fifty dollars a share. So, you see, if anybody bought it at two hundred dollars a share he would more than double his money."

"But wouldn't that be cheating the miser?" objected the Old Dominie, making his eyebrows look very ferocious.

"That's just what I said to Walling; but Walling said 'No.' Walling said the old miser had made his money out of child labor somewhere down South. It wasn't as if he had made his money properly. And Walling said the old miser had bought the stock at one hundred and fifty dollars a share anyhow, and if we paid him two hundred dollars a share he certainly wouldn't be losing anything. I know it sounded reasonable enough at the time.

"The old miser had given the stock to Walling's brother to sell it for him if he could, and one day we went round there and saw it. It was a fine, fashionable house where Walling's brother lived, with a nickel plate on the side of the door—Dr. B. S. J. Stuyvesant. Walling got out and went in to see if his brother was busy; but Doctor Stuyvesant had one of the Vanderbilts in the X-ray machine and couldn't be bothered just then. But he gave Walling the stock certificate to bring out and show to me, and I had a good look at it. It called for a hundred shares, all right, and when I had looked it over carefully Walling took it back into his brother's office and we went down town to see a big firm of stockbrokers. They said the stock was worth forty-five thousand dollars and they could sell it any time we took it in. So Walling and I agreed to buy it for twenty thousand dollars."

"And you paid him your money and he disappeared?" asked the Old Dominie, suddenly leaning over.

"No, sir. Of course I was pretty green, but I wasn't quite green enough for that. I sold my bonds and Walling paid me the balance on the car. That made my share fourteen thousand dollars. Walling could get only six thousand dollars together. Anyhow, we had the twenty thousand dollars between us, and we went uptown to Doctor Stuyvesant's office; and I carried the money too. Well, Walling went in and got the stock and I put it in my pocket—Walling made me; and then I gave him my fourteen thousand dollars and he went in and paid his brother. It was too late then to sell the stock that day, so Walling said we would put it in the safe at my hotel and sell it in the morning. And that," sighed Jimmy, dropping his lip—"and that's the last I ever saw of Walling Stuyvesant."

"But you had the stock?" asked the Old Dominie.

"Oh, yes; I had the stock. When Walling didn't show up next morning I went down to the broker's office to sell it." Again Jimmy stopped and sighed.

"And wouldn't they buy it?"

"No, sir; it was a forgery. I nearly got arrested for having it with me. They showed me a regular certificate of Bethlehem Steel stock and you could easily see the difference. So then, of course, I had to tell them everything, and they said I'd been swindled. They said Walling must have been an old hand, and if I went to court with a story like that I should only be laughed at and made a fool of in the newspapers. So then, of course, I went up to see Doctor Stuyvesant."

"Oh, yes; I was forgetting him. What did he say for himself? Or had he moved?"

"No, sir; he hadn't moved. He wasn't Walling's brother at all. He said he had no brother. And when I described Walling a maid said she remembered a man like that coming into the office the day before and asking whether Mr. Perkins was in the reception room."

"Ha! Then there wasn't any old miser?"

"No, sir."

"But your car—did you go for that?"

"Yes, sir; and found that Walling had been to the garage that very morning. He had showed my receipt and sold the car for one thousand dollars cash. And so—and so —— Well, you can see for yourselves that I was done all the wayround. Yes," groaned Jimmy, "all—*all*—ALL the way round!"

"Oh, Jimmy, I'm so sorry!" murmured Grace, and she turned him a tender glance, full of sympathy and compassion.

But the Old Dominie, frowning ferociously, said nothing; his eyes were inward turned, as though he was puzzling over one of those confounded irregular Greek verbs.

"I was a fool for ever going away," lamented Jimmy. "If I had only stayed at home ——"

"Yes, yes!" said the Old Dominie absently. "Yes, yes!" He slowly arose and went into his study, but not before he had gently placed his hand on Jimmy's shoulder and said: "Grace, my dear, James will stay for dinner. And now if you young people will excuse me for a while —"

His study door closed behind him, and for half an hour he walked up and down the faded ingrain carpet. Once he stopped and consulted the total in his savings-bank book. It was one hundred and twenty-eight dollars—all that stood between them and outer darkness! Once again he stopped to read the letter Walling Stuyvesant, 3d, had written in answer to Jimmy's ad. And then for a long time he stood staring out of the window at a modest stone on the hill across the road.

"All my life," he thought, "I've tried to be worthy of heaven. I wonder if I would lose it now if I turned rogue for a day!"

A strange reflection truly, but after dinner he did a thing stranger yet. He went down to the Quinebaug and wrote "Harpalus" on the stern of his rowboat. Now Harpalus, I have since found out, was a confidence man of ancient Greece who even pulled the wool over the eyes of the great Demosthenes. And while you are making your inferences from that I will tell you further that the Old Dominie went to the Danielson Bank that afternoon and cashed his check for one hundred and twenty-eight dollars. And, to cap the climax to this astonishing day, when the boat train for New York stopped at Deckerville that night the Old Dominie climbed aboard briskly and with determination, and after him—carrying two valises—Jimmy Decker sadly followed—Jimmy the Plucked One—James the Forlorn.

They reached New York in the early morning and the first thing the Old Dominie did was to go to the office of the Evening Star and hand in the following ad, to be inserted under the classification For Sale:

Private Yacht Harpalus. Splendidly equipped and recently overhauled. Write for particulars to Box 974, Evening Star Office.

IV

NOW, when I first heard this part of the story—how the Old Dominie went to New York and what he did there—it puzzled me most pleasantly, and many an hour I mulled it over in contented speculation. For here on my farm, living in perfect peace and understanding with my Ayrshires and Mammoth Bronzes, I like to contemplate the workings of the mortal mind.

In the daytime man is a fellow human being, and whenever I see one we immediately become sociable together. But at night, when the lamps are lit and I am sitting among my books, so far from the world and all its works, the man I met in the daytime becomes an enigma to be pondered, as once I studied a hand at bridge or tried to follow the brilliancies of a Shavian comedy. Yes; many and many a night I mulled over the Old Dominie, and when at last I found the answer to my riddle I could only gently chide myself for not having guessed it before.

All his life he had trained his mind to abstruse research and an immortal ideal. When you and I might have been reading the sporting page or the fashion news, the Old Dominie would be reading the metaphysics of Plato in the original Greek. When you and I might be telling a story we had read in the paper, the Old Dominie would be at a bedside, striving for the happiness of a passing soul. Wherefore, when sufficiently aroused, he could deduce like a master logician, and where logic left off he still had that strange strength with which the prophets of old were endowed.

Then suddenly, moved by the motives of which I have told you, he brought all his mental equipment to bear on a problem that really wasn't half so difficult as the translation of an obscure page of Thucydides. In short, you have only to imagine Shakspere interrupting his writing of Hamlet to compose a moving-picture play, or Solomon leaving his Song of Songs to write a limerick.

"There, James," said the Old Dominie when they left the Evening Star office; "now that we have baited the hook, we must wait for the fish."

"You think he'll try it again?"

"Oh, I think so. If you had doubled your money the way you expected, wouldn't you have tried it again if you had seen a chance? And even if Mr. Stuyvesant doesn't rise to the bait we have only lost our train fare and a few dollars for lodgings. Now let me see! To-day is Tuesday. We shan't get any answers till Thursday morning. So let's find a room near the Library and perhaps I can get a few ideas for the Concordance."

He spent two happy days among the classics, but early on Thursday morning he presented himself at the office of the Evening Star. There were five answers to his ad. The first was from a yachting periodical, recommending the use of their classified columns; the second was from a small shipyard, soliciting business; the third and fourth were from yacht brokers, asking for further details; but when the Old Dominie opened the fifth he had the same feeling that thrills a fisherman when the float begins to bob up and down.

"Yes, sir!" cried Jimmy half an hour later. "That's his writing! Same stationery and everything! He's changed his name—that's all. He's Cecil R. Morgan now."

"Yes, yes!" said the Old Dominie, staring absently through the window from under his ferocious eyebrows. "But now we've got to get the money off him. Personally I don't favor the idea of calling in the police. First place, you couldn't tell a very good story to the police yourself. And second place, it wouldn't get your money back. The other alternative is to handle the matter ourselves. But here again I see a difficulty. I don't believe for a minute he carries that money round with him. He's probably got it in a safe place—in a safe-deposit vault—or a bank even. In other words, we have three steps to take: First, we must gain his confidence. Next, we must get him to call on us with your fourteen thousand dollars in his pocket. And third"—here the Old Dominie coughed gently behind his hand—"and third, of course, we must take it away from him."

"How are you going to start?" asked Jimmy anxiously.

"I'm afraid I shall have to start, James, by spending a lot of money. These clothes, for instance, are hardly in keeping with the character of a rich old gentleman with a private yacht. I must get a new outfit—yes, including a yachting cap. And then again, this furnished room won't do. We must move to-night to the best hotel in New York; in fact, I think we had better move right away, so we can write this—er—Mr. Morgan at once and tell him where to call."

"I believe you're going to get it, all right!" cried Jimmy excitedly, already beginning to pack the valises.

"Oh, I think so," said the Old Dominie in a gentle voice. "It doesn't require much intelligence to cheat a fellow man. You have only to gain his confidence—and then abuse it. . . . Oh, that reminds me, James: If I get this money back for you, what are you going to do with it?"

"Buy that Norwich business just as quick as I can!" he cried, all in a breath.

"And you and Grace?"

"Get married as soon as she'll have me!"

"I feed my flock," mused the Old Dominie, arising and looking out of the window. "Must a shepherd play fair with the wolves?"

V

I LIKE to think of the Old Dominie as he sat in his rooms at the Savarin Splendide the following afternoon. For the first time in his life he was dressed from head to foot regardless of expense, and had even bought a pair of gold pince-nez to take the place of the rusty specs

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He Went Down and Wrote "Harpalus" on the Stern of His Rowboat

WHAT IS COMING—By H. G. Wells

The New Map of Europe

IN THIS paper it is proposed to embark upon what may seem now, with the great war still in progress and still undecided, the most hopeless of all prophetic adventures. This is to speculate upon the redrawing of the map of Europe after the war. But because the detailed happenings and exact circumstances of the ending of the war are uncertain, they need not alter the inevitable broad conclusion. I have already discussed that conclusion, and pointed out that the war has already become essentially a war of mutual exhaustion. This does not mean, as some hasty readers may assume, that I foretell a "draw." We may be all white and staggering, but Germany is, I believe, fated to go down first. She will make the first advances toward peace; she will ultimately admit defeat.

But I do want to insist that by that time every belligerent, and not simply Germany, will be exhausted to a pitch of extreme reasonableness.

There will be no power left, as Germany was left in 1871, in a state of freshness and a dictatorial attitude. That is to say that they will all be gravitating, not to triumphs but to such a settlement as seems to promise the maximum of equilibrium in the future.

If toward the end of the war the United States should decide after all to throw their weight in favor of such a settlement as would make the recrudescence of militarism impossible, the general exhaustion may give America a relative weight far beyond any influence she could exert at the present time. In the end America may have the power to insist upon almost vital conditions in the settlement.

The Natural Map of Mankind

AND before I go on to speculate about the actual settlement there are one or two generalizations that it may be interesting to try over. Law is a thin wash that we paint over the firm outlines of reality, and the treaties and agreements of emperors and kings and statesmen have little of the permanence of certain more fundamental human realities. I was looking the other day at Sir Mark Sykes' The Caliph's Inheritance, which contains a series of colored maps of the political boundaries of Southwestern Asia for the last three thousand years. The shapes and colors come and go—now it is Persia, now it is Macedonia, now the Eastern Empire, now the Arab, now the Turk who is ascendant. The colors change as if they were in a kaleidoscope; they advance, recede, split, vanish. But through all that time there exists obstinately an Armenia, an essential Persia, an Arabia; they too advance or recede a little. I do not claim that they are eternal things, but they are far more permanent things than any rulers or empires. They are rooted to the ground by a peasantry, by a physical and temperamental attitude.

Apart from political maps of mankind, there are natural maps of mankind. I find it, too, in Europe. The monarchs splash the water and break up the mirror in endless strange shapes; nevertheless, always it is tending back to its enduring forms; always it is gravitating back to a Spain, to a Gaul, to an Italy, to a Serbo-Croatia, to a Bulgaria, to a Germany, a Poland. Poland and Armenia and Egypt, destroyed, subjugated, invincible, I would take as typical of what I mean by the natural map of mankind.

Let me repeat again that I do not assert there is an eternal map. It does change. There have been times—the European settlement of America and Siberia, for example, the Arabic sweep across North Africa, the invasion of Britain by the Low German people—when it has changed very considerably in a century or so; but at its swiftest it still takes generations to change. The gentlemen who used to sit in conferences and diets and divide up the world ever and again before the nineteenth century never realized this. It is only within the last hundred years that mankind has begun to grasp the fact that one of the first laws of political stability is to draw your political boundaries along the lines of the natural map of mankind.

Now, the nineteenth century phrased this conception by talking about the "principle of nationality." Some interesting survivals of the nineteenth century still talk of settling human affairs by that principle. But unhappily for them the world is not so simply divided. There are extensive regions of the earth's surface where the population is not homogeneous, where people of different languages or different incompatible creeds live village against village, a kind of human emulsion incapable of any true mixture or unity. Consider, for example, Tyrone, Albania, Bombay, Constantinople or Transylvania. Here are regions and cities with as much nationality as a patchwork quilt has color.

Now, so far as the homogeneous regions of the world go, I am quite prepared to sustain the thesis that they can only be tranquil, they can only develop their possibilities freely and be harmless to their neighbors, when they are governed by local men, by men of the local race, religion and tradition, and with a form of government that, unlike a monarchy or a plutocracy, does not crystallize commercial or national ambition. So far I go with those who would appeal to the "principle of nationality." But I would stipulate further that it would enormously increase the stability of the arrangement if such "nations" could be grouped together into "united states" wherever there were possibilities of interstate rivalries and commercial friction.

Where, however, one deals with a region of mixed nationality there is need of a subtler system of adjustments. Such a system has already been worked out in the case of Switzerland, where we have the community, not in countries but in cantons, each with its own religion, its culture and self-government, and all at peace in a polyglot and impartial common government. It is as plain as daylight to anyone who is not blinded by patriotic or private interests that such a country as Albania, which is monolingual, indeed, but hopelessly divided religiously, will never be tranquil, never contented, unless it is under a cantonal system, and that the only solution of the Irish difficulty along the belt between Ulster and Catholic Ireland lies in the same arrangement. And then, thirdly, there are the regions and cities of no nationality, such as Constantinople or Bombay, which manifestly appertain not to one nation but many; the former to all the Black Sea nations, the latter to all India. Disregarding ambitions and traditions, it is fairly obvious that such international places should be under the joint control of, and form a basis of union between all the peoples affected.

The Few Certainties of the Future

NOW, it is suggested here that upon these threefold lines it is possible to work out a map of the world of maximum contentment and stability, and that there will be a gravitation of all other arrangements, all empires and leagues and what not, toward this rational and natural map of mankind. This does not imply that that map will ultimately assert itself, but that it will always be tending to assert itself. It will obsess ostensible politics. I do not know with any degree of certainty what peculiar forms of muddle and aggression may not record themselves upon the maps of 2200; I do not certainly know whether mankind will be better off or worse off then, more or less civilized; but I do know with a very considerable degree of certainty that in A. D. 2200 there will still be a France, an Ireland, a Germany, a Jugo-Slav region, a Constantinople, a Rajputana and a Bengal.

I do not mean that these are absolutely fixed things; they may have receded or expanded. But these are the more permanent things, these are the field, the groundwork, the basic reality, these are fundamental forces over which play the ambitions, treacheries, delusions, traditions, tyrannies, of international politics. All boundaries will tend to reveal these fundamental forms, as all clothing tends to reveal the body. You may hide the waist; you will only reveal the shoulders the more. You may mask, you may muffle the body; it is still alive inside and the ultimate determining thing. And, having promised this much, it is possible to take up the problem of the peace of 1917 or 1918, or whenever it is to be, with some sense of its limitations and superficiality.

We have already hazarded the prophecy that after a long war of general exhaustion Germany will be the first to

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GOOD FOR THE SOUL

By Ring W. Lardner

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

BEFORE me, a member of the Baseball Writers' Association of America, appeared this first day of February, 1916, one Robert Frederick Warner, alias Buck Warner, lately a professional player of the game known as baseball and now part owner of an automobile garage in Hopsboro, a suburb of Cincinnati, and voluntarily and without threat or coercion did dictate a confession, the full text of which follows:

I

THE wife says that if I didn't quit grouchin' round the house she'd just plain leave me and go and live with her Aunt Julia. Well, the wife's a good scout and Aunt Julia's home is a farm twelve miles from Dayton, so I promised I'd try and cheer up.

"Yes, but you promised the same thing before," says Ethel; that's the wife's name. "You promised the same thing before and that's all the good it done," she says. "It's your crazy old conscience that's botherin' you. You'd ought to go to the hospital and have it took out."

"Operations costs money," I says.

"Well," says Ethel, "I'd rather be broke than have old Sidney Gloom for a husband."

"I'll try and cheer up," I says again.

"You're the world's greatest tryer," says she, "but your attempts to make everybody miserable is the only ones that's successful."

It was at breakfast yesterday mornin' that she was payin' me these compliments. At supper she pointed out a piece in the evenin' paper and told me I should read it.

Seems like some old bird about seventy, worth a couple o' millions, had been a clerk in a grocery store when he was a kid, and one day he helped himself to twenty dollars out o' the till, and he was scared to death they'd learn who done it and send him over, but for some reason it wasn't never found out. So, as I say, he finally got rich and had everything that's supposed to make a man happy, but he hadn't been able to sleep good for several years on account o' thinkin' about his crime. So the minister o' the church where he attended at preached a sermon on what a good thing confession was for sinners, and the old boy couldn't even sleep through the sermon, so he got the drift and made up his mind to see if a confession would cure his insomnia and not bein' able to sleep. So he wrote one out, describin' what he'd did, and sent it to the minister to be read out loud in church, and that night he slept like a horse.

"Well," I says, when I was through readin', "what about it?"

"It's worth a try," says Ethel.

"You go in town to-morrow and find somebody that'll listen, and tell 'em all about your horrible crime. And then see if you can't come home to me smilin'."

"That'll be easy," I says, "if you'll leave me drink a couple o' beers."

"You can do that too," she says, "if you think it'll wash away the blues."

I thought she was kiddin' at first; I mean about the confessin'. But she made me understand she was serious.

"But I'd have to bring in the names of others that ain't entirely innocent," I says.

"Go as far as you like," says she. "You certainly don't think they're worth shieldin'; 'specially Carmody."

So here I am and she says I was to tell it all and not keep nothin' back.

It won't be necessary to start with where I was born and so forth. A year ago last August is where it really begins. Before that I'd been in the National League six years, and if they'd left me stick to shortstop all the time, they wouldn't of nobody had me beat. But they found out I could play anywheres they put me and they kept shiftin' me round like a motorcycle cop.

In the six years I'd did even worse than not save no money. I'd piled up pretty near four thousand dollars' worth o' debts. The biggest part of it I owed to fellas on the club that'd came through for me when I made a flivver out of a billiard hall in Brooklyn.

So, as I say, a year ago last August found me four thousand to the bad and that's when I met Ethel. We was playin' in Pittsburgh and she was visitin' some people I know there. She had eye trouble and liked me the first time she seen me. But she didn't like me nowheres near as much as I liked her. We both fell pretty hard, though, and the third evenin' we was together we got engaged to be married.

"I wisht I had more to offer you," I told her. "I'm flat outside o' my salary and I owe a plain four thousand "

"I don't care how much or how little you've got," she says. "Your salary'll keep us all right. But I don't want to marry you till you're clear o' debt."

"We'll do some waitin' then," I says. "A year from this fall is the best I can promise. I'll live on nothin' this winter and I won't spend nothin' next summer and I think I can just about get cleaned up. It'll be somethin' new for me to try and save, but you're worth starvin' for."

"And you're worth waitin' for," says she.

So we says good-by and I went to Chicago with the club. And the second day there I slipped roundin' first base and throwed my knee pretty near out o' my stockin'.

It wasn't no common sprain or strain. The old bird just simply flew out of his cage and flew out to stay. I seen two doctors there and two more back home. They all says the same thing; that I was through playin' ball.

"After it's had a rest," they told me, "just walkin' on it won't hurt nothin'. But the minute you run you're liable to get crippled up good and proper. And if you stooped quick or made a quick turn or if your leg got bumped into, you might serve a good long sentence on the old hair mattress."

I didn't want Ethel to find out how bad it was, so all that come out in the paper was that I had a Charley horse. Mac, o' course, knowed the truth, but he couldn't do nothin' except feel sorry for me. He knowed about the girl too.

"I wisht I had a place for you," he says, "but you wouldn't be satisfied scoutin', and with the low player limit we can't carry no men that ain't goin' to do us some good. You'll get paid, o' course, up to the end o' the season. But I can't offer you no contract for next year."

"That's all right," I says. "I just want it kept quiet till I find somethin' I can do."

And w'ile I was still half dazed over the shock of it I got a letter from the girl. She had some big news, she says. Her Aunt Julia'd been told about I and her bein' engaged and had promised her a present o' $2500 on the day we was married. And we was to put this money with another $2500 that her brother, Paul, was goin' to save up, and I and her brother was goin' to buy a garage in Hopsboro from a fella that'd promised Paul he'd sell it to him in a year. And it was the only garage in Hopsboro and done a whale of a business. And Paul was a swell mechanic and I'd take care o' the business end. And I could quit playin' ball and never be away from home. It sounded mighty good to me just then. But they was still a little trifle o' four thousand that'd have to be took care of.

I'd just mailed back an answer, as cheerful as I could write, when a call come over the phone that Mr. A. T. Grant wanted to see me at the Kingsley Hotel. I'd saw his name mentioned in connection with a club in the new league, but I didn't know if he'd bought it or not.

Well, I went down there in a taxi and was showed right up to his room.

He shook hands with me and then ast me if I was signed up for next year. I told him I wasn't.

"I've just bought the club I was after," he says. "I wanted to know if you'd consider an offer."

I done some tall thinkin'. I made up my mind that it wouldn't do no harm to sign. If I found I couldn't play nobody'd be hurt. But if the old knee wasn't as bad as the doctors thought I'd probably get a better job here than anywheres else.

"Who's goin' to be your manager?" I ast him.

"Billy Carmody," he says. "He was the shortstop on the club this year."

"I never met him, but o' course I've heard of him," I says.

Then I done some more thinkin'.

"What's your offer?" I says.

"Five thousand," says Mr. Grant.

"Where would you want me to play?" I ast him.

"Where would you want to play?" says he.

That give me a hunch. I'd heard they was one or two short fences in the league. Maybe I could play an outfield position even if my legs wouldn't stand the infield strain.

"In the outfield," I told him.

"Which field?" he says, and then I knowed he was a bug.

"Right field," says I.

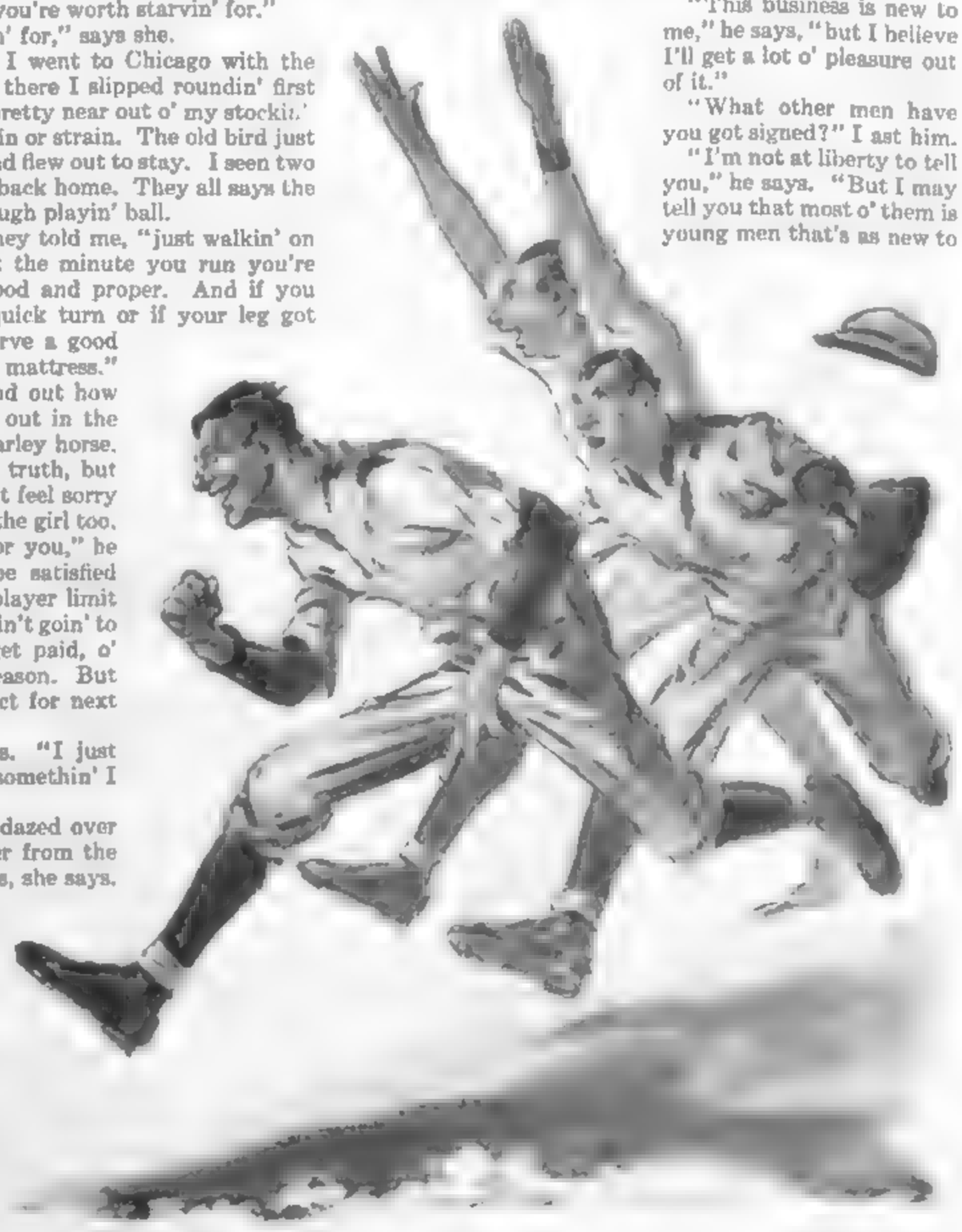
"That suits me," he says, and he sent for his secretary to fix up a contract.

So I signed to play right field, and nowheres else, for Mr. Grant's club for one year at $5000.

"This business is new to me," he says, "but I believe I'll get a lot o' pleasure out of it."

"What other men have you got signed?" I ast him.

"I'm not at liberty to tell you," he says. "But I may tell you that most o' them is young men that's as new to



professional ball as I am. I believe in gettin' young fellas, for enthusiasm's more valuable than experience in a sport o' this kind."

"Oh, easy," I says.

Then we shook hands again and I beat it to a train for Dayton, where the girl was stayin'. And when I seen her I give her the whole story. It looked now like they was a little bit o' hope.

II

THE papers I'd saw durin' the winter hadn't wasted no space on our club and I didn't know exactly who was my teammates till I blowed into Dixie Springs, the first week in March.

I landed in the forenoon. The clerk at the hotel told me the gang was all out to the grounds, practicin'. So I planted my baggage and washed up, and then set out on the porch, waitin' for the boys to come back. The beanery was on the main street, but from the number o' people that went past you'd of thought our trainin' camp had been picked out by Robinson Caruso. About one bell I got sick o' lookin' at mud puddles and woke up the clerk again.

"What do you s'pose is keepin' 'em so long?" I ast him.

"They don't never show up till after four," he says.

"Don't they come back for lunch?" I ast.

"No," he says. "You see the ball grounds is over a quarter of a mile from here and Mr. Grant, who's the proprietor o' the nine, figured it would wear his men out to make the trip four times a day."

"So they don't eat at noon?" I says.

"Oh, yes," says the clerk. "We put up a nice lunch here and send it to 'em."

"I hope you don't send 'em nothin' that's hard to chew," I says. After a w'ile I got up nerve enough to attemp' the killin' journey to the orchard.

It was an old fairgrounds or somethin', just on the edge o' what you'd call the town if you was good-natured. Waivers had been ast on a lot o' the boards on the fence and they was plenty o' places where a brewer could of walked through sideways. I was goin' in at the gate because it was handiest, but I found it locked. I give it a kick and it was opened from inside by a barber hater.

"You can't come in," he says through the shrubbery.

"Why not?" says I.

"I've got orders," he says.

"I don't wonder," I says. "You're liable to get anything in them dragnets."

"I'll fix you if you try to come in," he says.

"What'll you do?" says I. "Tickle me to death with them plumes?"

"Mr. Grant don't want no spies hangin' round," says Whiskers.

"O' course not," says I. "But I'm one of his ball players."

"He'd Get Up at Twelve and Three for Refreshments"

"Oh, no, you ain't," says the Old Fox. "If you was you'd be wearin' one o' them get-ups with the knee pants and the spellin' on the blouse."

"Look here," I says. "I don't want to cut my way through the undergrowth; they's too much danger of infection. You run along and tell Mr. Grant his star performer has arrived, and when you come back I'll give you thirty-five cents to'rds a shave."

So the old boy slammed the gate shut and locked her again and the minute it was locked I went to the nearest gap in the fence and eased in.

They was a game o' ball goin' on and I started over to where they was playin' to see if I recognized anybody. But I hadn't went more'n a step or two when Whiskers come dashin' up to me with Mr. Grant followin'.

"This is the man!" yells Whiskers. "And my suspicions was right or he wouldn't of snuck in."

Mr. Grant was gaspin' too hard to talk at first; when he catched his breath he lit into me. "A spy, eh!" he says. "Tryin' to learn our secrets, eh! That's a fine job for a big man like you! Whose stool pigeon are you?" he says. "Stop the game!" he says to Whiskers. "Don't let 'em show nothin' in front o' this sneak!"

But they wasn't no need of him givin' that order, because when the boys heard the rumpus they quit o' their own accord and come runnin' over to be in on it.

Leadin' the pack was Jimmy Boyle, that I'd busted into the game with, out in Des Moines. I'd noticed from the box scores the summer before that they was a Boyle in this league, but I hadn't never thought of it bein' Jimmy. In fac', till I seen him sprintin' to'rds me, I'd forgot they was such a guy. It was nine years since I'd saw him.

"Hello, Buck!" he hollers.

"Buck!" says Mr. Grant. "You ain't Buck Warner, are you?"

"That's me," I says, "and I guess if it hadn't been for Jimmy recognizin' me you'd of had me shot for a spy."

The Old Boy looked like he was gettin' ready to cry.

"I certainly owe you my apologies," he says. "I don't remember faces as good as I used to and besides, you're dressed different than when you and me met."

"Yes," I says, "I've changed my clo'es twice since September."

"I hope you'll forgive me," says Mr. Grant.

"I'll think it over," I says.

By this time the whole bunch was gathered round and I had a chance to see who was who. Outside o' Jimmy Boyle they wasn't only four out o' more'n two dozen that I knowed by sight. One o' the four, o' course, was Billy Carmody. Him and I hadn't never met; he'd always been in the American till he jumped. But I'd saw his picture of'en enough to spot him. Then they was Hi Boles that I'd knew in the Association. And they was Charley Wade that the Boston club had for w'ile, and Red Fulton, that had been with Philly. The rest o' them was all strangers to me and most o' them looked about as much like ball players as Mary Pickford.

I shook hands with Red and Charley and Jimmy and Hi Boles, and Mr. Grant introduced me to the gang.

"Now," he says, "I wisht you'd shake with me to show you don't bear no grudge. I wouldn't of had this thing happen for the world."

"I don't blame you at all, sir," I says. "A club owner's got to be careful these days, because if other owners will go as far as stealin' your ball players, they certainly wouldn't hesitate at hirin' spies to try and cop your club's hit-and-run signs. But," I says, "I think you're foolish not to plug them holes in the fence. A scout with a strong glass could stand way out there behind center field and find out how many fingers your catchers used to signal for a curve ball."

"Yes," he says, winkin', "but the signals we use now and the signals we're goin' to use when the season opens up is two different things."

"Oh! Deep stuff, eh!" says I. "Well, if that's the way you're workin' it you'd ought not to be scared of outsiders swipin' information. Leave as many of 'em as wants to come and look us over, and the more bum dope they take back home, the easier we'll beat 'em when we meet 'em."

"But I don't want nobody to even know my line-up," says Mr. Grant, "not till the boys runs out on the field for the openin' game. If they don't know who we got or what we got or our battin' order or nothin', they can't prepare for us, can they?"

"Ain't they no reporters along?" I ast him.

"I wouldn't have 'em," says Mr. Grant. "I don't want to have no advance news get out about this club. Takin' your enemies by su'prise is more'n half the battle."

"Yes," says I, "but after the first day they won't be no more su'prise. The whole country'll know who we are."

"But we'll be leadin' the league," he says. "They can't take that away from us."

"Not for twenty-four hours," says I.

By this time, Carmody'd took his men back to their practice. I wanted to see 'em in action and made a move to go over to where they was at, but the Old Boy flagged me.

"They'll be through in five minutes," he says. "You must be wore out with your long trip, so let's you and I walk back to the hotel and set and rest till the boys comes in. I want you to be fresh to-morrow."

So we come away together and the last thing I seen at the grounds was Whiskers. He had the gate open far enough so's his head could stick out and he could see the whole length o' the main street. They wasn't a chance for a spy to catch him off guard, unless the spy used unfair tactics and snuck up from some other direction.

"What do you think of our club?" says Mr. Grant.

"I don't know nothin' about it," I says. "Most o' them boys is strangers to me."

"But ain't they nice lookin' boys?" he says.

"Sure," says I, "but some o' the best ball players I ever seen was homelier than muskrats."

"But their bein' homely didn't make 'em good ball players," says he.

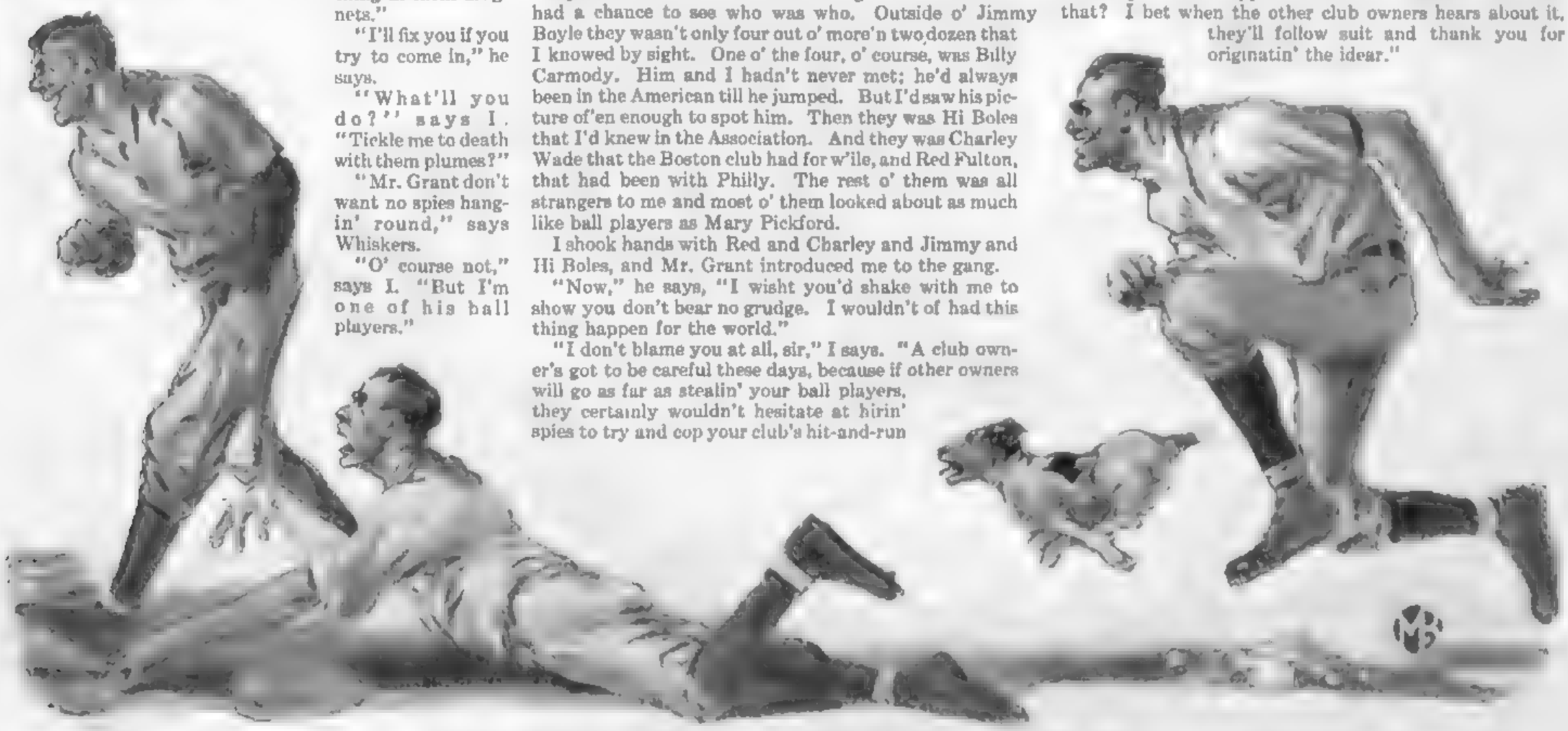
"No," I says, "but it helped 'em keep in the pink. They couldn't go girl-crazy and stay out all hours o' the night dancin'; they wasn't no girls that'd dance with 'em or be seen with 'em. And they couldn't lay against the mahogany all evenin', because all bars has got mirrors back o' them, and if a man didn't never open his eyes they'd think you'd fell asleep and throw you out."

"Your arguments may be all right for some teams," says Mr. Grant, "but they don't hold as far as we're concerned. Bein' handsome won't hurt my boys, because they can't run round nights or drink neither one."

"Why not?" I ast him.

"Because they's a club rule against it," he says.

"Oh!" I says. "O' course that makes it different. How'd you ever happen to think o' makin' a rule like that? I bet when the other club owners hears about it, they'll follow suit and thank you for originatin' the idear."



When the Baskets Full o' Nourishment Was Drug In Everybody'd Race for the Front

"I hope they do follow suit," he says. "It's one o' my ambitions to perjure baseball of its evils."

"I wish you luck," says I.

"And another one," he says, "is to win the pennant, and between you and I, I believe I'm goin' to realize it."

"What year?" I says.

"This year," says my boss.

"Well," I says, "I'm new in the league and I don't know what it takes to win. But from what I seen of your club and from what I read about Chicago and St. Louis and some o' the rest, I'd say you had to strengthen some."

"I'm afraid you're pessimistical, Warner," he says. "I've got the winnin' combination – yourself and Carmody and Fulton and Wade and Boles and Boyle for experience and balance, and those youngsters o' mine for speed and spirit. We'll take the League off'n their feet."

"What does Carmody think about it?"

"The same as me," he says. "And he's a great manager."

"He must be," says I.

Well, when the crowd come in, Jimmy Boyle chased up to the clerk o' the hotel and had it fixed for me to room with him.

"They had me paired with one o' the kids," he says, "but I got to have somebody to laugh with. This is goin' to be the greatest season you ever went through. I don't know what I'll hit, but I bet I giggle .380."

"What is they to laugh at?" I says.

"Mr. Grant Don't Want No Spies Hangin' Round," Says Whitsett

"What ain't they to laugh at?" says Jimmy. "Wait till you get acquainted with the old man! Wait till you've saw our gang in action! Wait till you watch Carmody managin'! Dutch Schaefer couldn't of got up a better club than this."

"What have we got, outside o' you and the other fellas I know?" I ast him.

"Say, if I told you, you wouldn't believe it," says Jimmy. "In the first place, there's old Grant. If he ain't got no relatives the county'd ought to look after him. He's goin' to keep us a secret till the season opens and then we're goin' to win the first game by su'prise. And somebody tipped him off that the club that wins the first game has got the best chance for the pennant. O' course they's eight clubs in the league and four o' them'll prob'ly win their first games, but he never thought o' that. And besides, the only chance we got o' winnin' the first game or any other game is to have the other club look at us and die laughin'."

"Ain't they no stuff in them kids?" I ast.

"Just one o' them," says Boyle. "They's a boy named Steele that must of took his name from his right arm. He can whizz 'em through there faster'n Johnson. He could win with any club in the world but our'n."

"Who's the other pitchers?" I ast him.

"They ain't none," says Boyle, "none that counts. All told, we got three right-handers and three cockeyes, but outside o' Steele, I'd go up there and catch any one o' them without a mask or glove or protector or nothin'. When the balls they throw don't hit the screen on the fly they'll hit the fence on the first hop."

"Where'd he get 'em all?" says I.

"He must of bought 'em off'n Pawnee Bill," says Jimmy.

"We seem to be long on catchers," I says.

"Wade and Fulton and myself," says Jimmy, "but some of us is goin' to get switched before the season's a week old. As I say, when Steele ain't pitchin' the club don't need no catcher, and it sure does need other things. Carmody's playin' short and Boles is the first sacker and you'll be somewheres in the outfield. That only leaves four positions without nobody to fill 'em. So I and Red and Charley's wonderin' which one of us'll be elected first. I wouldn't mind tacklin' right field; they's some short fences in the league. But Carmody's just crazy enough to stick me at third base where a man don't have time to duck."

"You lay off'n right field," I says. "I got a lien on that bird."

"You'll play where Carmody puts you," says Jimmy.

"You're delirious," says I. "You ain't seen my contract. I signed to play right field and nowheres else, and you couldn't get me out o' there with a habeas corpus."

"Mr. Fox, eh?" says Boyle.

"You know it," I says, "and between you and I, they's a reason. I'd just as soon tell you because they ain't no danger o' you spillin' it. My right knee slipped out on me last August, and when it went, it went for good. All the doctors I seen give me the same advice—to get out o' baseball. And I had my mind all made up to quit when old Grant stepped in with his offer. I took it, knowin' all the w'ile that it was grand larceny."

"Don't you worry about that," says Jimmy. "They'll be only one guy on this club that ain't a burglar. That's young Steele. The rest of us, includin' the M.G.R., is a bunch o' bandits. But I'm not frettin' over it. I figure that if he wasn't givin' me this dough somebody else'd be gettin' it, maybe somebody without as much license to it as me. If they wasn't nobody dependin' on me I might feel ashamed. But when you got a wife and two kids, and an old bug comes along and slips you a contract for three times what you're worth, it'd be cheatin' your folks to not take it."

"I ain't got no folks," I says.

"But you can't never tell," says Boyle.

"I can tell," I says, "if you'll listen. I met a little lady the middle o' last July. The first week in August we got engaged. And the second week in August Mr. Knee blowed out. So when Grant come after me, along in September, I begin to believe in angels. But I ain't never felt right about it."

"How bad is the old dog?" says Jimmy. "Can you run on it at all?"

"I can run on it," I says, "but I can't get up no speed. And I don't know when she's goin' to slip again. I can't start quick. And I'm scared to stoop."

"You won't need to stoop; not with our pitchers," says Jimmy. "All that'll come out your way is line drives or high boys over the wall."

"And if I turn sudden, I'm gone," says I.

"That's easy," says Boyle. "Rest your spine against them boards and do all your runnin' to'rds the infield. You won't be the first outfielder that played that system."

"Carmody'll wise up to me," I says.

"You should worry your head off about Carmody," says Boyle. "He's pretendin' to take his job serious, but down in his heart he knows he's a thief. He's got just as much right to manage a ball club as that girl o' yours. You just stick it out and draw the old check every first and fifteenth, and remember that you got plenty o' company. Even if your two legs was cut off at the waist you'd be worth five times as much as some of us."

"Careful there, Jim," I says.

"You can hit, can't you?" he says. "And you can catch fly balls, and you can throw. There's three things you can do, and that's three more things than most of our gang can do. No, I'll take that back. They's one thing they can all do."

"What's that?" I ast him.

"Eat," says Jimmy, "and if you don't believe it come down in the dinin' room. The doors is supposed to open for supper at five-thirty, but after the first day we was here, the manager seen that the only way to save the doors was to keep 'em open all the w'ile. All the other ball clubs I was ever with talked about their hittin' and their bad luck, and all that. But this bunch don't talk nothin' but meats and groceries, and when they ain't talkin' about 'em it's because they got so many o' them in their mouth that they can't talk. The kid that was roomin' with me put what he couldn't eat in his pockets or inside his shirt, and after every meal he'd come straight to the room and unload on top o' the bureau. And if I went near his storehouse to brush my hair or look in the glass, he'd growl like a dog. He had himself trained so's he wouldn't sleep more'n three hours in a row. He'd go to bed at nine and get up at twelve and three for refreshments. But no matter how hungry he was at three, he always managed to save a piece o' cold hamburger or a little fricasseed veal for when he woke up in the mornin', so's he wouldn't have to go down to breakfast in his nightgown. Our second day here it was rainin' when I rolled out o' bed. Griffin, the kid I'm tellin' you about, was puttin' on his clo'es with one hand and feedin' himself with the other. 'Well, boy,' I says to him, 'it looks like we'd loaf to-day.' He must of thought I'd mentioned veal loaf or a loaf o' bread, because all the answer I got was more things to eat. 'Fruit and cereal,' he says, 'prunes and oranges and oatmeal, bacon and eggs straight up, small tenderloin medium, sausage and cakes, buttered toast, some o' them rolls, and a pot o' coffee.' 'Well,' I says, 'your dress rehearsal goes off all right; if you don't get scared and forget your lines in front o' the waiter, you'll be the hit o' the show.' But I might as well of been talkin' to a post hole. He didn't know I was speakin' unless I spoke like a bill o' fare."

"What position does he play?" I ast.

"Third base," says Jimmy, "and for the fear everybody won't know it, he always keeps one foot on the bag. But don't get the idear that he's a bigger eater than the rest o' them. They ain't no more difference in their appetites than in their ball playin'. When they got their noses in the feed-trough, though, they look like they was at home. And when they're out there on the field, you'd think they was It for blindman's buff."

I ast him about the Old Man havin' their lunch sent out.

"Even Carmody laughed at that," he says; "but Carmody's figured that the way to get along with old Grant is to agree with him in everything. So we're relieved from two changes o' clo'es, and a half mile walk that might help some of us get down to weight."

"Is it a regular lunch?" I ast him.

"All but the tools," says Jimmy. "And that makes it the favorite meal with Griffin and them. They can throw it in faster and without near as much risk. And all you have to do to start a riot is drop a bone or part of a potato on the grass."

"How is the grounds?" I says.

"Just as good as the club," says Boyle.

"Who picked out this joint?" says I.

"The same old bug that picked up these ball players," says Jimmy. "He was lookin' for a quiet place and he got it. The burg's supposed to have a population o' twelve hundred, but I haven't even saw the twelve. Dixie Springs they call it, but the only springs is in Carmody's bed. The town and the grounds is both jokes. The hotel's all right outside o' the rooms. I'll own up the eatin's good, but that's the one thing that don't make no difference to this bunch of our'n. They'd go to it just the same if it was raw mule chops."

"How much longer do we stick?" I ast him.

"Plain five weeks," says Jimmy. "We don't play no exhibitions nowheres because they might be spies from the other clubs watchin' us. We stay right here and do all our practicin' in a park that was laid out by a steeplechase fan, and then we go straight home and win the openin' game and the pennant by su'prise. You're lucky you come a week late. If I'd knew the dope in advance I wouldn't of never reported till the day o' the big su'prise party. But leave us hurry downstairs or it'll be too late for you to get a look at a fine piece of American scenery."

"What's that?" I ast.

"The Royal Gorge," says Jimmy.

Well, he hadn't lied when he told me about their eatin'. It was just like as if they knowed the league wasn't only goin' to last this one more season, and they all o' them expected to live to be over ninety, and was tryin' to get fixed up in a year for the next sixty-five. You remember how them waiters down South come one-steppin' in with their trays balanced on their thumb a mile over their head? Well, they didn't pull that stunt with the orders these here boys give 'em. Each fella's meal took two pallbearers, with a couple o' mourners followin' along behind to pick up whatever floral pieces fell off when the casket listed.

I and Boyle and Fulton and Hi Boles had a table to ourself, and you ought to saw them Ephs quarrel over who'd wait on us. Besides our four orders together not bein' as big as one o' them other guys', we wasn't so exhausted at the end o' the meal that we couldn't dig down in our pocket and get a dime. Mr. Grant and Carmody and the secretary set next to our table and it seemed to worry the Old Boy that our appetites was so poor. He'd say:

"Warner, I'm afraid you ain't feelin' good. You don't eat hardly nothin'."

"I'm all right," I'd tell him; "but eatin' ain't no new experience for me. I ett for several years before I broke into baseball and I been gettin' regular meals ever since."

The lunch served out to the grounds was worth travelin' south just to look at it. It always come prompt at twelve, and for a half hour before that time every ground ball was a base hit because the fielders was all lookin' up at the sun. And when the baskets full o' nourishment was drug in, no matter if we was right in the middle of an innin', everybody'd throw away their bats and gloves and race for the front. Carmody'd follow along smilin', like it was a good joke.

I was hungry my first day out. I told Jimmy I felt like eatin' a big meal.

"Well," he says, "I bet you don't eat it when you see it."

He win his bet. I was the last fella up to the baskets. They was a couple o' sandwiches and one or two pieces o'

fried chicken left, but it'd all been pawed over by the early birds, and amongst the other things the grounds was shy of was a place to wash your hands. Even if they'd been one, nobody'd of had time to use it.

So that day and the rest o' the time we was there I set out on the sidelines with Hi and Jimmy and Red durin' the noon hour, and watched the performance.

"This mayn't be a big league," says Jimmy, "but our club'll be big if they don't all get lockjaw."

"It'll take two engines to pull us home," says Red.

"If them boys could hit, they'd be heavy hitters," says Hi.

Well, they couldn't hit or they couldn't field; that is, the most o' them couldn't. They was a couple that had the stuff to make pretty fair ball players if they'd knew anything. Carmody couldn't learn 'em because he didn't know nothin' himself. I done what I could to help 'em, partly because I'm kind-hearted and partly so's I'd be doin' somethin' else besides riskin' my life in that outfield. It was rough enough so's a fella with two good legs would be scared to take a chance, and it wasn't no place for a cripple to frolic round in.

We put on two ball games a day between the regulars and yannigans. The only reason for callin' our team the regulars was on account o' Carmody playin' with us. We was licked most o' the time because young Steele done most o' the pitchin' against us. He sure could buzz 'em through and he had as good control as I ever seen in a kid. He was workin' the day that I and Carmody had our first and last argument. Carmody's whole idear o' baseball was "take two strikes." That was his instructions to everybody that went up to hit. It was all right when the other fellas was pitchin' because they was all o' them pretty near sure to walk you. But I couldn't see no sense doin' it against Steele; it just helped him get you in a hole.

This day it come up to the seventh innin' and Steele had us beat four to nothin'. We was all ordered to take two strikes and most of us was addin' one onto the order. But in the seventh, one o' the kids happened to get a base hit and they was a couple o' boots, and when it was my turn to go up there, the bases was choked and two out.

"Take two strikes," yells Carmody.

"Yes," I says to myself, "I'll take two strikes."

So Steele, thinkin' I'd obey orders, laid the first one right' over in my groove and I busted it out o' the ball park.

When I come in to the bench Carmody was layin' for me.

"What kind o' baseball is that?" he says.

"It's real baseball," I says. "If you think it ain't you're crazy. When a pitcher's got as good control as him, and we're four runs behind and the bases is full, I'm goin' to crack the first ball I can reach."

He called me over away from the gang.

"It's a bad example," he says, "for you to not follow instructions."

"Maybe it is," says I, "but when the instructions is ridic'lous I'm goin' to forget 'em."

"I'm managin' this ball club," he says.

"You're doin' a grand job," says I. "When you take money for managin', it's plain highway robbery."

"I suppose you're earnin' yourn," says Carmody. "I suppose you got two good legs."

That kind o' shook me up.

"Listen," he says, "I got just as much license to draw a manager's salary as you have for takin' a ball player's. You're liable to be on crutches before the middle of April. But if I don't make no crack to Grant he won't know you was crippled when you signed; he'll think, when your knee goes back on you, that it's the first time and just an accident. So," he says, "if I was you I'd play the way the manager told me and not make no fuss."

"You win," says I. "But have a heart and forget once in a w'ile to give me orders. I don't mind if the rest o' the league knows I got a bum leg, but I don't want 'em to think my head's cut off."

They wasn't never such a long five weeks as I put in down to this excuse for a trainin' camp. After the first few days I got sick o' laughin' and sleepin' and everything else. I'd promised the girl I wouldn't take a drink, but all that kept me from breakin' the promise was lack of opportunity. The burg didn't even have a soda foundry.

(Continued on Page 78)

IRELAND UBER ALLES

V

By PETER B. KYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

THROUGHOUT the long, lazy days that the Narcissus rolled into the South, Capt. Michael J. Murphy's alert brain was busy every spare moment, striving to discover, in the incomprehensible charter his owners had made for him, what the French call *la raison d'être*. Not having any wireless, he was unable to keep in touch with the stirring events being enacted in Europe and on the high seas, as news of the said events filtered by him through space. While on the West Coast, where all the newspapers are printed in Spanish, he had been equally barred from keeping in touch with the war, although en route through the Panama Canal he did his best to buy up all the old newspapers on the Zone.

Upon arrival in New York with his cargo of nitrate, his anxiety to make a record in his first command in steam caused him to stay on the job every moment the Narcissus was discharging, for Cappy Ricks had impressed upon him, as he impressed upon every skipper in the Blue Star employ, the fact that a slow boat is slow paying dividends. Consequently the worthy captain had had no time to acquaint himself with the movements of the various fleets, and when he sent his day letter to his owners on the morning of the day he sailed from Norfolk for Pernambuco, his action was predicated, not on what he knew but on what he felt. The sixth sense that all real sailors possess warned him that his cargo of coal was not destined for Batavia nor yet Manila, but for delivery at sea to the warships of some foreign nation. Devoutly Michael J. hoped it wasn't for the British fleet, since in such a contingency he would be cruelly torn between his love and duty. Consequently he resolved that, should the choice of alternatives be forced upon him, he would steer a middle course and resign his command.

On the other hand, Mike Murphy knew Matt Peasley and Cappy Ricks to be intensely pro-Ally in their sympathies, despite the President's proclamation of neutrality and the polite requests of the motion-picture houses for their audiences to remain perfectly quiet while Field Marshal von Hindenburg, Sir John French and General Joffre came on the screen and bowed. Under the circumstances, therefore, Murphy found it very difficult to suspect his owners of conspiring to deliver a cargo of coal to the German fleet at sea. No, indeed! Matt Peasley and Cappy Ricks were too intensely American for that; indeed, Cappy was always saying he hoped to see an American mercantile marine established before he should be gathered into the bosom of Abraham.

From whatever angle the doughty skipper viewed it, therefore, the tangle became more and more incomprehensible. Cappy and Matt knew full well the rules of the game as promulgated by their Uncle Samuel, and the dire penalties for infraction. However, granted that they knew they could scheme successfully to evade punishment at the hands of their own government, Mike Murphy knew full well that no man could guarantee immunity from the right of a belligerent warship to visit and search, or from confiscation or months of demurrage in a prize court in the event that his ship's papers and the course the vessel was traveling failed to justify her presence in that particular longitude and latitude. And with the huge profits to be made in neutral trade it seemed incomprehensible that a sound business man like Cappy Ricks should assume all these risks for the sake of a little extra money. Surely he must realize that if he sent her on an illegal errand her war-risk insurance would not hold.

The Pistol Dropped Clattering to the Deck and Von Staden Folded Up Like an Accordion

On the other hand, it appeared to Murphy that the charter must have been consummated with the full knowledge and consent of the Blue Star Navigation Company, for the veriest tyro in the shipping business could not have failed to be suspicious of that clause in the charter party, stipulating a call at Pernambuco for orders. Of course there was the possibility that this acquiescence had been due to misrepresentation on the part of the New York agents or rank stupidity on the part of the Blue Star Navigation Company. But Seaborne & Company were above a shady deal. In putting through the charter for the Blue Star Navigation Company it might have occurred to them that all was not as it should be, but that was none of their business. If they spread their hand and permitted Cappy Ricks an unobstructed view, it was up to Cappy to decide and order them to close or reject the charter. As for stupidity on the part of the Blue Star Navigation Company, Murphy knew full well that stupidity was the crime Cappy Ricks found it hardest to forgive. Even had Cappy overlooked that suspicious clause in the charter, because of his age, Matt Peasley's youth and practical maritime knowledge should have offset Cappy's error; and even if both had erred, there still remained the matchless Skinner, as suspicious as a burglar, as keen as a razor, as infallible as a chronometer.

No, it just didn't seem possible that the Blue Star Navigation Company had gone into the deal with their eyes wide open; on the contrary, it seemed equally impossible that they had gone into it with their eyes shut. Consequently Michael J. decided to wake them up—provided they slept on the job—and to give them an opportunity to repent before it should be too late.

He felt very much better after sending that telegram, but as the Narcissus plowed steadily south at the rate of two hundred and thirty miles a day, he began to grieve because he had no wireless to bring him a prompt reply; he berated himself for not waiting at the dock in Norfolk until his owners should have had an opportunity to answer; he abused himself for his timidity in questioning the judgment of his owners, for indeed he had been content to hint when more decisive action was demanded.

How Michael J. Murphy yearned to discuss his problem with someone as loyal and devoted to the Blue Star Navigation Company as himself! His dignity as master of the Narcissus, however, bade him refrain from discussing the integrity of his owners with his mates—particularly with new mates, to whom the house flag stood for naught but a symbol of monthly revenue. In fact, of the forty-one men under him, there was but one with whom he could with entire dignity discuss the matter. That man was Terence Reardon. But even here he was barred, for since he had called the chief engineer a renegade the only possible discussion that could obtain between them now

must be anything but academic; in consequence of which Michael J. Murphy was forced to hug his apprehensions to himself until the Narcissus steamed slowly into the outer harbor of Pernambuco. Ten minutes after she dropped her big hook the skipper's suspicions were crystallized into certainty.

Just as she came to anchor the steward appeared on deck, vociferously beating his triangle to announce supper—for at sea dinner is always supper.

"Mr. Schultz," the captain called from the bridge, "as soon as your men have had their supper clear away the working boat. I'm going ashore."

"Very vell, sir," Mr. Schultz replied heartily, and the captain went below to supper. He was scarcely seated before Mr. Schultz stuck his head in the dining-saloon window and announced that a gentleman who claimed to represent the charterers was alongside in a launch and desired to come aboard and speak with him.

"Let down the accommodation ladder, Mr. Schultz, and when the gentleman comes aboard show him round to my stateroom," the skipper answered. "I'll meet him there in a pig's whisper. It is probable he has come aboard with our orders, Mr. Schultz, so never mind clearing away the boat until I speak to you further about it. Steward, set an extra cover at my right. We may have a guest for supper."

He hurried round to his stateroom and donned a uniform coat to receive his visitor. Mr. Schultz came presently, bearing a visiting card upon which was engraved the name: Mr. August Carl von Staden. Behind the mate a sailor with a bulging suitcase stood at attention; two more sailors stood behind the first, a steamer trunk between them, and as Captain Murphy stepped out on deck to greet his visitor he observed a tall, athletic, splendid-looking fellow coming leisurely toward him along the deck. The stranger carried a large Gladstone bag.

The captain bowed. "I am the skipper of this big box," he announced pleasantly. "Murphy is my name."

Herr von Staden shook hands and in most excellent English, without the slightest trace of a German accent, expressed his pleasure in the meeting. The captain cast a glance of frank curiosity at the bag Von Staden carried and at the baggage the sailors had in tow. Von Staden interpreted the glance and smiled.

"I have brought you your orders, Captain Murphy. They are contained in this envelope"; and he handed a blank envelope to the captain. "However, I happened to know that one of the orders is to provide a berth for me. I'm to go with you as supercargo."

"I hadn't heard anything about such a possibility," Mike Murphy replied with just a shade of formality in his tones. He turned to the first mate: "Mr. Schultz, will you be good enough to see to it that Mr. von Staden's baggage is stowed in the owners' suite. Then tell the steward to see that our guest's quarters are put in order. Mr. von Staden, will you kindly step into my office here while I read these orders?"

Von Staden nodded. Entering the captain's room he sat down on the settee and lighted a gold-tipped cigarette, while Murphy tore open the envelope. It contained a cablegram reading as follows

VON STADEN & ULRICH,
Pernambuco, Brazil.
Ornillo Montevideo. BLUESTAR.

The captain reached for his telegraphic-code book. When de-coded the message read:

Instruct captain to proceed to Montevideo and there await further orders.

BLUE STAR NAVIGATION COMPANY.

The cablegram had been filed at San Francisco two days before. Murphy looked keenly at his guest, who smoked tranquilly and returned the look without interest.

"Mr. von Staden," the captain announced, "these are strange orders, in view of the fact that I cleared from New York for Manila or Batavia, via the Cape of Good Hope. It would be a sure sign of bad luck to the steamer Narcissus if a British cruiser should pick her up off the coast of Uruguay."

Von Staden smiled. "You are very direct, captain—very blunt indeed. This is a characteristic more Teutonic than Gaelic, I believe, so I shall experience no embarrassment in being equally frank with you. Your cargo of coal is designed for our German Pacific fleet."

"I guessed as much, sir. Nevertheless, my owners did not see fit to take me into their confidence in this illegal undertaking, Mr. von Staden ——"

"They did not think it necessary," Von Staden interrupted smilingly. "In fact, Captain Peasley assured our people in New York that your sympathies are so overwhelmingly in favor of our cause we need anticipate no worry as to the course you would pursue. Moreover, in the event of a judicial inquiry it would be an advantage if you could say that you had had no voice in the matter, but had been instructed to obey the orders of the charterers—of whom we are the agents in Pernambuco. Perhaps this cablegram will allay your fears," and he drew an unopened cablegram from his pocket and handed it to Murphy. It was a code cablegram, signed by the Blue Star Navigation Company and addressed to Murphy in care of Von Staden & Ulrich. When de-coded it read:

Execute the orders of supercargo if possible. It may lead to further business. Charterers must take the risk. We do not think there is any risk. Please remain.

This cablegram was signed "Matt."

"Well, captain?" Von Staden queried politely.

"I don't like this business at all," the captain replied. "My owners may think there is no risk, but I'm afraid. England controls the seas ——"

"We are in possession of the secret code of the British Navy, Captain Murphy. We know the approximate location of every British warship in the Atlantic and Pacific—and I assure you there is no risk."

"Well, my boss informs me the charterers assume the risk, so I suppose I shouldn't worry over the Blue Star Navigation Company's end of the gamble. They know their own business, I dare say. Evidently they feared I might want to resign, so I have been asked to remain; and when Captain Peasley says 'please' to me, Mr. von Staden, I find it very, very hard to refuse."

"I am glad, for the sake of our selfish interests, my dear captain, to find you so loyal to your owners' financial interests," the supercargo replied heartily. "Now that you have decided to remain, I need not point out to you the danger of a resignation at this time. It might lead to some unlooked-for developments which might prejudice your owners, although I think they have covered their tracks very effectually. Nevertheless, it is not well to take the slightest risk."

"Without being well paid for it," Murphy interrupted sneeringly. "My owners have been well paid for their risk, but where do I come in? I haven't been promised double my usual salary, or a split on the profits of the voyage; and I know if I were to command a vessel loaded with munitions of war I would not be asked to take her into the North Sea at the customary skipper's wages. I'd be offered a large bonus."

"You forget, my dear captain, that your charterers assume all the risks. One of them was the risk that you might resign unless you received adequate compensation. I came aboard prepared to insure that risk," and he touched with his toe the Gladstone bag. "What do you say to $5000?"

Michael J. Murphy smiled. "It is pleasant, sir," he said, "to be paid $5000 for doing something one yearns to do for nothing. I am not a hog. Five thousand dollars is sufficient. How do I get it—and when?"

"In gold coin of the United States, or gold certificates of the same interesting country, my dear captain—and you may have it immediately." Again Herr von Staden kicked the Gladstone bag.

"I'll take it in gold certificates. And in order that my dear old father and mother may have the benefit of my rascality in case anything unforeseen should arise to prevent my return, I suggest you hand over the boodle this minute, and I'll go ashore and express it home."

"Captain Murphy, you are a man after my own heart ——"

"I am not a born fool, sir," Murphy interrupted. "I'm accepting your money to be a fool, well knowing it is foolish to do it, for still I am taking a risk. I am thirty-eight years old, Mr. von Staden, and a skipper as young as that has his future all before him. Set him down on the beach, however, with his ticket revoked for all time—and his future is behind him."

"In that event," the supercargo replied, "you might accept my assurance, without questioning my authority for such assurance, that you would have no difficulty in procuring a remunerative position ashore. The firm of Von Staden & Ulrich could use you very handily."

"Thank you, sir. Consider the matter settled. Will you come ashore with me, sir, and dine, or would you prefer to have supper aboard?"

"I beg of you to be excused from going ashore, captain. I have much to do to-night. The launch which brought me alongside has a knocked-down wireless plant aboard, and I am anxious to have it set up on your good ship Narcissus—a task I shall have to oversee personally. I shall probably work all night."

"Praise be!" Michael J. Murphy answered heartily. "We'll have some interest in life now. We can get all the

Herr August Carl von Staden Stood at the Head of the Accommodation Ladder and Smiled as the Launch Disappeared

Silently in the Heavy Velvet Gloom the Great Vessel Slipped Out of Pernambuco Harbor

war news, going and coming, can't we? Have you brought along an operator?"

"I am an operator," the supercargo answered. "By the bye, can you fix me up with a wireless room?"

"There are two staterooms and a bath in the owners' suite which you will occupy. You can take your choice."

"Good. I shall want to sleep close to my instrument."

He opened the bag, counted out five one-thousand-dollar gold certificates of the United States of America and handed them to the captain.

"The grand old rag," Michael J. murmured. "How many rascals fight under the flag of old King Spondulics!"

"I believe you have an Irish chief engineer," Von Staden continued. "While I understand his sympathies are with us, still it seems only right to compensate "

"Suit yourself, Mr. von Staden."

"What kind of a man is he, captain?"

"I'd hate to tell you. I've had little to do with him, but that little was enough. We avoid each other as much as possible and never speak except in the line of duty. I make no bones of the fact that I think he's a scrub."

Mr. von Staden nodded sagely. "Perhaps I'd better wait and get acquainted with him," he suggested, and closed his bag. Murphy showed him to his quarters, which the steward, under the first mate's supervision, was already setting in order; and, having decided to set up the wireless in the sleeping room, Von Staden accompanied the skipper round to superintend the taking on board of the wireless plant from the gasoline launch bobbing alongside. When the equipment was finally hoisted to the deck of the Narcissus, Michael J. Murphy boarded the launch and was whisked ashore for the avowed purpose of sending to his aged parents the fruits of his elastic conscience.

Herr August Carl von Staden stood at the head of the accommodation ladder and smiled as the launch disappeared into the tropic twilight. Then he said something in German to Mr. Schultz, who laughed. Evidently it was very good news, for even the quartermaster at the companion ladder smiled covertly. It is possible they would not have felt so cheerful had they known that Michael J. Murphy's "dear old father and mother" had been sleeping in a Boston cemetery some fifteen years, and that their last words to Michael had been an exhortation to remember that manliness and honor must be his only heritage. And as the launch bore him shoreward, he looked back and grinned at the dim, duck-clad figure of Von Staden.

"Your agents looked me up, my hearty," he soliloquized, "and if they did their work half well they told you I was an honest man. Only a crook comes with a bag of gold to talk illegitimate business with an honest man. I'm banking you're as crooked as a bed spring, and that there's something fishy about this enterprise. Cappy Ricks isn't fully informed, otherwise he wouldn't be doing business with a crook!"

VI

ARRIVED ashore, Captain Murphy hurried to the cable office, registered his cable address, borrowed a code book and sent a code cablegram to his owners. Then, having subsidized the operator liberally to rush it, Michael J. Murphy set out for a stroll among the limited attractions of Pernambuco. His cablegram would get through in two hours at the very most, and though the captain figured the Blue Star offices would be closed when the message reached San Francisco, still he was not discouraged. He knew the cable company always telephoned to Mr. Skinner at his home all Blue Star and Ricks Lumber & Logging messages arriving after office hours and before midnight. Naturally Skinner could be depended upon to have a copy of the code at home, and if he didn't Murphy knew he would rush down to the office, no matter what the hour, and de-code it there. Of course he would cable his reply immediately, in which event it might be that the captain would have an answer shortly after midnight or by breakfast at the latest.

He decided, therefore, to return to the cable office about midnight and await the reply to his cablegram. He had proceeded but a few blocks from the cable office, however, before a disturbing thought struck him with such force as to bring him to an abrupt pause.

His owners had cabled him in care of Von Staden & Ulrich, when in the telegram sent just before sailing from Norfolk he had instructed them to cable him in care of the American consul. Murphy's native shrewdness had made him suspicious of Von Staden the instant the latter had so nonchalantly offered him a bribe of five thousand dollars, for the proffer of a bribe of that magnitude, without any preliminary bargaining, did not coördinate with Michael's idea of business. Certainly if the charterers had his owners "fixed," five thousand dollars was too much money to give their captain, particularly since there were available any number of capable rascals eager to do the job for twenty-five hundred, and the devil take the consequences.

At the time Von Staden had handed him the two cablegrams from the Blue Star Navigation Company no suspicion that they were forgeries had entered the captain's mind; indeed, Matt Peasley's cablegram to him appeared at first blush to be an answer to the telegram which Murphy had sent his owners from Norfolk. In that telegram Murphy had mentioned his suspicions and hinted at unwarranted risks and the possibility of the circumstances attending the delivery of his cargo forcing his resignation. Matt's cablegram handed him by Von Staden urged him to remain in the ship and assured him there were no risks; that if there were the charterers assumed them. For the nonce, therefore, the master's mind did not dwell on any doubts as to the genuineness of the orders he had received, even though he decided instantly as a precautionary measure to confirm them before proceeding to carry them out. This, however, was merely because he was suspicious of Von Staden and desired to obviate the possibility of that individual's double-crossing the Blue Star Navigation Company.

Under the circumstances, therefore, he had considered it good policy to appear to fall readily into line, and, the better to disarm Von Staden's watchfulness, he had demanded extra compensation. The ease with which the bribe had been secured having crystallized his suspicions, instantly he had cast about in his ingenious brain for a good sound excuse for going ashore and cabling his owners. To demand his bribe in advance and then announce that he would go ashore and express it to those dependent upon him, in case he failed to return and enjoy it himself, seemed to present a reason that would not be questioned, and accordingly he had done so.

Michael J. Murphy removed his uniform cap and thoughtfully scratched his head. "Now why," he demanded of the scented night, "did Matt cable me in care of that German firm when he must have known I would call on the American consul in the expectation of finding a cablegram there?" He shook his head. "They've got us winging, Michael," he soliloquized, "so I suppose the only thing to do is to play safe, call upon the American consul immediately if not sooner, and ask if he has a cablegram for us."

And without further ado the worthy fellow sprang into a cab and was whirled away to the residence of the American consul. Yes, the consul had a cablegram for him, but it was at his office. Could Captain Murphy not wait until morning?

Most emphatically Captain Murphy could not. That cablegram was important; it meant a great deal of money and possibly life or death ——

Regretfully the consul entered the cab with the captain, drove to the consulate and delivered the cablegram to the eager mariner, who swore when he discovered it was in cipher and not code, for this necessitated immediate return to the Narcissus in order to obtain the key to the cipher. He thanked the consul and sent the latter home in the cab, while he hurried for the harbor front and the nearest boat landing. He was filled with apprehension, for indeed there was something radically wrong when his owners cabled him in the secret cipher of the Blue Star Navigation Company—something the company had, doubtless, never found occasion to do before. For while each vessel of the Blue Star fleet had a copy of the A. L. code aboard, with the cipher key typewritten and pasted on the second flyleaf, not a single Blue Star skipper knew why it had been pasted there or why the company should have gone to the trouble of getting up any one of the hundreds of secret ciphers possible to be developed from the A. L. Telegraphic Code. This was a secret that lay locked in the breast of Mr. Skinner. It is probable, however, that it had occurred to him in an idle moment that a secret cipher might come in handy some day, and Mr. Skinner believed in being prepared for emergencies.

The captain bade the launch wait for him at the accommodation ladder, while he hurried round to his stateroom and promptly fell to work on Mr. Skinner's cipher cablegram. When he had laboriously deciphered it this is what he read:

"Unaccountably failed note suspicious clause charter. Something rotten. We are playing square game. Think plot deliver coal German fleet South Atlantic. Discharge your German crew immediately, first notifying Brazilian authorities and American consul. Have help when you

(Continued on Page 69)

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Saved From Itself

THE House Committee on Education has a bill to establish a national censorship of moving pictures. Probably, when the courts duly defined the boundaries between national and local powers, this would be in addition to the multifarious and mostly vexatious state and city censorships. One of the sponsors of the bill sets forth what is considered a cogent argument for it.

Film producers have told him, he says, "that they are almost compelled to put some sensational and salacious elements in their plays. If they do not the crowds flock to the theaters where the other sort of film is shown, and they find themselves losing money. They compromise in order to stay in business."

The real object of the censorship, then, is to save a degraded public from itself and prevent it from flocking to theaters where pictures for which its vicious taste hankers are produced. A government of the people by the people must intervene to rescue the people from their own depravity. That looks like an appalling job. How can a censorship derived from the people escape infection by the people's corruption? Being finally dependent on public favor, would it not—in order to preserve its popularity—cut out all the decent pictures and permit none but the indecent ones, which the public demands?

There is a certain censorship of literature. Whoever exhibits or circulates printed matter that appeals only to depravity is liable to a term in the penitentiary, and pretty often gets it. That is the only sort of censorship a democracy ought to have.

How Revolutions Happen

IN SEPTEMBER, 1517, Luther composed ninety-seven theses attacking the preeminence that many German colleges gave to the teachings of Aristotle. He considered them so important that he had them printed and circulated among learned persons. The next month he composed ninety-five theses against the sale of indulgences, with so little thought of any lasting value in them that he merely tacked them up on the church door. Concerning them he wrote, a little later, to a friend:

"As you are surprised that I did not send them to you, I reply that my purpose was not to publish them, but first to consult a few of my neighbors about them, that I might either destroy them if condemned or edit them with the approbation of others. But, now that they are printed and circulated far beyond my expectation, I feel anxious about what they may bring forth; not that I am unfavorable to spreading known truth abroad—rather this is what I seek—but because this method is not the best adapted to instruct the public. I have certain doubts about them myself, and should have spoken far differently and more distinctly had I known what was going to happen."

From the theses almost casually tacked to the church door sprang one of the greatest of revolutions. All revolutions come that way—just of themselves, so to speak. Hampden makes a speech against the king's ship-money; a band of Bostonians throws a cargo of English tea into the harbor; Mirabeau persuades the third estate not to clear out, as the king ordered them to—and the revolution is there. Afterward students point out the long drift of events that had been preparing it and fix upon some dramatic moment—like the tacking up of the theses against indulgences—as its beginning.

Many expect a revolutionary change in Europe from this war. But no such comparatively brief an affair as this war can make a revolution. If there is to be one it was sowed long ago, and long afterward some particular event—to which, at the moment, very likely we paid little attention—will be taken as the sign of its emergence.

Pinhead Legislators

GETTING a legislature to consider and act upon all manner of essentially personal and petty questions is perfectly easy. This state solemnly forbids playing any game of cards in a place of public resort. That one forbids buying a cigar on Sunday. A number have gravely dealt with the portentous problem of giving tips. Every winter produces a sheaf of bills to regulate women's dress. Getting any state to attend to such matters as when and how a kimono shall be worn, or the length and cut of bathing suits, is perfectly easy. A legislature, as a rule, fairly revels in these silly little prescriptions of personal taste and manners. They strike the measure of its capacity.

But getting a legislature even to consider public questions of large importance is difficult. There is a legislature's elementary business of taxation, for example—admittedly a patchwork mess of inequality and inexpedience in most states. Wisconsin has achieved a fairly intelligent, efficient and equitable tax system; and that stands out as a tremendous and exceptional achievement.

There is the matter of judicial procedure—confessedly archaic, cumbrous, uncertain, unjust in many states. How long will it be before some state sets up a system of administering law as cheap, speedy and relatively certain as that in England and Canada? A good while probably, though meantime nearly every state will enact quires of foolish little personal laws.

Where the law requires a washerwoman's cookstove to be assessed and a millionaire's wife's diamonds are not assessed, the legislature is deeply engaged with censorship of moving pictures. Where mob murders are a well-recognized institution, the legislature is passing an act to regulate the length of hatpins.

Broadly speaking, anything except big public business is always in order.

The Shipping Board

IF THERE is a Federal Shipping Board it should not include the Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary of Commerce, or any other Cabinet officer. With rare exceptions, Cabinet officers know nothing about shipping. It is only by an exceptional happy chance that one of them knows anything about the big department over which he presides. Learning the business of his particular department is a sufficiently heavy job. The tenure of Cabinet officers is short. Probably the average is not over three years.

The Shipping Board, and all like commissions, should consist of members who remain in office indefinitely, that they may accumulate experience and thoroughly know the business in their charge. All such bodies should develop long-range continuing policies, unaffected by the shifts of politics. But the shifts of politics are precisely what always lie uppermost in Cabinet officers' minds. They are bound to bring the atmosphere of politics into the business of shipping, or whatever else they undertake. Other members of the Shipping Board are expected to devote their whole time to its affairs.

Those affairs will be important enough to take their whole time. A Cabinet officer could give but a small portion of his time to the board.

There appears to be an absurd notion that Cabinet officers are in some way more representative of the public and more responsible than other members. But both are appointees of the President. If he cannot choose a representative and responsible lay member he cannot choose a representative and responsible official member. Anyone would see the folly of making Cabinet officers members of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

The idea of permanent commissions to supervise big public interests seems to be growing popular at Washington. It ought to be made the rule to exclude Cabinet officers from all such commissions.

The New Banking System

GROSS deposits in national banks of the United States, as recently reported by the Comptroller of the Currency, increased by two billion dollars in 1915. Probably deposits in state banks increased quite as much. This single year's increase, then, would be equal to total individual deposits in all banks of all classes as recently as 1890.

It reminds us that the United States now has the best banking system in the world. There are faults of detail that are often insisted upon; so the broad statement may, at first glance, be challenged. But we far exceed any other nation in banking power. In no other nation has the potential banking power been so extensively mobilized. And this is probably due in no small degree to the decentralization which sharply distinguished our banking system from that of every other important nation until the Federal Reserve Act was passed. It is doubtless due in no small degree to the thousands of separate locally owned and managed banks that were out drumming up business. Wherever there was a dollar of potential banking business in sight somebody set up a little bank and went out for it. Probably the banking power of the country developed faster under this decentralized system than it would have developed under a continental system of great branch banks.

Under that system the bank at High Hill would have been an insignificant twig of a great institution, with headquarters at New York or Chicago, in charge of a salaried manager who looked to New York or Chicago for preferment. Generally speaking, we do not believe he would have hustled for business quite so hard as the locally owned and managed First National did.

Of course our system had an enormous defect, which grew to intolerable proportions and made the centralizing Federal Reserve Banks vitally necessary. But the business-getting initiative is still altogether in the hands of the separate locally owned concerns; and we think that is preferable to great branch banks. In the matter of getting business it has certainly approved itself.

We not only exceed every other nation in banking power, but probably a relatively greater portion of business is done through banks here than anywhere else.

City Tax Reform

THE idea of specially taxing city land values, which the community creates, makes some progress, snail fashion. Some time ago Houston, Texas, adopted a plan of assessing land for taxation at its full fair cash value, and assessing buildings or other improvements on the land, including machinery, at a quarter of its fair value.

Personal property, which usually comes under the head of "money and credits"—attempts to tax which are a failure everywhere—and household furniture and effects are exempt.

The Manufacturers and Merchants' Taxation League of New Jersey, representing some nine hundred manufacturers and various others, is pushing a series of tax-reform bills that look in the same direction. It proposes to exempt from taxation machinery, merchandise and household goods, and to reduce gradually the tax rate on buildings, as Pittsburgh and Scranton are doing, while increasing the rate on land. In Wisconsin exempting stocks of merchandise from taxation was deemed inexpedient for country towns, where much of the land is occupied by small homes and little is held speculatively. This objection may come up in New Jersey.

The reason for the New Jersey proposal is simple and obvious enough. Buildings and machinery are produced by individual enterprise, which the state wants to encourage. The land was put there as "free goods," like light and air, and its value is a product of the whole community.

The idea has been urged many times for New York, where it is specially applicable; but, so far, it has got a cold reception there.

If We Were Used to Arms

THERE is no telling what conscription, or universal military training, would produce in the United States, for it has never been tried. One valued contemporary thinks it would produce a higher degree of independence and security for organized labor. In a number of mining strikes, it points out, large bodies of workingmen have been overawed by small bodies of armed militia or mine guards. Under the tyranny of guns they have been arrested and locked up without due process of law, driven out of places where they had a right to be, subjected to various unlawful trespasses. If those workingmen had been properly trained and equipped as citizen soldiers, our neighbor argues, they would have been able to defend their rights by force of arms. In short, they could have beaten the militia or mine guards in a pitched battle.

Workingmen have suffered scandalous abuse at the hands of armed bands in various mine strikes. It is our notion that a pitched battle is not the most expedient remedy for that; but we are aware that this notion lays us open to the shameful charge of being pacifists. Some very sharp clashes of interest occur in this loosely regulated republic. They produce little bloodshed, because the notion of going to that extreme is foreign to our mental habits. Being unused to arms, a resort to arms rarely occurs to us. Whether universal familiarity with arms would change that mollycoddle condition to the extent suggested by our contemporary we do not know; and neither does anybody else. It is one of the interesting questions of the militarist program.

RAISING OUR WAR BABIES

An Infant in Arms—By James H. Collins

GENERAL manager's office in a huge Eastern munitions plant: The general manager came in five minutes ago. It is not yet eight o'clock. A dozen persons are already waiting to see him—foreign commissioners, chief inspectors, factory assistants, men from the New York office. He sits at his desk in overcoat and hat, not having had time to take them off. It is always thus, from morning to night, at a munitions plant.

A magnificent Russian dignitary has the floor and is talking emphatically in his own tongue. He goes on for fully three minutes and then an interpreter translates:

"Ze general say," he explains with a courteous foreign bow, "he must have guns and ammunition now, before ze war is over—not afterward."

"Tell the general that we will be shipping right on time next month, according to our contract," is the manager's reply.

But when this is conveyed to the general he talks more emphatically.

"Ze general say, that perhaps you do not understand," insists the interpreter. "He have ze *responsabilité*!" Both hands are tapped on his breast several times, as a moving-picture illustration of responsibility.

The manager looks away down the main aisle of his plant. It is half a mile long already, and growing at the distant end as fast as men and machines can be mobilized.

"You just ask the general," he suggests dryly, "if he thinks I haven't any responsibility!"

This is a typical munitions factory.

In the fall of 1914 its site was a piece of waste land bordering a pond, with a graveyard on one side and the poorhouse on the other. Nobody on earth suspected what would presently happen there. War had broken out in Europe; production and trade had been paralyzed; winter was coming on, and factory towns like that were thinking of soup kitchens for the unemployed.

Suddenly something happened. The first skirmish line of munitions agents came from Europe. They were rather a queer lot, those early ones—chiefly military men and ballistic experts, with no business training, no idea where to turn for what they wanted in America, no credit arrangements. For some time, our manufacturers did not discover that they were here and when connections had been established did not know that they were responsible financially. But gradually matters were straightened out. Credit arrangements were made through American bankers, other agents familiar with business sent over, and contracts let for millions upon millions of dollars' worth of munitions and supplies.

Plants Already Paid For

BEFORE spring, contractors had an army at work round that bleak pond. They cleared space for foundations and then began to write the letter H in a long, straight line. They wrote it in steel, concrete, brick and wire-glass, five stories high, in the most solid way, until it had been inscribed thirteen times on the landscape:

H H H H H H H H H H H H H

The letter H makes a nice modern pattern for a factory building, giving a great ratio of light and floor space for the area inclosed by walls.

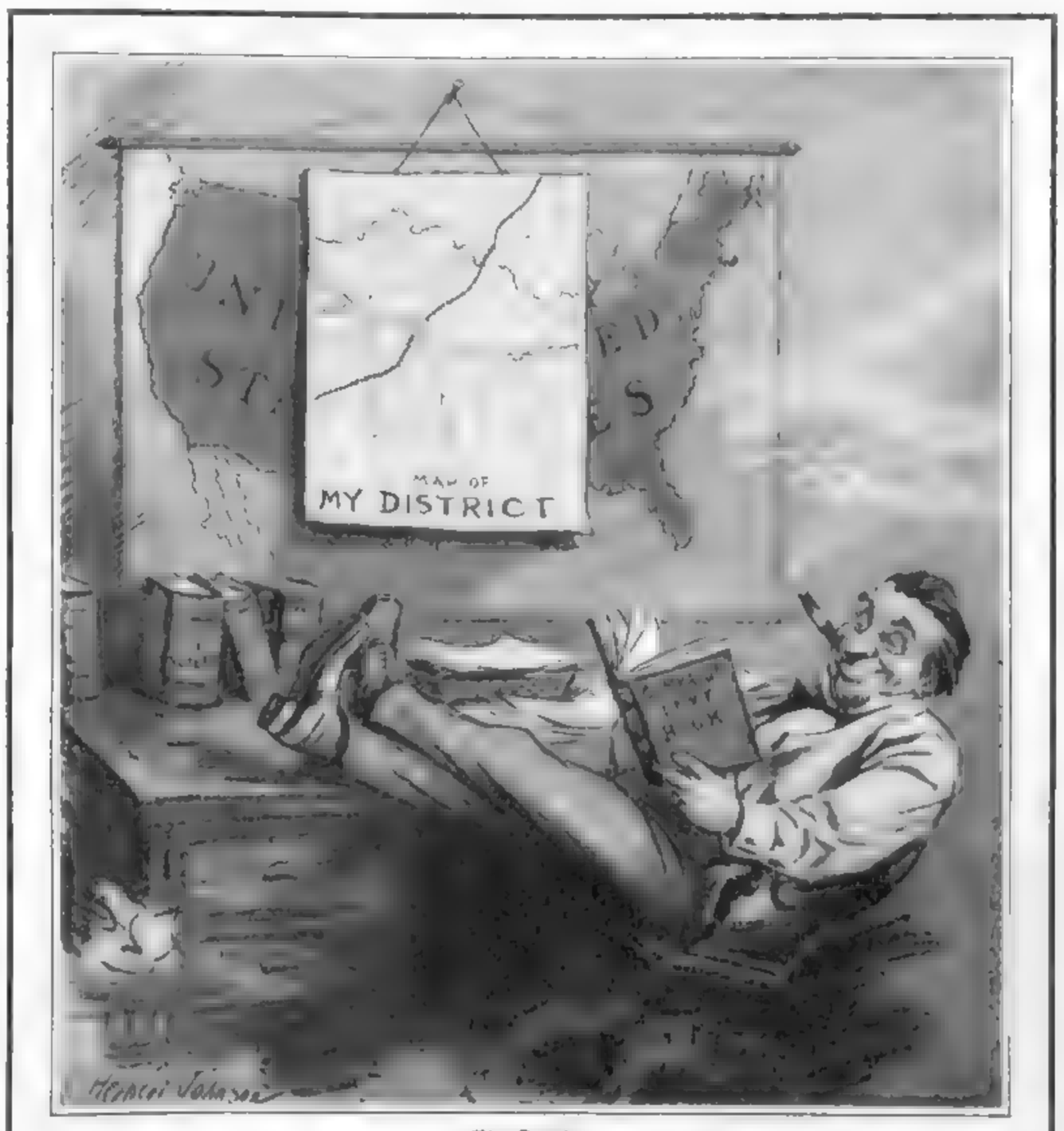
With its numerous outbuildings, this plant yields all sorts of bewildering figures showing size. But figures are pretty dry. To walk down the central aisle, two thousand feet long, and merely roam about the many departments on different floors, is most destructive of shoe leather and energy, and figures of size have about the same effect on the mind. So a brief comparison can be made with New York's tallest skyscraper to convey the proportions quickly.

The skyscraper is fifty-five stories high and has about forty acres of floor space. This munitions plant has more than thirty-five acres. The skyscraper took twenty-four thousand tons of steel and the munitions plant half as much. The skyscraper cost twelve million dollars, and so did the munitions plant. The skyscraper has a power plant of fifteen thousand horse power, and that in the munitions factory is eighteen thousand, or large enough for a city of one hundred and fifty thousand people. The skyscraper houses about ten thousand workers, and the munitions plant will house eighteen thousand.

All sorts of records were broken in putting up this huge works. Eight months after the contractors arrived on the site it was ready for occupancy. The best previous record for bricklaying was made in building an American branch factory in England. The same American contractor had the brickwork on this munitions plant and beat his own performance in every way. Under the pressure of war orders many temporary factory buildings have been hurried up to meet emergencies; but this plant is no temporary affair—it was built in the solidest way, to stand permanently.

Now this great factory is making only a single item of war equipment—military rifles. Big, solid and costly it is; yet many others as substantial have been built the past year for making rifles, cartridges, shrapnel, high-explosive shells, artillery cases, machine guns, ordnance, explosives, torpedo boats, submarines, and all the machinery of war.

And every one of these plants has been paid for by actual war orders from Europe. At the outbreak of hostilities the United States had the slenderest facilities for making munitions. Only since days in the seventies, following the Franco-Prussian War, has Uncle Sam made military rifles, and our commercial production in firearms was confined wholly to sporting rifles and shotguns. We had some private mills equipped to make armor plate and ordnance, and were also building a few warships for other nations. But the making of shrapnel and shells was almost unknown outside Government arsenals, and our manufacture of explosives centered on the kinds required for peaceful blasting.



The Patriot

When this war is over we shall have private munitions factories comparing very well with those of Europe in extent. They are in operation to-day, turning out war supplies for shipment abroad, and growing steadily as new equipment and employees are added to fill present contracts.

Europe gave us this munitions industry, with her compliments. About the only problem connected with it now is: What will become of the munitions baby when the war is over?

The Great War had been under way several months before anybody foresaw the development that was coming along these lines. We had firearm factories that could have been switched to the making of army rifles. In the past, for ten years after the Civil War, they had run altogether on army contracts from foreign nations, and maintained a thorough sales organization abroad. But for forty years their production had been confined to sporting arms, and the military end of the business had been forgotten. Even Mexico's fighting has been done with sporting rifles.

Ammunition in Billion Lots

APPARENTLY nobody thought it worth while to send salesmen abroad to canvass the possibilities—it was assumed that Europe could meet its own needs. The first foreign order came. Belgium sought munitions here because her own plants had been captured by the Germans. Her initial order was small, however, and so were the first orders from England, France and Russia, which soon followed. None of the Allies yet realized the vast scale upon which munitions are consumed in present-day warfare.

Previous wars gave no suggestion of the way high explosives would be needed to blast men out of trenches and forts, or how shrapnel must be woven into curtains of steel and lead. Cartridges are consumed by the billion. The machine gun eats them up at the rate of from four hundred to six hundred a minute, and each section of trench has from six to a dozen machine guns. The individual soldier carries two hundred rounds and can fire that many in an hour. These small-caliber cartridges can be used either in the rifles or machine guns. They cost about four cents apiece, and the capacity of our private plants for making them is steadily being pushed upward to fill contracts. To-day it is probably from forty million to fifty million weekly. Perhaps the production can ultimately be pushed up to sixty million.

With the military rifle it is the same. The first order for rifles was placed here in November, 1914, after European agents had bought every sporting rifle, shotgun and revolver to be found in our market. The concern that got the order began shipping rifles fifteen months later. That time was needed to build a factory, get machinery, make dies, assemble high-class mechanics. In some cases the rifle wanted by a foreign nation had to be worked up from drawings, and in others the product of European arsenals was duplicated to minute dimensions.

A sporting firearm is a simple product beside a military rifle, for the latter must be interchangeable in all its parts as well as very strong, because the soldier puts it to many rough uses. The quantity of rifles needed for a present-day army is enormous. Modern explosives quickly corrode the rifling, spoiling accuracy, and in trench warfare the soldier is said to need not one gun, but four. The first he shoots with; the second must be available when the first gets hot; the third is at hand in case of accident; and there must be a fourth in the repair shop.

There are two different ways of looking at munitions:

First, the moral, political and international considerations—a

(Continued on Page 46)

In That Bony Light

By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY MARY LANE McMILLAN

IN MANY ways Johnson was an ideal companion for a young man like Billy Ross. He had all the negative virtues, had Johnson, and several that were positive. He was highly instructive, for instance, and perfectly dependable. One always knew where to find him—Billy did, at least; for Johnson inhabited a closet—as was proper—in Billy's combination sitting-bedroom, hanging from a hook by a neat steel-swiveled ringbolt screwed into his cranium. He was a thing of beauty, Johnson; as complete and finely proportioned a human skeleton as was ever held together by wire for the advancement of science. Billy thought the world of him, and with reason.

Johnson came doubled up in an old-fashioned trunk, expressed by an old-fashioned medical uncle of Billy's—retired—in St. Clair County. That was when Billy first entered at Rush.

"Make good use of him," wrote the uncle; "make an intimate of him. Study him carefully and thoroughly, and when you have got on to all his kinks you'll know more than nine-tenths of the profession."

Billy received the gift with enthusiasm. If it had been two hundred bones in a pecuniary instead of an anatomical sense the young man would not have been half so well pleased; for Billy was a born surgeon. He had the surgeon's twist of mind, the surgeon's eye, the surgeon's hands and the surgeon's heart—which, please believe, is a good-sized and warm one as a general thing, even though it is allowed no direct influence on the brain. He followed his uncle's admonitions to the letter, made an intimate of Johnson, studied him unwearyingly and profited exceedingly thereby. When he was graduated at the head of his class he told Johnson quite affectionately that he owed it all to him. Johnson merely grinned.

It was true, nevertheless, to a certain extent. Billy was naturally a chummy, sociable sort of boy, but he had a distinct object in life and no intention whatever of allowing any mere frivolity to interfere with it. The other fellows soon came to recognize this determination and, without the least ill feeling, let him alone, so far as anything like high jinks was concerned; so he and Johnson generally had their evenings to themselves.

Billy got Johnson out and contemplated him to such purpose that he soon knew his every fractional part, from the frontal bone to the last row of dangling phalanges, not merely by name and position but by exact form and the last detail of proportion. Then he mentally invested the osseous framework with cartilages, veins and arteries, and the endless ramification of nerves, and stuffed it with the full complement of internal organs. Johnson became a professor of mnemonics. If, for instance, the precise situation of the brachial plexus had escaped Billy's mind a glance at Johnson would locate it instantly and to a hair's breadth. Later on, merely visualizing Johnson would do the trick.

"Come On, Billy! Come and Get Your Blessing"

After graduation Billy became an interne at the Hotchkisson—a piece of luck, for Papa Grosenbeck, grim, old, rough-tongued generalissimo of forces operating against disease and death, had chosen Hotchkisson as the principal theater of his battles; and Papa approved of Billy, though nobody would have supposed it. Billy, oftener than any, stood at the Big Chief's side manipulating the ether cup or the antiseptic spray—they sprayed then—or selecting the instruments of incision or excision at a nod, watchful and alert, quick yet certain, interpreting every gesture, anticipating every need of the master with admirable intelligence, and learning, learning, learning!

He had brought Johnson with him to his new quarters at the hospital and Johnson was still his teacher. He operated on Johnson, now ambitiously removing imaginary tumors from his non-existent brain, cancers from his supposititious stomach, and even invading the perilous thoracic region of his subject in retrospective imitation of the great Grosenbeck. Aside from the professional association, Billy continued to find solace in Johnson's companionship. He had formed the habit of talking to him long ago—of confiding in him. A man must confide in some one.

"I saw a mighty good-looking girl to-day," observed Billy over the bowl of his pipe one evening. "A mighty good-looking girl!" he added thoughtfully.

Of course Johnson said nothing. Loquacity is not essential to companionship and silence is often the finest manifestation of sympathy.

"Friend of the appendicitis case in Fourteen," Billy resumed after a little. "Brings violets to her. Parma violets; wears black sables—Nurse Briggs says they're black sables and cost enough to endow a bed. Mighty good-looking girl, though! Something about her eyes—I wish you could see her."

A little before that the girl in the black sables was talking to the appendicitis case in Fourteen.

"I suppose that's what makes you so angelically patient," she said.

The appendicitis case smiled wanly. She was a good-looking girl, too, though Billy had hardly observed it.

"He's the dearest thing!" she sighed. "All the nurses are crazy about him. But, oh, dear! he might be Papa Grosenbeck himself for all—not that he's cranky. Did you notice his eyes, darling?"

"No, dear," replied the girl in black sables untruthfully. "I noticed that his hair was very badly cut," she admitted, "and I thought he was frightfully homely. Still, he may be very nice, as you say."

"I didn't say," the appendicitis case corrected. "I think he is anything but very nice. He's just big and strong and cheerful and clean and clever, and it's good to have him come into the room, shockhead and all, even if he is—unresponsive. He's simply wrapped up in his profession."

"Somebody may unwrap him some day," opined Black Sables sagely. "Is this his usual time for making his rounds? Yes? Well, darling, I've just been tiring you out with my babble and I must go now. Make haste and get strong. I'm planning a convalescent coming-out party for you—chicken broth and beef tea, and orange juice and grapes; all the girls in caps and striped gingham, and nobody to speak above a whisper. Shall we ask Doctor Ross?"

On the second succeeding evening Billy laid down a treatise on pituitary diseases and turned to Johnson, who was lying extended on the rattan lounge for ready reference.

"Well, old chap, I saw the Violet Lady again to-day," he remarked.

He filled his pipe slowly, lit it and emitted two or three puffs of smoke,

"Whoever She Married, She Didn't Intend to be Neglected"

which he watched until their attenuated wreathings were dissipated into a faint haze.

"Some girl after all, I should say," he went on. "Handicapped the way she is, I should say she is distinctly some girl. Eileen! Sounds Irish, doesn't it? Eileen Tillotson. Daughter of Leather Tillotson—P. W. You don't know him, he's since your time; but if you owned a nice comfortable tannery on a paying basis you'd be sitting up nights with a shotgun and a bull pup to watch it if you thought P. W. was anywhere about. And she's his daughter!"

Billy picked up his Book, looked at it absent-mindedly and laid it down.

"But, as I say, she's some girl, Johnson," he continued. "Nothing like her mother. Her mother was with her this time and I'm invited to call. I'm to make my dayboo in sassiety, my friend. Me! I'm to crook the pregnant hinges of my little finger over pink tea—maybe. I think I see myself! Don't grin at me, you old sinner, I'm not going to call. Oh, very well, then—have it your own way!"

It may have been a purely fortuitous circumstance that Billy, going to his rooms at an unusual hour—to wit, three o'clock A. M. of the day following—forbore to open Johnson's closet. If, however, he had any idea of keeping secret his call on Miss Tillotson he must have reconsidered, for he unbosomed himself that night in quite the usual manner.

"I had a good time," he confided. The closet door was then wide open. "It isn't a bad thing, after all, for a man to get out once in a while and see people—different people. There was P. W., for instance, not at all the man you'd imagine. I'd pictured a beefy brute, with a jutting jaw—the regular puffy and predatory plutocrat; as a matter of fact, he's small and quite mild-mannered. I should say he's rather in awe of Mrs. P. W. She's an awe-inspiring lady. I gathered from her manner that she suspected I didn't know anybody worth knowing and hadn't got anything worth speaking of.

"Mary Borodaile was there," Billy went on after a pause. "She left the hospital yesterday, you know. She's a Minneapolis girl, a classmate of Miss Tillotson's at Smith; was visiting them when her appendix acted up. Doing finely now. Another girl—I forget her name—and a couple of men. One of 'em's Harry Corwin, a sucking broker. Brokers are supposed to be quite swells, I think; but this one struck me as rather a fatheaded boy. Still, Mrs. P. W. seems strong for him, so he must be making good. Maybe it's his dad, though. I shouldn't wonder.

"But I had a good time. I think that girl could make anybody have a good time. She's got a way of drawing a fellow out and making him feel —— I don't know that I could explain it to you, Johnson; but she's the real thing, you can bet on that. Money hasn't hurt her a bit. Black sables haven't had the least harmful effect. It isn't fur that's kept her warm, glowing with sympathy and interest!"

Billy seemed in quite a heat himself. Anybody but Johnson would have been surprised at the enthusiasm he showed. Billy was silent for quite a little while, but presently he broke out again:

"Johnson, I give you my word that I never saw such an inexpressibly self-satisfied, supercilious ass as that man Corwin!"

Succeeding this session there were many others. Sometimes Billy came to them buoyant and smiling; sometimes he was depressed and pessimistic, and railed against the spoiled darlings of fortune in good, set terms. At all times he felt incredibly relieved when he disburdened his mind to his grim confidant.

It must be understood that there was nothing grim or grisly about Johnson to Billy, and it was not merely that the young man had by wont and custom lost the normal revulsion of the quick from the mortal relics of the dead; nor did he regard the tenant of his closet wholly as a perfect piece of mechanism, admirably designed for marvelous

purposes. Billy was imaginative but not morbidly so. It has been said that he invested the skeleton with its surrounding flesh. He did more: he endowed it with a personality, characteristically one worthy of respect.

Characteristically, too, he applied the semi-scientific tests of phrenology to Johnson for verification of preconceived attributes, finding, on examination of the polished cranium, a nice balance of bumps, taking into consideration a slight excess of benevolence and ideality, and a lack of acquisitiveness. He had used Johnson and still used him, but never flippantly. The idea of making a piperack of Johnson's ribs, hanging umbrellas on his ilium or setting a straw hat at a rakish angle on his skull would have shocked Billy. He knew that some men did such things, but that only made him the more careful to refrain from anything he thought Johnson might not like.

Time passed, and in course of time there was considerable uneasiness, if not apprehension, in the Tillotson household. "I'm worried to death about it!" declared Mamma Tillotson.

She was dressed to the conventional extent for the opera, and her emotion was such that every diamond on her lean neck and flat bosom quivered into an absolutely pyrotechnic display. P. W. Tillotson, to whom she spoke, rubbed his chin thoughtfully with the thumb that somebody said had become spatulate by constant exercise in holding down competition.

"Why worry, my dear?" he queried mildly. "The thing is to do what is necessary to be done; to do it promptly and effectively—not to worry."

"You put me out of patience!" snapped the lady. "There isn't anything to be done. I can't do a thing with her."

"Then why worry?" Mr. Tillotson repeated with a curious little smile. "It may be just a passing notion," he added placatingly.

"It's a growing infatuation. Don't tell me!" Mamma spoke with conviction.

"She's usually a sensible girl," mused the father. "Uncommonly level-headed I've always considered Eileen. I might threaten to curse her and turn her out-of-doors, but that wouldn't be effective. She's got her Uncle Will's money."

Mrs. Tillotson looked more worried than ever.

"She's been absolutely indifferent to appearances," she asserted. "I never knew her to show any special interest in a man before. Everybody's talking about it. Mr. Bensinger hasn't been to the house for weeks, and Harry Corwin is getting tired of being snubbed. I've reasoned with her and done my best to show her the absurdity of it. I said to her to-day: 'Even if he was a doctor with a big paying practice you would be unhappy, my dear. A doctor has to neglect his wife or his patients, one or the other; and if you marry Doctor Ross you will be a neglected wife. Mark my words! And socially dead!'"

"What did she say to that?"

"She smiled in that aggravating way she gets from you and said that, whoever she married, she didn't intend to be neglected—and that she had always adored doctors."

"She doesn't intend to be neglected," chuckled P. W.—"not Eileen! What's more, my dear, I've a sneaking notion, for all her talk of adoring doctors, that she would be just as well pleased if the young man turned his brilliant mind and tremendous energy to some business less exacting—leather, for instance, if he could do it under favorable auspices. I think I would await events. Events now and then have a way of eventuating so that they can be shaped. I wouldn't worry if I were you. No, no; don't worry."

Events, as Mr. Tillotson remarked, have a way of eventuating. On that very night Billy called on Eileen, who had firmly declined to accompany her mother in anticipation of that very call. He looked quite grand, Billy did. A recent draft from the medical uncle had put him in funds and he had devoted an extravagant portion of the windfall to the purchase of a dress suit. It had seemed to be a necessity. Whether the dress suit precipitated matters or not is a doubtful question, but it is certain that Eileen, who had been adamant an hour before, suddenly found herself in Rosalind's holiday humor.

"You don't mean that you could—that you do?" Billy cried.

Eileen's eyelashes drooped to the warm bloom on her cheeks. Remarkable eyelashes Eileen had. It was lucky for her that they curled or their thick curtain would have seriously obstructed her vision at all times.

"I might," she faltered. "Really it seems as if I do."

Meaning, as the trained intelligence will readily surmise, that she might love an impecunious and obscure wretch like Billy—and that, as a matter of fact, she did. It is unnecessary and might be unfair to recount the conversation that led to this interesting question and reply, which were followed by an overwhelming ecstasy that Billy, at least, will remember to the last day of his life. Nor is the relation of the subsequent conversation essential. There is always more or less of sameness:

"Do you remember?"—the momentous, stupendous and most significant happenings of a month or so of moonshine.

That the mutual confidences and reminiscences of Eileen and Billy were absorbing and that a certain tender proximity of person was involved is sure, however; otherwise it would not have been necessary for P. W. Tillotson to cough in the tone he did or to be apologetic.

"I beg your pardon," said P. W. "I didn't know there was anybody here."

Billy promptly rose to his feet. He was naturally disconcerted for the moment by this sudden appearance; still, he was a self-confident sort of young man and met most emergencies readily. He waited for Mr. Tillotson to speak; but that gentleman merely seated himself, smiled, joined the tips of his fingers and spatulate thumbs.

"I suppose you can guess what has happened, sir," said Billy. "I want to assure you that I should have told you before I left the house in any case."

P. W. inclined his head politely.

"Sit down, doctor," he said. "Eileen, my dear, I'll suggest that you bid us good night. I would like to have a little chat with Doctor Ross. If you please!"

"They're Coming This Way, So You Mustn't Hold My Hands, Dear"

Eileen, her eyes dancing with mirth, went over to him and dropped prettily to her knees.

"Come on, Billy!" she invited over her shoulder. "Come and get your blessing."

Her father raised his hand protestingly.

"I think we will defer that ceremony," he said gently. "Consent and blessing go together, and I haven't consented yet. Come, my dear! You can see Doctor Ross to-morrow."

"You know you will consent, though," Eileen told him as she obediently got up.

She kissed his forehead and then shyly extended her hand to Billy, who bent over it with quite an air for a shockheaded young sawbones with no social training.

"Now then?" said P. W. briskly when Eileen had left the room.

"There isn't a great deal to say," Billy smiled. "I love your daughter and want to marry her; and I find, to my great surprise, I assure you—I say nothing of my happiness—that she—that she is in agreement with me."

"To your great surprise!" P. W. repeated. He gave Billy a shrewd glance. "Did Eileen propose to you, then?"

"Certainly not," Billy replied emphatically, and he really believed it.

"Well, well!" said Eileen's father. "No need of getting indignant. Shall we talk about your prospects?"

"I'm afraid they won't impress you, sir," Billy answered; "but I've always considered them good. I've been lucky enough to have some splendid instructors and I've tried to let none of my advantages go to waste. I've worked pretty hard, but I don't like to say that I feel sure of succeeding. To tell the truth, I haven't given much thought to the question of success; I've been too much interested in my work. Naturally, though, a man wants to succeed in whatever he's undertaking. I don't know that I can say much more than this, but you can look up my record so far."

"I've already done that," said P. W. "So far—the qualification is yours, you know—it is a record to be proud of; but when I say prospects I mean, as a practical man, prospects of an income. How much of an income?"

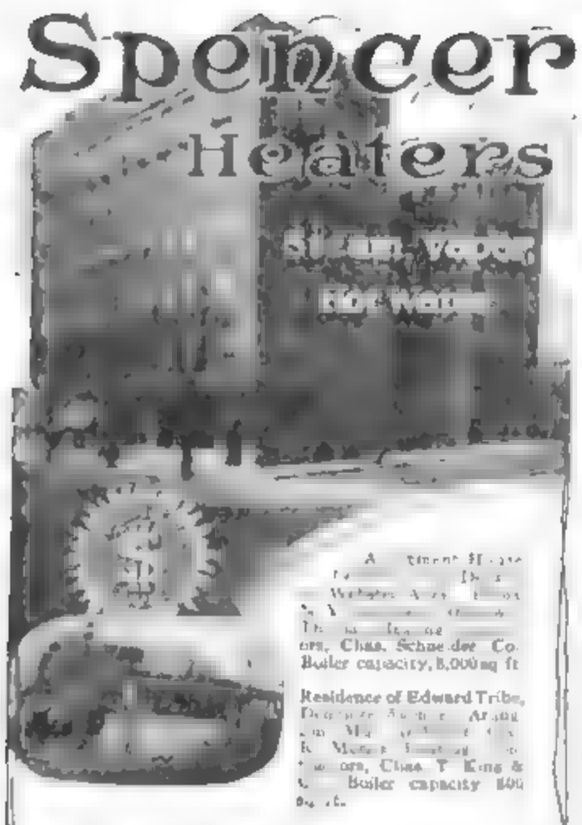
"That's impossible to say," Billy answered. "I have been offered an appointment at a small salary already—with a coal-mining company. With that I might establish a fair outside practice; but there would be no future to it and I think it wiser to wait a year or two longer. I want to see more of the work of the big men here and in Europe. An uncle of mine has promised to finance that part of it. Even then, it may be years before my income will be anything more than enough to maintain us decently. On the other hand, Eileen and I are young and—and money isn't everything."

"Doctor Ross," said P. W., "you've been very frank with me and I'll be frank with you. Money isn't everything, but it's about nine points in ten in any game I'm familiar with. Now I think you've got brains and I don't think you're a loafer. The question is whether you haven't been misapplying your gifts, or, rather, whether they wouldn't bring better and quicker returns applied to something else—to leather, for instance—with the right kind of backing, eh? A little pushing. Yes? I can't fight you without fighting Eileen; and when I can't fight a man I——" He hesitated and smiled.

"Buy him?" queried Billy good-naturedly. He shook his head. "I think I see your drift, Mr. Tillotson, and I am much obliged to you; but it's impossible. In a way you may be right; but if everybody took your view there wouldn't be any surgeons. No!"

There was a set to Billy's mouth and a look in his gray eyes that gave Mr. Tillotson much satisfaction. The mild-mannered little leather magnate was a judge of men. He knew decision when he saw it and he was seeing it now.

"Well," he sighed, "it's up to you, of course. You and Eileen will have to settle the matter between you and she usually has her own way. There's her mother to consult." He giggled a little. "It will be a surprise to her, I'm afraid, doctor, you'll have to exercise considerable diplomacy with Mrs. Tillotson; but think over my suggestion. I need young blood in my business; so it wouldn't be a one-sided arrangement if we made one."



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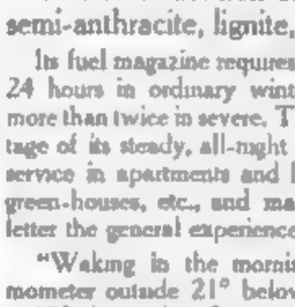

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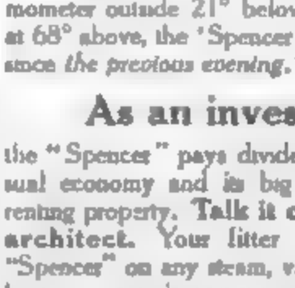

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He held out a limp hand, which Billy grasped and shook heartily. With much kindliness of manner he accompanied the young man to the street door and dismissed him with a quite paternal shoulder-pat.

"More ways of killing a dog than choking him with butter!" he soliloquized as he returned to his room. "Still, that isn't a bad way sometimes."

The early hours of the next morning were the longest Billy had ever known. By the exercise of almost superhuman patience and self-control he managed to keep from the telephone until half past nine o'clock. Then he called up the Tillotson residence, and after some heartbreaking delay—minutes and minutes—he heard Eileen's voice. Followed some incoherent and deliciously tantalizing conversation. Then: Could he, Billy, see her?

"At once? . . . Gracious goodness, boy! Do you know it isn't ten o'clock yet and I'm —— . . . Well, never mind! . . . Oh, I suppose I could, but not for a couple of hours yet. . . . I couldn't, Billy—dear! . . . Well, come if you like; but I won't promise to see you. . . . Not sorry? . . . No, *not* sorry!"

Billy's exaltation of spirit! Who could have guessed it, seeing his sober face and noting his sober pace as he approached the remarkable wrought-iron gates that barred the vulgar from the florid front of P. W.'s palatial pile! He was absolutely giddy with the consciousness of his good fortune. And the friendly manner of the butler! Billy imagined that even the reception room, into which he was shown, had a homelike look. It has been said that he was imaginative.

And then came Eileen. Wonder of the world! She was his, she had said so; and he was now looking at her with new eyes, trying to realize the miracle of his possession. The fineness of her, the fresh daintiness of her apparel, the delicate vernal perfume that she exhaled, the kindness of her look!

They talked—at first the broken talk of lovers, with the tender and half-timid eloquence of touch and glance; but too soon—wonder of the world again!—the kindness vanished from Eileen's eyes and they sparkled with angry amazement.

"You told Johnson!" she repeated slowly. "You told a stranger what I said to you, things that ——"

"Dear girl," Billy hastened to say, "Johnson isn't a stranger. He isn't anybody. He's just my skeleton. I don't mean my own personal skeleton, of course."

He went on to explain Johnson and their association, stumbling, with an uneasy sense of the girl's lack of understanding. Once only she showed sympathy.

"Poor boy!" she murmured. "Poor lonely boy! But I don't like it a bit," she went on. "It's too gruesome. It's horrible! It isn't even nice. To talk about me to a skeleton!"

"Johnson is the soul of honor," said Billy with a pathetic attempt at jocularity. "He wouldn't breathe a word."

"Don't!" She shuddered. "Billy, I want you to promise me to get rid of it at once, just as soon as you get back."

Billy looked at her in amazement.

"Darling, that isn't exactly reasonable," he suggested.

"Of course, if you prefer the ghastly thing to me," she said, "you have your choice." Her eyes and her voice were hard.

"Are you making it a condition, Eileen?" asked Billy gravely.

"I am making it a condition. And while we are on the subject I may as well tell you I don't like your profession." She changed again swiftly from her almost hostile attitude and became smiling, alluring, fond. Bending toward him, she put her hand on his arm. "Not for you, Billy, dear; not for us."

"I don't quite understand," Billy told her. "I thought you considered it the greatest thing going, as I do. All along you have given me the impression that you—you know what you've said to me about it."

"I know," Eileen admitted. "It's as noble as it can be, and all that, but think how long it is going to be for us to wait. Think of that, Billy. And it would take so much of you away from me. We should have no life. Father says that he is willing to give you a partnership and he feels sure that you would justify it. So do I. You could be anything you set your mind to." She took his hand and pressed it quickly against her cheek. "Why not take father's offer? He says he hinted at it last night and that you didn't seem to take kindly to the idea; but you'll do it for me, Billy, won't you? Then we shan't have to wait. And the other is so horrid. Skeletons! Ugh! Billy, don't look like that!"

Billy was rather pale.

"Eileen," he said with an effort, "don't ask me this. Anything else! I shouldn't be worth my salt if I consented. It's my job. Don't you understand? It's my job, the work I've been given to do in the world, the work I'm fitted for, the work I mean to do. How could I give it up? Don't you see how impossible that is?"

"You could give me up," she returned coldly.

"No," he answered firmly. "There's no question of that. Be fair to me, Eileen. You must know how I love you; and, so long as we love each other and trust each other, it shouldn't be hard to have courage. Think a moment, dear."

"I've been thinking for quite a few moments," said Eileen, meeting his steadfast gaze with cool displeasure. "I think it wouldn't be hard for you to wait. I think I can see quite clearly the secondary position I occupy in your scheme of things; and I think, too, that any further discussion of the matter would be quite useless." She rose. "Unless I mistake your decision?" she added, but with no relenting.

"There are some things a man oughtn't to sacrifice even for the woman he loves," said Billy.

"Good morning, Doctor Ross!" said she.

In a case such as Billy's, where a man has been deceived by a woman—where that woman has suddenly revealed herself as shallow, willful and heartless, another person, in fact, differing in every important respect from the person by the man imagined—there is only one thing to do: Dismiss her utterly from the mind, thanking one's lucky stars that the revelation came in time.

That was what Billy decided to do. It was a purpose he kept before him almost unceasingly. It made him stare blankly out of windows for long periods of time and return strange and irrelevant answers when spoken to; he lost his appetite and grew thin, such was the strength of his sensible determination not to think of Eileen for a minute. Even after he unexpectedly met her on the street and was mercilessly cut, he continued to dismiss her utterly from his mind, and the announcement of her engagement to Harry Corwin had no effect on his resolution.

One evening Billy was surprised by a visit from Papa Grosenbeck. He was sitting at his table, his student-lamp burning brightly and a book open in his hand, busily forgetting, when the old man rapped and entered.

"I have a word or two to say to you, Ross," Papa announced after Billy had made him comfortable in the easiest chair. "I am not pleased with you."

Billy reddened.

"I'm sorry," he said.

The old man bent his bristling, red-gray brows on him.

"You do your work badly," he growled. "Your heart is not in it. Perhaps I have been mistaken and you are not a surgeon. An engineer, possibly, a painter or a poet. That is it, a poet. Dreams you have—visions. Read me some of your immortal verse. I shall enjoy it. I'm a connoisseur of verse."

He smiled grimly at Billy's discomfiture.

"By the way, where is your skeleton?" he inquired abruptly—"Your friend Johnson? I have heard something of Johnson."

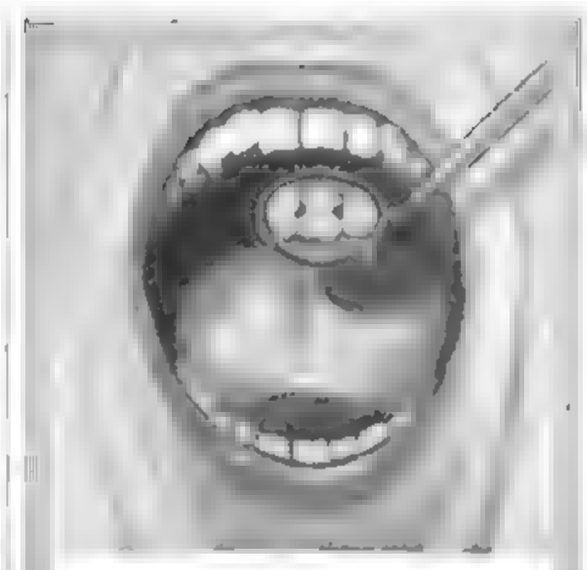
Billy opened a door that had been closed for months and switched on the light within the closet. Papa got up and turned Johnson round. There was dust on Johnson.

"A fine specimen!" said the old man, returning to his chair and wheeling it to face the closet. "A very fine specimen! But you have not been treating him well. How? He seems to me to have lost flesh." He chuckled at his joke and resumed: "You have not been treating yourself well. You also have lost flesh."

"I'm in pretty good condition, sir," Billy protested.

"You are in damned bad condition, sir!" snapped the old man. "Look here! Am I a good diagnostician? Very well. I diagnose your case. First, you're in good health; you work well, seriously. Then you become very gay. You wear pretty neckties; your shoes are nicely polished; you have engagements; you hum tunes. Then"—Papa snapped his finger and

(Continued on Page 33)



How Many Teeth Have You Lost?

If any, it's your own fault. Don't lose any more. Turn to Pebeco in time. For Pebeco Tooth Paste will help you save your teeth. It will help you keep them sound and white for life. That is Pebeco's mission.

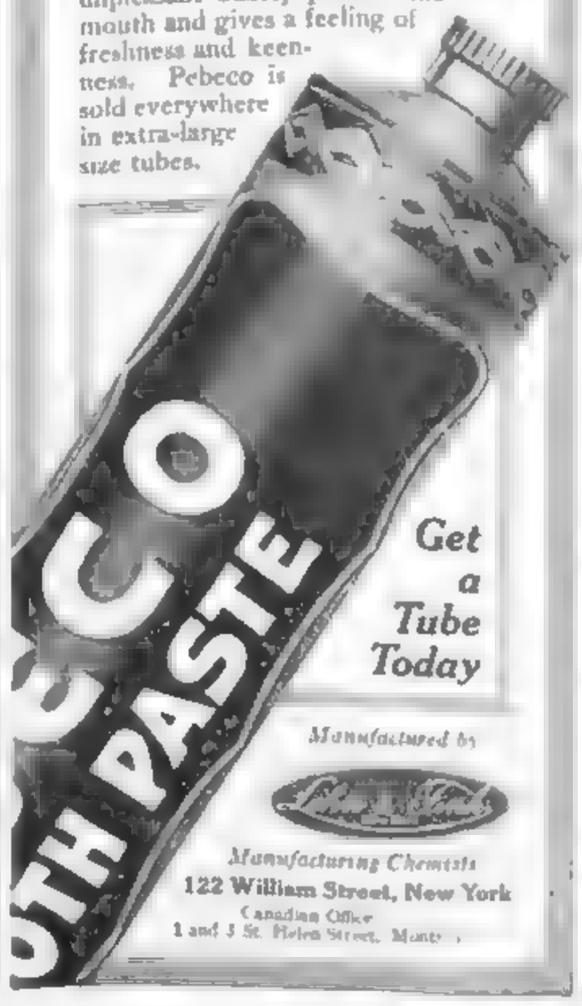
PEBECO
TOOTH PASTE

counteracts "Acid-Mouth," your teeth's worst possible foe. "Acid-Mouth" is the estimated cause of 95% of *all* tooth decay. It is said that nine out of every ten persons have "Acid-Mouth." To escape, use Pebeco Tooth Paste twice daily and visit your dentist twice yearly.

"Acid-Mouth" comes and works in secret. It destroys the enamel and opens the way for bacteria of decay to enter the soft interior. Then comes loss of teeth.

Send for Free Ten-Day Trial Tube and Acid Test Papers

The Test Papers will show you whether you have "Acid-Mouth" and how Pebeco counteracts it. The trial tube will show you how a real dentifrice tastes and acts. Pebeco polishes teeth beautifully, removes unpleasant odors, purifies the mouth and gives a feeling of freshness and keenness. Pebeco is sold everywhere in extra-large size tubes.



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Lehn & Fink
Manufacturing Chemists
122 William Street, New York
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New Lubricant Prevents Rapid Formation of Black Solid Matter in Your Engine

The heat in your automobile engine turns part of ordinary oil into black solid matter—the greatest enemy of lubrication, a cause of rapid wear.

Ordinary oil breaks down after a few hours' use, forms black sediment and loses in lubricating value. Ordinary oil cannot stand up under the terrific heat of an automobile engine. The sediment is destroyed oil—all lubricating value in it has been killed by heat.

Solid matter means friction. The sediment has an inactive or negative effect. It partially crowds out the remaining liquid oil. This under-supply of oil to the metal surfaces causes friction—heat—wear—loss of power and expensive repairs.

When tests are run with the same motor under precisely the same operating conditions using different lubricants, a remarkable variation will be found in the amount of oil destroyed by heat. This is shown by the amount of black sediment which settles out of each after standing.

The oil floating above the sediment is red in color by transmitted light and may be assumed to be as serviceable as when fresh.

The volume of sediment formed, and the rapidity with which the oil is destroyed depend upon its chemical structure. Oils which have a non-heat-resisting chemical structure are unfit for use in any type of automobile or other internal combustion motor.

Such oils make trouble and increase maintenance cost in direct proportion to their rate of destruction when exposed to heat. Consequently the amount of oil used and the cost of lubrication per mile depend not on the price per gallon but on ability to resist heat.

ORDINARY OIL AFTER USE — VEEDOL AFTER USE

Showing Finely Divided Solid Matter in Suspension

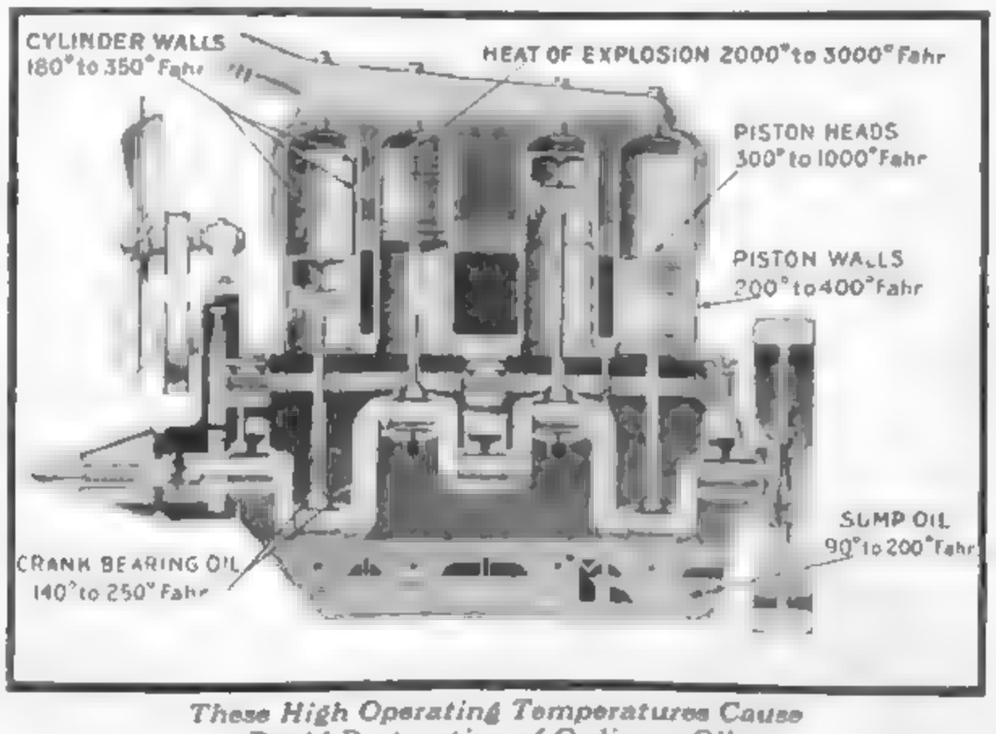
Special processes of manufacture developed by this company and the use of Pennsylvania paraffine-base crude oil give Veedol, the new lubricant, its unusual chemical structure, and its remarkable heat-resisting ability.

Relative Oil Destruction

The contents of the two bottles shown illustrate clearly the relative durability of ordinary oil and of Veedol, the new lubricant that resists heat. Veedol deposits only a small fraction as much sediment as ordinary oil. The operating temperatures shown on the sectional drawing of the motor bring out forcibly the intense heat to which motor lubricants are subjected.

There is a fundamental difference between ordinary oils and Veedol.

Ordinary oils are unstable and therefore unserviceable because of non-heat-resisting chemical structure.



These High Operating Temperatures Cause Rapid Destruction of Ordinary Oils

Make This Road Test

Remove the drain plug from the lowest part of your motor crank case and allow all old oil to run out. Replace the plug, fill the sump up to correct oil level with kerosene and run the motor slowly under its own power for about thirty seconds, to cleanse the interior. Then draw out all kerosene, replace the drain plug and refill with Veedol.

The exact amount of fuel and oil in the car should be recorded and a reading of the speedometer taken before starting. Then let a test be run over a familiar road including steep hills and straight level stretches, for any distance up to five hundred miles or more.

You will find that your motor has acquired new pick-up and hill-climbing ability, due to the maximum mechanical efficiency made possible through Veedol.

You will find your mileage on both gasoline and oil increases. You will reduce your carbon trouble. Your motor will have more power.

What It Means In Actual Saving

The average mileage of all automobiles is conceded to be approximately 6000 miles per year, and the annual expense of operating the typical or average car ($850 car), as figured by an expert statistician, is approximately $416 per year.

Depreciation, repairs and gasoline come to about $268.

This new lubricant resists heat and prevents rapid sedimentation. This means less wear, less expense, more power.

Solid matter in your oil means friction and wear. Friction and wear mean expense. Thus expense varies in direct proportion to the amount of black solid matter formed by the oil. For this reason, ordinary oil runs up your repair bills, lessens your gasoline mileage and by shortening the life of your car, materially increases your depreciation costs. Engineers state that fully 50% to 75% of repairs and 50% of depreciation are due to improper lubrication.

Veedol prevents rapid sedimentation and saves you money on three of the greatest items of expense.

The cost accounting records of taxi-cab companies, bus lines and large corporations show that Veedol should save you from $50 to $115 per year on gasoline, repairs and depreciation.

Since Veedol wears several times longer than ordinary oil, your lubrication bill itself will actually be smaller when you use Veedol.

If you are interested in saving money you will be interested in making your own tests of this remarkable new lubricant.

Get a five-gallon can of Veedol and make the road test described above.

Where You Can Buy Veedol

Progressive dealers everywhere have secured Veedol and can supply you. Look for the *orange and black Veedol sign.*

Any Veedol dealer will give you a copy of the Veedol book free. This book explains how Veedol resists heat and specifies the right body of Veedol for your car.

Each dealer is also supplied with a large chart specifying the right body of Veedol for each automobile, motor-boat or motor-cycle.

If, for any reason, you cannot get Veedol at once write to the Platt & Washburn Refining Co. By return mail you will receive a copy of the book free, and the name of the dealer who will supply you.

PLATT & WASHBURN REFINING CO.
1802 Bowling Green Bldg.,
New York

NEW 100-PAGE VEEDOL BOOK FREE

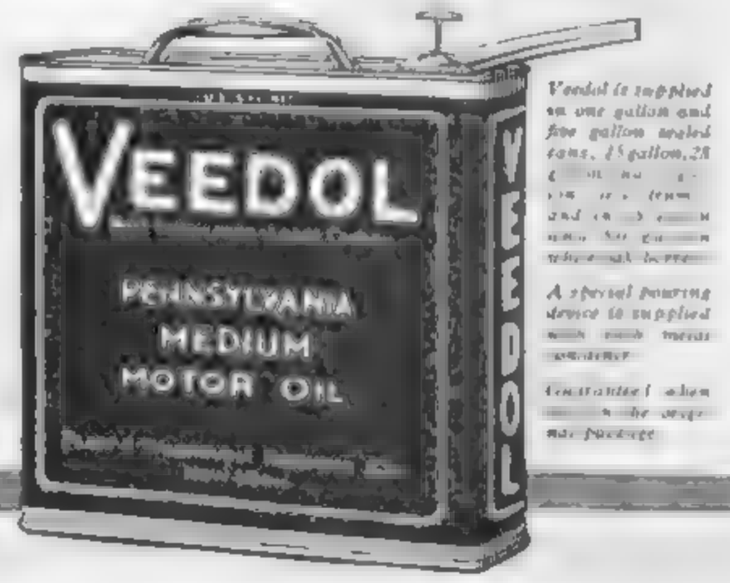
Write for the new Veedol book "The Lubrication of Internal Combustion Motors."

This book explains the A B C's of oil refining and finishing. It gives full information regarding the laboratory and practical service tests to which lubricants are subjected before final approval and shipment.

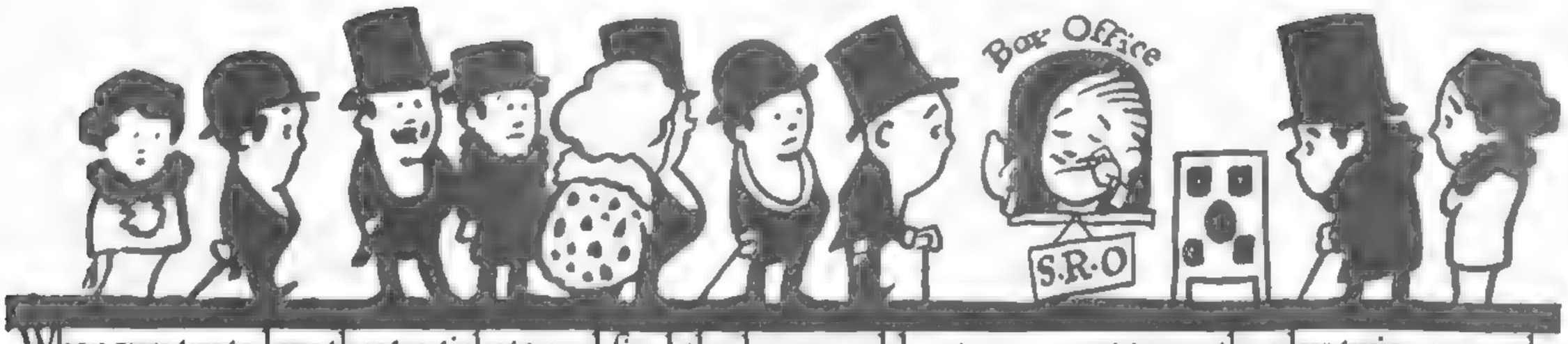
It describes and illustrates all types of lubricating systems used in automobiles, motor-cycles, motor-boats, tractors, etc. It contains a fund of useful information and scientific facts discussing lubricants and lubrication from its many angles.

This book also shows how the Veedol Engineering Department, which is at your service, is helping car owners. Over 100 pages profusely illustrated in colors.

WRITE TODAY



Veedol is supplied in one gallon and five gallon sealed cans, 15 gallon, 28 [illegible] A special pouring device is supplied [illegible] Guaranteed when [illegible] the seal [illegible]



When you try to buy theatre tickets and find the house sold out, you want to see the play twice as much.

When they promptly hand you out two front row seats, you wonder if you want to see it at all.

That's human nature. The crowd confirms your judgment.

That's the way it is with Kelly-Springfield Tires. Loyal users of our tires are being disappointed because the demand is so great that they often have to wait to get them. We are sorry to disappoint, but glad that the tires have made so good that we cannot keep up with the demand.

Now we're very busy trying to avoid further disappointments.

Kelly-Springfield
Automobile Tires—Hand Made

CATCHING up with such a demand as we have had for Kelly-Springfield Tires is not the easy task one might imagine.

In 1915 we doubled our output. Still we could have sold twice as many tires as we made. The demands upon us are increasing steadily every week.

Were we making machine-made tires it would be an easy matter to go out and buy a factory. In a few months' time we could be turning out a multiple product.

But we are not making machine-made tires. If we were we could not give the mileage which is responsible for your extraordinary demands on us. You want the tires only because they have made so good.

It is the hand-made process which is responsible for the service which the tire yields—the care exercised in making them.

We have bought a new factory. We are about to build another. But training hands to make quality product is the real difficulty.

It takes time to train hands to make our tires. Ordinary workmen cannot do it. And even the best grade of workmen must be taught the skill which long experience has developed.

So time is necessary to effect an increase without lowering the standard of our product.

We have not been negligent of your needs. We have not been unappreciative. We have seen the necessity confronting us and have been training men for a long time.

We are sorry that temporarily you must be disappointed if you wait to buy Kelly-Springfield Tires until you need them.

You can avoid this difficulty if you will anticipate your wants. Order your tires from your supply man a week before you need them and he can have them for you by the time you want them.

Your belief in the superiority of Kelly-Springfield Tires has been confirmed in the strongest way possible.

You have proved that they are worth waiting for. A little foresight, anticipating your needs, will pay you well.

Kelly-Springfield Tire Co.

Factories in Akron and Wooster, Ohio
Executive Offices: Broadway and 57th St., New York

Send ten cents for the new game, "Going to Market"

Because it *can't leak*

KANTLEEK

Gladly Guaranteed for Two Years

A lot of things can happen to a *poor* hot water bottle in two years. Cemented seams can open up or crack. Composition rubber can become brittle.

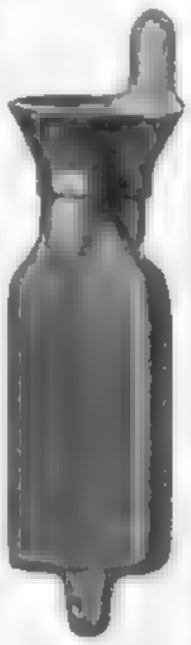
A cheap hot water bottle grows poorer every day. That's why it isn't guaranteed—not even for a month

A Kantleek is *moulded*—not cemented. It is literally one piece of rubber. The edges and top are as elastic and durable as the sides.

A Kantleek is made of over-weight, super quality, pure rubber. It does *not* become hard. It does not crack. It is good for many years of service.

Two Year Guarantee

If a Kantleek Water Bottle goes wrong inside of two years you get a new one. If any one tells you a cheaper bottle is as good as a Kantleek, ask him to guarantee it for two years.



Doll's Water Bottle Actual Size

This Doll's Kantleek is for Your Little Girl

Wouldn't your little girl *love* this perfect doll's water bottle? It is hers if you will send us the names of two dealers who do not sell Kantleeks, or the name of one dealer who does sell them. Or we will send it for 10c in stamps or coin. With the doll's bottle we send a lot of valuable information about Kantleek Rubber Goods.

Before you forget—

Seamless Rubber Co.
New Haven, Conn.

(Continued from Page 30)

thumb—"you smile no longer; your face is always troubled; what you wear is no matter; you make mistakes—inexcusable! You grow thin. *Gott!* Do I not know your disease?

"There are many remedies advocated," continued the old man after a while. "Reason! That is splendid. You use the brain; you employ logic. Look at your friend there. He was a man. Observe his structure. He was a man that women would love—straight, big, handsome. And he would love. He had reached his prime, this big-chested, healthy fellow."

"I've often thought of that," said Billy.

"And he had a brain to use. You see that, don't you? But he never used it where the woman was concerned. None of us do. Then, shall we turn to philosophy? The philosophic mind is independent of reason. 'What does it matter?'—there is your philosophy. A few years and all is equal. We are—Johnson!"

Billy nodded.

"Well, be of good cheer, even supposing I have diagnosed correctly, for there is balm in Gilead. A sovereign balm I have: Work!" He shook an impressive forefinger. "Work! Work! Work!"

A few weeks later Papa came again.

"I am pleased with you," he said, "but I add to my prescription. You intend to study methods abroad and at home? Good! Deliver these letters for me."

He tumbled nearly a score of them on the table, and Billy saw that they were addressed in the old man's crabbed writing to names that made him gasp. They were to be delivered in Paris, Leipsic and Berlin, London, Vienna and Rome.

"The money your uncle intends to advance is too little," Papa Grosenbeck went on briskly. "You will please consider me an uncle to advance. I have no nephew, no son, nothing but money, which is no good to me, and a little skill that will go from me very, very soon. I want to see my young successor, and we must not waste time if that is to be. So, my nephew, I ask you to go now."

And, with no waste of time, Billy went.

A year and half a year had passed when Billy returned. Much can happen in that time; a good deal can be learned. It had happened, among other things, that Papa Grosenbeck, meeting his old and often conquered antagonist, Death, had made for once only a feeble struggle and had finally succumbed.

Billy's medical uncle had gone, too, and the fact that he had left a small income-producing property to Billy had not mitigated the young man's sorrow. As Billy stood in the great metropolitan railroad terminus, an atom among thousands who scurried hither and thither, arriving and departing east, west, south and north, he felt very lonely for a home-coming man. Faces coming, faces going, among them not one he knew.

Then, even as the thought came to him, he had an instant's glimpse of a girl's profile that a flash of recollection identified. Just a glimpse and the girl was gone, lost in a sudden current of humanity released by one of the big gates. At that moment the porter picked up Billy's hand baggage, saying that the train was in.

The girl was a mere acquaintance. Exclusive of the hospital association, Billy had not seen her a dozen times. It was with a slight effort he recalled her name; yet the sight of her made his pulses leap and throb. And the old pain at his heart, the old poignant sense of void, the longing and sickness of the disease Grosenbeck had diagnosed a year and a half ago, seized and possessed him. Mary Borodaile, the appendicitis case in Fourteen! Billy had learned a good deal while he had been away, but it seemed, after all, he had not learned forgetfulness.

As the train sped westward Billy tried to interest himself in the landscape, the beauty of good American woods and plains, with their familiar and dear disfigurements of primitive or perverted domestic architecture. He would have thrilled with patriotic sentiment at the panorama an hour or two before; but now he could think of nothing but the woman he had lost, stubbornly rejected, sacrificed to his chosen career. It might have been yesterday, so persistently, so vividly did the old recollections crowd on him; so irresistibly was he forced into the old, deeply worn ruts of futile argument—justification of his course and, in turn, of her course.

It was more for the distraction than for any appetite he felt that he obeyed the last call to the dining car. There he gave the waiter his order, then glanced carelessly round him—and saw Eileen! She was seated at a table across the aisle, facing him. Miss Borodaile was by her side; and opposite, facing them, sat P. W. Tillotson.

They had finished their luncheon and Eileen was in the act of rising when her eyes met Billy's. There was no recognition in her look; it was grave, even sorrowful, it seemed, and in a moment was averted. Miss Borodaile, however, smiled frankly and bowed, and after a slight hesitation came to Billy, as the others went on, and held out her hand.

"Doctor Ross!" she said cordially. "I'm so glad to see you. I heard you were abroad. Just returning? How delightful! And how odd that we should meet again like this! I'm with Eileen and Mr. Tillotson, and that is odd too." She broke off abruptly, with an embarrassed laugh. "Come and see us, doctor—three cars ahead. *Au revoir!*"

She gave him another friendly smile and hurried away, obviously flustered. Billy mechanically resumed his chair and stared after her. Presently he became aware that the waiter and some other people were staring at him, and that his luncheon was before him. He pulled himself together to some extent, answered the waiter's thrice-repeated question and tried to eat. In a very little while he was back in his own car, fighting hard for self-control and a brain clear of mutinous blood, the calmness necessary for consideration.

Slowly, very slowly, he put to himself question after question. Swiftly, with incredible swiftness, his subconscious thought leaped to check and outrun deliberation. Should he see her? Should he? Should he?

And why did she look at him in that grave manner, not defiantly, not scornfully as she once did? She had changed, in a way. Why? How? And then the fugitive thought carried him back again over hundreds of diminishing miles and ever-widening space of time.

"You will do it for me, Billy, won't you?"

Was there not love in her eyes—oh, dark-fringed, sweet and luminous eyes! Was there not love in them when she said that? Would Eileen love lightly and change easily? Had she not told him; and had he not told Johnson? And there was Corwin!

Insistence on the questions Why? How? Should he see her?

So, for incalculable time, Billy wrestled, and then in one tremendous fraction of it all doubts were dispelled, all questions save one dismissed. A crash, terrific and soul-appalling; a sickening upheaval, a grinding, clanging and crackling; riven wood, shivered glass and writhing iron blending in a multisonous horror! A moment's apparent silence and then, shriek upon shriek, low moanings and weird ululations of grief mingled with excited shouts of direction and frenzied calls for aid.

Billy, the blood streaming from a cut in his forehead, leaped from a window of his wrecked car. Be it noted that he gripped tightly in one hand a small case containing the simplest surgical instruments and drugs suited to emergencies, and that after the first shock it had been no more than a matter of seconds for him to scramble to his feet, strew the contents of his traveling bag on the car floor and drag that case forth.

Whatever it is that God puts into the voice, the bearing and look of some men, to compel the instant and unquestioning obedience of others, that Billy had. Minutes more, and only minutes, and here and there people were running at his orders—carrying water, rending light wood for splints; bringing sheets from the sleepers to tear into bandages. . . .

No trace of sentimentality now! Billy had caught sight of Eileen and her friend helping P. W. Tillotson down the embankment. The old man limped a little, but it was evident that none of them was seriously hurt; and, having assured himself of this with one hasty glance, Billy forgot them and became the surgeon in charge—cool, quick and certain, with every faculty concentrated on his task.

And so he went from one to another of the sufferers, the worst of them first, stanching and binding, stilling apprehension as he came, with now and then a cheerful, reassuring word, and leaving, as he went, courage and hope, or the blessing of unconsciousness—until at last he came to a group surrounding a man who lay prostrate, his

You can have *clean* wall paper without the expense of re-papering.

Dimes that Save Dollars

How to keep walls *clean* has puzzled millions of housewives.

There's one way to have clean, sanitary walls *all the* time at a trivial expense. *Use*

CLIMAX
Wall Paper Cleaner

cleans Wall Paper, Ceilings, Flat Tones, Frescos, Calcimined Walls, Window Shades, etc.

Climax is a soft, pliable, non-sticky pink dough, so easy to use that neither strength nor experience are required.

Take as much Climax as you can conveniently hold; don't rub, just wipe the wall surface with a light, easy stroke. As Climax absorbs the dust, soot and grime turn the dough and knead the dirt into it. You will be delighted by the way the original freshness of the wall paper is restored.

Compare the cost of repapering with Climax-cleaning and you must be convinced of its big economy. A can will clean an average size room.

More than a million thrifty housewives practiced Climax-economy last spring

Try it yourself this spring. You will never again clean house without it.

Sold by paint, hardware, drug and grocery stores [illegible] Climax, the dough cleaner, in the yellow can bearing our name and trade mark, and we will send a full size can prepaid for 15c in U. S. A. Now is the time for you to get acquainted with Climax-economy.

The Climax Cleaner Mnfg. Co.
Cleveland, U. S. A.

PENNSYLVANIA
Quality
LAWN MOWERS

You buy machinery when you buy a lawn mower. Yet you have nothing but looks to guide you, and all lawn mowers are painted to look about alike. How wise, then, to look for this identifying mark of a *good* mower on the handle of every "PENNSYLVANIA" *Quality* Lawn Mower.

"PENNSYLVANIA" Mowers cut as smooth and true as a pair of shears. **The oil-tempered, crucible tool steel in every blade,** holds a sharp knife-edge that cuts the grass clean. It can *not* chop or tear or give the lawn a rough appearance.

"PENNSYLVANIA" self-sharpening blades stay sharp a dozen years or more without the usual yearly dollar for re-grinding, soon saving the cost of the mower.

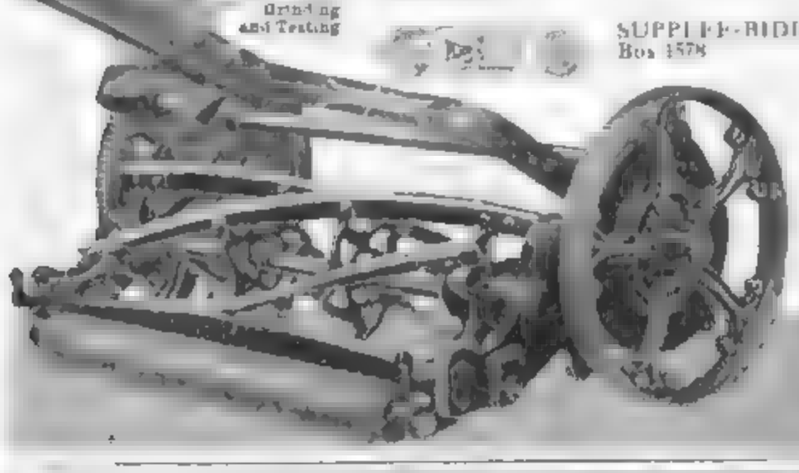
Mowing the lawn becomes a pleasure with any light-running "PENNSYLVANIA" *Quality* Mower.

Your dealer will show you the above *quality* mark on these "PENNSYLVANIA" *Quality* brands, over 1,250,000 of which have been sold in 35 years.

"Pennsylvania"	"Shock Absorber"
"Great American"	"Golf"
"Continental"	"Pony"
"Pennsylvania, Jr."	"Horse"
"Keystone"	"Power"

and others

SUPPLEE-BIDDLE HARDWARE COMPANY
Box 1578 Philadelphia



The dealer in
Brandegee-Kincaid Clothes
is a dealer in satisfaction
HE thinks more of *his good name* than of *your money*. He *knows* good fabrics, good tailoring and good style from life-long study, and he *proves* it by handling our garments. He stands behind our clothes, and *we* stand behind *him* to the last stitch.
College Chap Clothes
is the name of our *Young Men's Clothes*. They have that smart metropolitan style in pattern and cut that Young America demands.
Brandegee-Kincaid Clothes
are probably sold in *your* town. If not, write us and we will send you the name of a dealer, together with a charming *Portfolio of Spring Styles*, including a complete and authentic "*Dress Guide*" about what to wear and when to wear it—*free*.
Brandegee, Kincaid & Co.
Clothes
Tailor Shops at Utica N.Y.

white face working with anguish, while a woman knelt beside him twisting a tourniquet round his crushed leg.

"The artery, doctor," said the woman, looking up quickly and turning again to her work. "I think this is all that can be done for him now. But this other, he's scalded badly. There's a case of linseed oil in the express car. I've sent for it. Here it is now!"

"Thank God!" ejaculated Billy as a man came staggering up with a slopping five-gallon can.

The woman had indicated the fireman of the locomotive, who, poor wretch, lay near by imploring relief—the relief of death if need was—from his misery. To him Billy turned, and by the time he had bared the scalded flesh the woman had ready for him bandages saturated with the precious oil.

From that moment, where Billy went the woman went also, working by his side, pale but resolute, her arms bare and blood-stained, her dress torn and in disarray, deft-handed, quickly responsive to every direction. And Billy spared her not a whit—any more than he spared himself. Only at the last, when help had come and the strain was over, and as she turned unsteadily to follow the last stretcher the others were bearing away, Billy caught her in his arms, with a stifled cry, passionate and remorseful:

"Eileen!"

Her eyes were closed, but she clung to him a moment; then her arms relaxed and she struggled feebly to release herself.

"I shall be all right now," she murmured. "Please! Please, Billy!"

"Sit down and rest a minute," he commanded, almost harshly. She obeyed, and Billy stood before her trying to realize the marvel of it all. "I wonder if I am dreaming" he muttered.

She smiled up at him faintly.

"You see I have learned a little, Doctor Ross."

"Tell me in one word," Billy said hoarsely; "are you married?"

"No," she replied with sudden and indignant energy. "You know I'm not!"

She made a movement to get up, and Billy took her hand and raised but still held her. They looked into each other's eyes—a long time. Then Eileen spoke tremulously:

"You—you can't care?"

"I care more to know that than for anything in the world!"

"That isn't true," she said, "or you would have answered my letter."

"I've had no letter from you, no word or sign since we parted."

He had taken her other hand and held both firmly. She made no effort to withdraw them, but questioned him with her eyes and then sighed happily.

"Still, it isn't true, Billy," she said. "You care for other things more; and—and will you believe that I am glad now to know you do? They're coming this way, Billy, so you mustn't hold my hands, dear; but Billy, if you care enough—and I think you do"—she spoke rapidly and with fervor as interruption became imminent—"I will wait for you as long as you want me to, or go with you anywhere, to that coal town if you like—anywhere! And most gladly, Billy. I don't care how poor we may be. You may neglect me—if you have to."

Later Billy learned, among other things, about the primary course in nursing that Eileen had taken immediately after the breaking of her brief engagement to Corwin. Later still a friend of Papa Grosenbeck's handed him a large envelope, which, on being opened, disclosed a letter inscribed in a feminine hand: "Doctor Ross. Kindness of Doctor Grosenbeck."

On the back of this letter there was another inscription in crabbed, hardly legible characters—a date—two days before Billy's departure for Europe, and beneath:

"I may be wrong, but I don't want to see a good surgeon spoiled for a fool girl. G."

Finally, Billy, revisiting Hotchkisson, met Simpkins, the new interne—now the old one—with whom he had left Johnson.

"Er—by the way, old man," said Simpkins, "there's that skeleton of yours. I suppose you'll be wanting him." His tone was regretful.

"Why, bless your heart, no!" answered Billy ungratefully. "Keep him, my dear fellow keep him." Perhaps his conscience smote him, however, for after a little he added with some solicitude: "You'll take good care of him, won't you? I shouldn't like anything to happen to Johnson."

The Finest Bran Dish

Every user of Pettijohn's knows it to be the finest bran dish known.

First, it's a whole-wheat dainty, and nobody tires of wheat.

Second, the bran is tender.

Third, the bran is unground. It's in flake form, and that makes it doubly efficient.

Bran in the morning, by its laxative effect, means a brighter day. And folks won't quit bran, and lose its effects, if you serve it in Pettijohn ways.

Pettijohn's
Breakfast Food
Rolled Wheat with Bran Flakes

Soft, flavory wheat in flake form, hiding 25 per cent unground bran. A morning whole-wheat dainty—15c per package.

Pettijohn's Flour—This is 75 per cent fine patent flour mixed with 25 per cent special bran flakes. Use like Graham flour in any recipe. New recipes on the label. 25c per large package.

Order both from your grocer.

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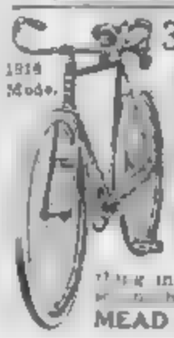

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MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. H-55, CHICAGO

You Fathers! You Mothers! Let the Children Teach YOU a Lesson!

YOUR boys and girls in school have learned through the study of modern Hygiene that the first requisite to health is FRESH AIR.

And every day in the school room they see a *practical demonstration* of this fact. For school rooms, unlike most homes, are automatically *ventilated as well* as heated. Each child consumes the oxygen in an *amazing* amount of air every MINUTE! School boards, therefore, require the inflow of thirty cubic feet of fresh air per pupil per MINUTE and the corresponding ejection of all foul air. This provision, based upon scientific knowledge, is probably doing more to stop the ravages of Pneumonia, Tuberculosis, Bronchitis, Colds and La Grippe than all other practices combined.

Question: Since *perfect ventilation* is essential in the school room, how can any sane man or woman overlook the *fresh air* feature in the home?

Ask Your Physician

Ask him what bearing proper ventilation has upon the health of those dearest and nearest to you. Ask *him* whether the automatic pumping of pure, fresh, life-giving, oxygenic air into the home is *incidental* or *essential*.

It is doubtful if a single physician in this great country would fail to urge an abundance of pure air.

Note This Trade Mark

There are unworthy Warm Air Furnaces, just as there are unworthy goods in *any* line. To protect home owners from imposition, the makers of good Warm Air Heating and Ventilating Systems now attach the Trade Mark here shown. Look for it. It insures you absolute satisfaction. Reliable dealers are also identified by this Trade Mark, which you will find in their windows, stores and advertisements.

·APPROVED BY·

NATIONAL WARM AIR HEATING & VENTILATING ASSOCIATION
FRESH AIR HEAT MEANS HEALTH

·TRADE MARK·

Warm Air Heating Insures Fresh Air

The *ventilation problem* is simply, completely and instantly solved by the installation of a modern Warm Air Heating System. Every room in the house is thus properly *heated, humidified and ventilated. The air is completely changed, on the average, once every 20 minutes! No other direct Heating System will do that*

And, surprising as it may seem, all this is accomplished with marked economy. Warm Air Furnaces cost *less*, very much less, than other heating systems. Cost of installation is *also* less; fuel consumption is *likewise* less; and upkeep cost is too low even to require consideration. *Whether the weather be mild or bitter cold, a comfortable temperature is easily maintained.*

These are broad claims, but we have incontrovertible evidence to *support* them. Whether it is Health, Comfort, Convenience, or Economy (or all four) that particularly interests you when providing a Heating System for the home, the Coupon here provided will bring you Evidence that clearly proves the all around superiority of Warm Air Heating and Ventilating Systems.

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Any Heating System—Warm Air, Steam or Hot Water—demands *careful* and *skillful* INSTALLATION. Hence the importance of buying from a reliable dealer—one who handles Furnaces bearing the Trade Mark here shown.

If you would like to have a Heating Plan drawn to fit your home, write us and we will see that it is supplied you without cost.

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Gentlemen—
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Do you want free Heating Plans for your home? Yes

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COLUMBUS, OHIO

Fabric is to your Tire what Structural Steel is to a Building

Cotton fabric is the vital part of a tire. When Miller engineers achieved the epochal success of reinforcing the basic structure of tires *thru preserving the natural vegetable wax and oil in the cotton fibre* they gave to motorists an improvement as great as the development of steel construction for sky scrapers. The Structural Fabric in

Miller
GEARED-TO-THE-ROAD
Tires

Carries the Load and Strain Just as Steel Beams and Girders do in the Sky Scraper.

A tire's fabric is as incomplete without its natural vegetable wax and oil as a steel structure is without its rivets.

And just as it requires a multitude of rivets to bind together the entire building, so must the fabric have its wax and oil retained just as Miller preserves *all* of it.

Heat is required to vulcanize tires. The secret and exclusive Miller Method of vulcanizing at a low degree of heat, cures thoroughly but does not burn the strength-giving lubricants out of the fabric.

This same wonderful Miller Method also retains all the primitive endurance and toughness in the rubber and prevents its deterioration during vulcanization.

But, unfortunately, all tires look very much alike.

There is one safe way—insist on a Miller *Geared-to-the-Road* Tire and then you know it has not been worn out during manufacture.

Your car demands tires that are equal to the dual task imposed upon them by car and the road. Miller tires come from the factory *intact—brimful of mile muscle*, of *vigor, power* and *stamina*. They come to you with all the qualities that give you long and sustained mileage.

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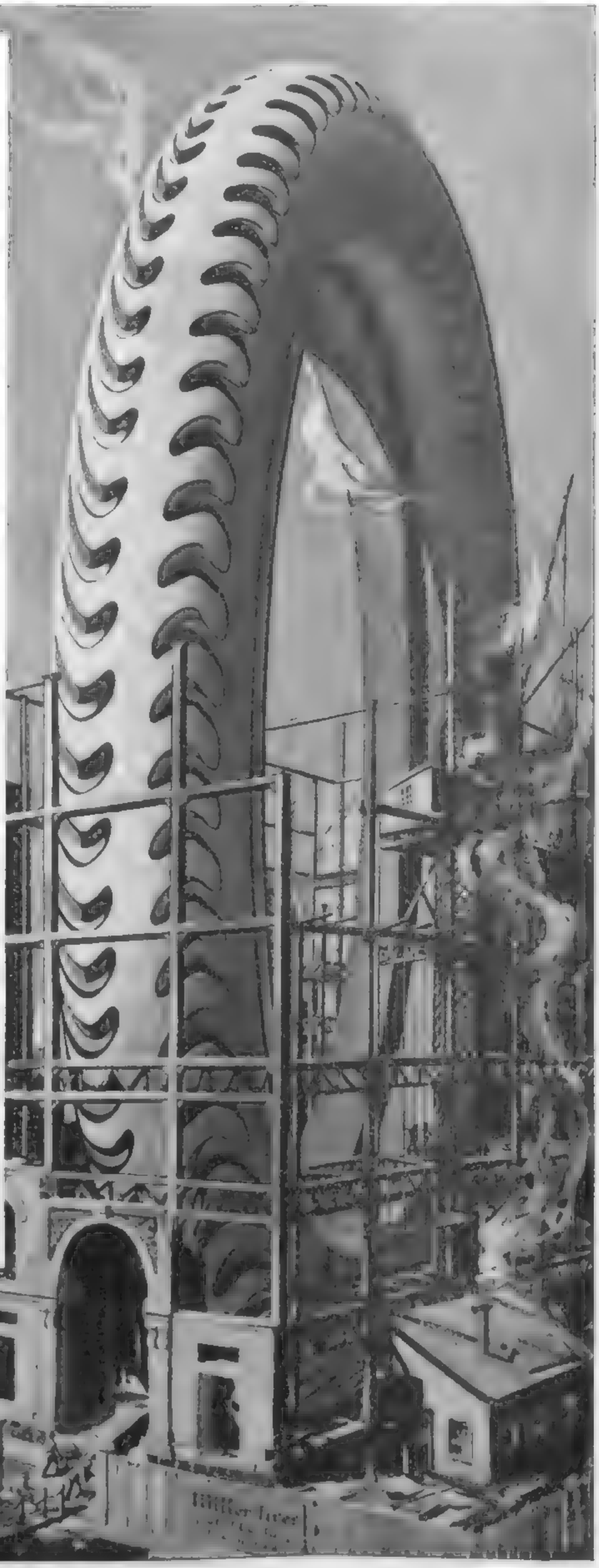

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Selected Virginia Peanuts roasted to a crisp, tasty brown—combined with Chocolate Candy of delicious flavor and consistency.

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It is impossible to describe how good they really are. You must try them.
Made clean—Kept clean—Wrapped dustproof.
A roll is divided into six parts for your convenience. Sold wherever Candy is sold.
THE STERN & SAALBERG CO., N. Y.

Makes the difference. It's a mighty big and important difference between

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and all other wallboards. That layer of kiln-dried wood slats is rock-cemented between specially-treated, moisture-proof paper into a rigid, straight, smooth sheet one-quarter inch thick.

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Cards, circulars, book, paper. Press $5. Larger $18. Rotary $60. Print for others, big profits. All easy rules sent. Write factory, save money. Send to the maker.
The Press Co., Meriden, Conn.

THE OLD DOMINIE

(Continued from Page 18)

that had always spanned his honest old beak. His beard had been trimmed by a fastidious barber. The austerity of his black suit was relieved by a white edging around the V of his waistcoat. A faint perfume of white lilacs surrounded his head like an aureole. And in the corner of his mouth was a twenty-five-cent cigar, which he alternately puffed and admired, and puffed again, with the satisfied air of a connoisseur who has no fault to find. Round his chair was a litter of literature regarding investments; but in his hand was an old volume of Herodotus.

And there he sat, as handsome and dignified an old gentleman as anyone could wish to find that day on this our earth. At four o'clock he hid the book under a cushion, and hardly had he concealed it when his telephone rang.

"There's a gentleman down here wishes to see you—Mr. Cecil R. Morgan."

"Yes; I'm expecting him. Send him up, please."

A few minutes later a knock sounded on the door and Mr. Cecil R. Morgan entered, handsome, suave.

"Mr. Morgan?" asked the Old Dominie, regarding him attentively from under his ferocious eyebrows.

"Yes; I've called to see you about your yacht."

"Quite so. Sit down."

Mr. Morgan seated himself with a pretty show of manners and the Old Dominie continued to dominate him with his frowning eyebrows.

"Where is your yacht, Mr. Coit?"

"At my private dock. Up above New London."

"Ah, yes. A beautiful place—New London. I often run up there—to the boat races, you know. What are you asking for your yacht, Mr. Coit?"

"Fifty thousand dollars."

"How big is she? Have you a photograph of her?"

"Quite unnecessary. You would want to see her in any event; so I'll make you an offer: You come to New London and bring all the experts you want. If they don't agree that the Harpalus is worth three times as much as I ask I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll make you a present of her!"

"Straight enough," murmured Mr. Morgan, stroking his mustache.

"And meant to be. I bought it at a bargain from a man who simply had to sell it."

The Old Dominie winked his eye, and Mr. Morgan wisely winked his.

"But if you're interested," he continued, "you'll have to act quickly. I'm only here for a day or two, to—er—place a few investments, and I'm going back home to-morrow."

"A wonderful lot of money being made in the market lately, Mr. Coit."

"So I hear, sir. So I hear."

"Yes. Fortunes—literal fortunes—have been made in the war stocks." The Old Dominie rubbed his hands together and tried to look as avaricious as he could. "Pardon me, Mr. Coit, but I have a reason for my question: Do you—er—happen to own any Bethlehem Steel stock?"

"Not quite lucky enough for that!"

"Ah! . . . You say you're going home to-morrow? . . . Well, by Jove, I'm going with you; and if your boat suits me I'll tell you right now I'll buy her—on the terms you mentioned. But I'll go with you only on one condition." He smiled a charming smile. "I'll go with you to-morrow if you'll be my guest to-night—dinner—theater—supper. What do you say?"

They spent the evening together.

"It was like a chapter from Revelation," said the Old Dominie later; "full of flaming lights, scarlet women, beasts, angels and harps."

And it was not until nearly midnight that Mr. Morgan sprung his little story about his brother the doctor, the dying old miser, and the Bethlehem stock.

"Two hundred and fifty shares," he sighed, "worth a hundred thousand dollars and more; and I could buy the stock for fifty thousand if I only had the cash."

"How much have you?" snapped the Old Dominie, looking very avaricious indeed.

"Oh, I think I could scratch twenty thousand together if I could find some one with the other thirty. But it would have to be cash, you know. That's the trouble. A stock sale like this is necessarily a cash transaction."

"Well, suppose I furnished the thirty thousand. Then we'd each double our money—eh?"

"By Jove!"

"Simple enough. I'll tell you how we'll do it: I'll go down to the bank in the morning and get thirty thousand in cash. You get your twenty thousand and call for me at eleven o'clock. We'll put the money together and call one of the clerks downstairs to carry it. He'll go with us—you understand? At your brother's office you give him the stock and he'll give you the money. That way we're both protected, and we can either split the stock up later or sell it and divide the profits. How'll that suit you?"

"By Jove, sir, but you have a head on your shoulders!" The suave Mr. Morgan reflected for a moment and then held out his hand. "I'll go you, sir! To-morrow morning at eleven o'clock! You have the thirty in cash—I'll have the twenty. And meantime—good-night, my dear, dear sir! Good-night and pleasant dreams!"

He shook hands quite affectionately, as a man might shake hands with a respectable fortune; and after he had gone the Old Dominie opened the door of his bedroom, where Jimmy had been sitting with his ear tight against the panel.

"He'll be back at eleven o'clock in the morning."

Jimmy nodded and trembled a little; whereat the Old Dominie regarded him keenly from under his ferocious eyebrows.

"He'll have the money with him," he added.

Again Jimmy nodded and again he trembled a little, as one will sometimes shake with a chill.

"Feel nervous, James?"

"Well, sir, just a little; but I guess I'll be all right when the time comes."

The Old Dominie said nothing, but as he lay in bed that night he carefully felt the muscles of his arms; then, getting up in the dark—while Jimmy still slept—he jumped up into the air and clicked his heels together three times before he returned to the floor.

"If the rheumatism only holds off!" he muttered.

Even then he lay awake for a long time, as an old man often will; but along toward morning he smiled at the darkness and, whispering to himself "That'll do it!" he straightway fell asleep.

VI

PROMPTLY at eleven Mr. Cecil Morgan presented himself, more darkly debonair than ever. The Old Dominie was just finishing his packing.

"I've been to the bank," he said, indicating a small valise on the table. "We'll take the two o'clock train to New London; so I thought I'd have everything ready."

Mr. Morgan smiled twice—first, at the small valise; and second, at the thought of where he would be at two o'clock that day.

The Old Dominie picked up a dressing gown that was lying on the bed.

"While I was out this morning I bought this," he said. "Isn't it a beauty? But I was in such a hurry to get back from the bank I made a mistake in the size, and it doesn't fit."

It was indeed a beautiful gown, of heavy cloth that looked like velvet, with golden dragons embroidered all round it.

"Come!" smiled the Old Dominie, holding it up for Mr. Morgan to try it on. "You've done me a good turn. I'll give you this if it fits you."

Nothing loath, Mr. Morgan took off his coat and advanced to try on the dressing gown. He turned his back to the Old Dominie and started to slip his arms into the sleeves.

Now a man is never so helpless as when his arms are held in the sleeves of a coat that is halfway on and halfway off. And just as Mr. Morgan reached that point of helplessness the Old Dominie, standing behind him, suddenly locked both hands over his visitor's mouth and pulled him over backward. Simultaneously Jimmy sprang out of the bedroom, with a ball of heavy string; and a few minutes later—as the novelists say—Mr. Morgan was bound hand and foot, and a pair of blankets round his head turned his frantic speech into an almost inaudible murmur.

"It's here!" cried Jimmy, opening a wallet he had taken from the prisoner's inside pocket.

The Towel That Meets Your Demands

When you go into a public lavatory you expect a soft, absorbent, sanitary and individual towel. It must dry your hands and face quickly and thoroughly. It must leave a refreshed feeling of cleanliness. And it must be economical to buy. The towels that fill *all* of these demands are

ScotTissue Towels

The Soft, Absorbent, Original Paper Towel

To entirely satisfy those demands of yours has ever been our aim and we have stuck to it despite the inroads sometimes made by towels designed primarily to sell instead of to satisfy.

Our aim is realized—we now offer you a towel that will overcome any prejudice against paper or fabric towels.

We have minimized waste in towel delivery with the new ScotTissue Fixture, which delivers one towel at a time, folded, which is the way to use a ScotTissue Towel.

ScotTissue Towels should be recommended to you by jobbers and dealers. If you buy supplies for any public or semi-public lavatories, write us. We can show you the most efficient and economical towel service you can install. Write for samples and booklet **"Why You Should Install ScotTissue Towels."**

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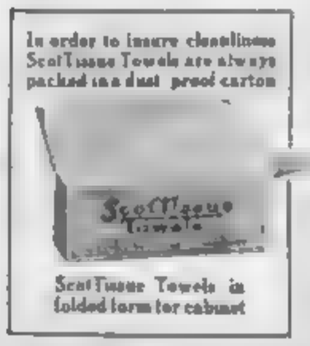
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ScotTissue Towels are packed in rolls for home use. There are many uses for ScotTissue Towels that every housewife should know about. Ask for the booklet: **"Why You Should Use ScotTissue Towels in Your Home."**

REPUTATION

In each field of national endeavor, a certain name becomes a standard of excellence and superiority.

HOTEL SHERMAN

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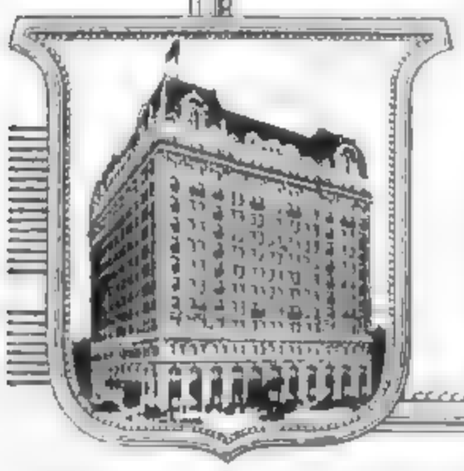
is such a name. It means to the traveler everything he could wish for in accommodation, hospitality and service.



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Two to four dollars

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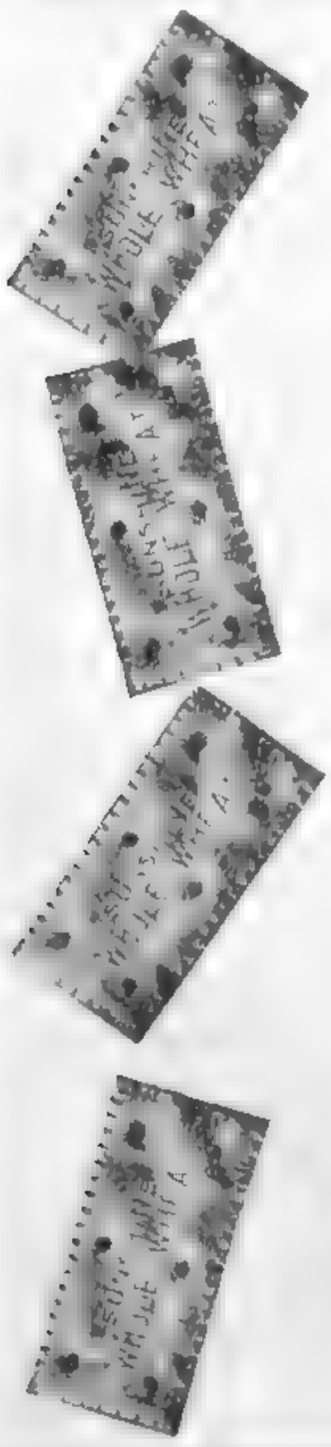


Sunshine Biscuits

Sunshine Whole Wheat Wafers are great favorites with men folks. They're made from specially milled whole wheat, salted, buttered and toasted to perfect crispness. Try them.

Whatever your need for good biscuits—buy Sunshine Biscuits. No better biscuits baked—no variety so great.

To give you an idea of the goodness of Sunshine Biscuits, let us mail the Sunshine Revelation Box containing 14 varieties. Simply send your dealer's name and 10c to cover mailing.

In each package of Takhoma Biscuit (5 cents) is a paper doll in colors. Other packages of Sunshine Biscuits contain pretty dresses for her. See list in Takhoma package.

LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT COMPANY

Bakers of Sunshine Biscuits

784 Thomson Ave. L. I. C., New York

The Old Dominie took the wallet and counted out twenty bills, each for a thousand dollars.

"And how much of this belongs to you, James?"

"Fourteen thousand, altogether, he got from me."

"Here it is."

"No; you take care of it, Mr. Coit. I might lose it again. You take care of it till we buy that business in Norwich."

"Just as you say, James. Just as you say, my boy. That leaves six thousand dollars which I'll put back in his pocket, though I have my doubts that he made it honestly. There! . . . Now we've just time to catch the train if we hurry. I'd like to stay and offer up a prayer for our poor, misguided brother here, but I can do it just as well to-morrow . . . and there'll be more time!"

VII

JIMMY and Grace are married now, and the Old Dominie has the southeast room in the stone house by the river. Jimmy's business is doing well, and Grace spends many an hour sewing strange garments, which she hides in a hurry when visitors appear.

The Old Dominie still goes out at times on the Quinebaug and returns with a basketful of fish; but he doesn't do this very often, because the rheumatism has come back to his knees again as though it meant to stay. So he spends much of his time now on the Concordance and has got as far as epsilon.

But when the sun begins to set over the river and the birds begin their evensongs in the orchard the Old Dominie likes to draw his chair to the window, his heart responding to the promise of the sunset and his mind almost at peace with himself and all mankind.

I said "almost at peace"; for there are times when he draws a tremulous breath and uneasily asks himself:

"I wonder if—I sinned too much—in getting that money—the way I did!"

Usury Laws

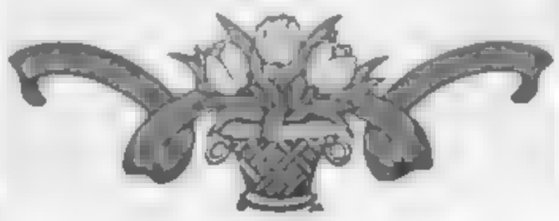
EVERY state, we believe, has a law that forbids taking more than a certain rate of interest on loans. In every state, no doubt, the law is broken. Comptroller Williams reported that on September fifteenth last twelve hundred national banks in forty-one states were charging twelve per cent or more on some loans.

It is doubtful if there is any instance where a usury law really benefits a borrower. In new Western States usury was once the universal practice, with practically never a loan made at the legal rate of interest. The law attempted to fix a price on the commodity, money, which was unreasonable in view of its scarcity and the risks that attended lending. So the law was simply ignored.

The law may say a loan shall not be made above a certain rate of interest. It cannot say a loan shall be made at that rate of interest. The borrower can pay the usurious rate or go without the loan. Often the latter would be a greater hardship to him than the former. Undoubtedly many of the instances of usury to which the comptroller refers occur on small loans with rather doubtful security—a sort of loan that probably commercial banks should not make at all. But in some communities there is no lender of money except the commercial bank.

If the legal rate is ten per cent and a man wants twelve dollars for a month the banker's lawful compensation would be ten cents. He may say that does not pay him for the bookkeeping and demand half a dollar, which would be at the rate of fifty per cent a year. But for less than half a dollar he would not make the loan. The usury law would not protect the borrower, unless to prevent him from borrowing were a protection.

If a more stringent usury law, prescribing heavy penalties, is enacted the banker either refuses to lend at all to this man, or, in view of the greater risk he must take under the more stringent law, he charges a dollar for making the loan.



Why Don't You Say "Well, Here Goes!"

Undoubtedly you have more than once almost decided to let us send you a box of our Panatelas.

Trust me dear. You get the cigars without risking anything and they cost you nothing unless, after smoking ten, you believe that they offer more cigar value for the money than you can possibly get anywhere else.

Goodness knows there's nothing original about that claim! We were not the first people to say we had a 10c cigar for sale at half that price.

But we are the people who won't take your money unless you admit [illegible] after trying [illegible] cigars we send.

We have made that [illegible] entirely for [illegible] year.

Instead of having a country full of people calling us fakers, instead of going broke, we have a great big growing business, with customers in every state of the Union.

60 9-10% of our cigars go to customers who have bought from us for over three years.

Nothing short of complete satisfaction can [illegible] in buying his cigars direct from the factory year after year.

Now don't hold back. Have a go at us, this time. Fire the cigars back, if you don't like them. It's our own [illegible]. We make it without [illegible] so we know what we are selling.

OUR OFFER is: Upon request we will send fifty Shivers' Panatelas on approval to a reader of *The Saturday Evening Post*, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at our expense and no charge for the ten smoked if he is not satisfied with them; if he is pleased and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, $2.50, within ten days.

This cigar we are talking about is hand-made. Its filler is long Havana Cuban grown. The wrapper is grown in the Sumatra. It's a mild cigar. You can smoke a lot of them and enjoy every one.

Cigars like these sell at 10c and three for a quarter in the usual retail way, and by all retail standards are worth the money.

Selling direct from our factory to the smoker, by the box, permits us to save a lot of merchandising expense, and the smoker gets the benefit of the saving.

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WHAT IS COMING

(Continued from Page 19

realize defeat. This does not mean that she will surrender unconditionally, but that she will be reduced to bargaining to see how much she must surrender and what she may hold. It is my impression that she will be deserted by Bulgaria, and that Turkey will be out of the fighting before the end. But these are chancy matters. Against Germany there will be certainly the three great allies, France, Russia, Britain; and almost certainly Japan will be with them. The four will probably have got to a very complete and detailed understanding among themselves. Italy in, I fear, a slightly detached spirit will sit at the board. Hungary will be present, sitting, so to speak, amidst the decayed remains of Austria. Rumania, a little out of breath through hurrying at the last, may be present as the latest ally of Italy. The European neutrals will be at least present in spirit; their desires will be acutely felt; but it is doubtful if the United States will count for all that they might in the decision. Such weight as America chooses to exercise will probably be on the side of the rational and natural settlement of the world.

Now, the most important thing of all at this settlement will be the temper and nature of the Germany with which the Allies will be dealing. Let us not be blinded by the passions of war into confusing a people with its government and the artificial *Kultur* of a brief century. There is a Germany, great and civilized, a decent and admirable people, masked by imperialism, blinded by the vanity of the easy victories of half a century ago, wrapped in illusion. How far will she be chastened and disillusioned by the end of this war?

The terms of peace depend enormously upon the answer to that question. If we take the extremest possibility and suppose a revolution in Germany or in South Germany, and the replacement of the Hohenzollerns in all or part of Germany by a republic, then I am convinced that for republican Germany there would be, not simply forgiveness but a warm welcome back to the comity of nations. The French, British, Belgians and Italians and every civilized force in Russia would tumble over one another in their eager greeting of this return to sanity.

If we suppose a less extreme but more possible revolution, taking the form of the establishment of constitutional safeguards for the future, that also would bring about an extraordinary modification of the resolution of the Pledged Allies. But no ending to this war, no sort of settlement will destroy the antipathy of the civilized peoples for the imperialism that has so far dominated Germany.

So long as Germany sees fit to identify herself with Hohenzollern dreams of empire there must be war henceforth, open or but thinly masked, against Germany. It will be but the elementary common sense of the situation for all the Allies to plan tariffs, exclusions, special laws against German shipping and shareholders and immigrants, so long as every German remains a potential servant of that system.

No Desire to Cut Up Germany

Whatever Germany may think of the Hohenzollerns, the world outside Germany regards them as the embodiment of homicidal nationalism. And the settlement of Europe after the war, if it is to be a settlement with the Hohenzollerns and not with the German people, must include their virtual disarming against any renewal of attack. It would be the most obvious folly to stop anywhere short of that. With Germany we would welcome peace to-morrow; we would welcome her shipping on the seas and her flag about the world. Against the Hohenzollerns it must obviously be war to the bitter end.

But the ultimate of all sane European policy, as distinguished from oligarchic and dynastic foolery, is the establishment of the natural map of Europe. There exists no school of thought that can claim a moment's consideration among the Allies which aims at the disintegration of the essential Germany or the subjugation of any Germans to an alien rule. Nor does anyone grudge Germany wealth, trade, shipping or anything else that goes with the politician's phrase of "legitimate expansion" for its own sake. Let but Germany cure herself of her Hohenzollern taint, and the world will grudge her wealth and economic preëminence as little as it grudges wealth and economic preëminence to the United States.

Now, the probabilities of a German revolution open questions too complex and subtle for our present speculation. I would merely remark in passing that in Great Britain at least those possibilities seem to me to be enormously underrated. For our present purpose it will be most convenient to indicate a sort of maximum and minimum, depending upon the decision of Germany to be entirely Hohenzollern or wholly or in part European. But in either case we are going to assume that it is Germany which has been most exhausted by the war and which is seeking peace from the Allies, who have also, we will assume, excellent internal reasons for desiring it. With the Hohenzollerns it is nonsense to dream of any enduring peace, but whether we are making a lasting and friendly peace with Germany or merely a sort of truce of military operations that will be no truce in the economic war against Hohenzollern resources, the same essential idea will, I think, guide all the peace-desiring powers. They will try to draw the boundaries as near as they can to those of the natural map of mankind.

Belgium's New Boundaries

Then, writing as an Englishman, my first thought of the European map is naturally of Belgium. Only absolute, smashing defeat could force either Britain or France to consent to anything short of the complete restoration of Belgium. Rather than give that consent they will both carry the war to at present undreamed-of extremities. Belgium must be restored, her neutrality must be replaced by a defensive alliance with her two western allies, and if the world has still to reckon with Hohenzollerns, then her frontier must be thrust forward into the adjacent French-speaking country so as to minimize the chances of any second surprise.

It is manifest that every frontier that gives upon the Hohenzollerns must henceforth be intrenched line behind line, and held permanently by a garrison ready for any treachery, and it becomes of primary importance that the Franco-Belgian line should be as short and strong as possible. Aix, which Germany has made a mere jumping-off place for aggressions, should clearly be held by Belgium against a Hohenzollern empire, and the fortified and fiscal frontier would run from it southward to include the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg, with its French sympathies and traditions, in the permanent alliance. It is quite impossible to leave this ambiguous territory as it was before the war, with its railway in German hands and its postal and telegraphic service—since 1913—under Hohenzollern control. It is quite impossible to hand over this strongly anti-Prussian population to Hohenzollern masters.

But an Englishman must needs write with diffidence upon this question of the western boundary. It is clear that all the boundaries of 1914 from Aix to Basel are a part of ancient history. No "as you were" is possible there. And it is not the business of anyone in Great Britain to redraw them. That task on our side lies between France and Belgium. The business of Great Britain in the matter is as plain as daylight. It is to support to her last man and her last ounce of gold those new boundaries her allies consider essential to their comfort and security. But I do not see how France, unless she is really convinced she is beaten, can content herself with anything less than a strong Franco-Belgium frontier from Aix that will take in at least Metz and Saarburg.

She knows best the psychology of the lost provinces, and what amount of annexation will spell weakness or strength. If she demands all Alsace-Lorraine back from the Hohenzollerns, British opinion is resolved to support her and to go through with this struggle until she gets it. To guess at the direction of the new line is not to express a British opinion but to speculate upon the opinion of France. After the experience of Luxemburg and Belgium no one now dreams of a neutralized buffer state. What does not become French or Belgian of the Rhineland will remain German—forever. That is conceivable, for example, of Strasburg and the low-lying parts of Alsace. I do not know.

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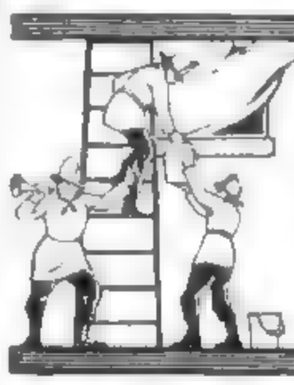

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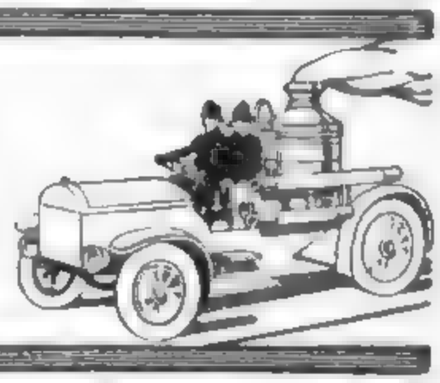

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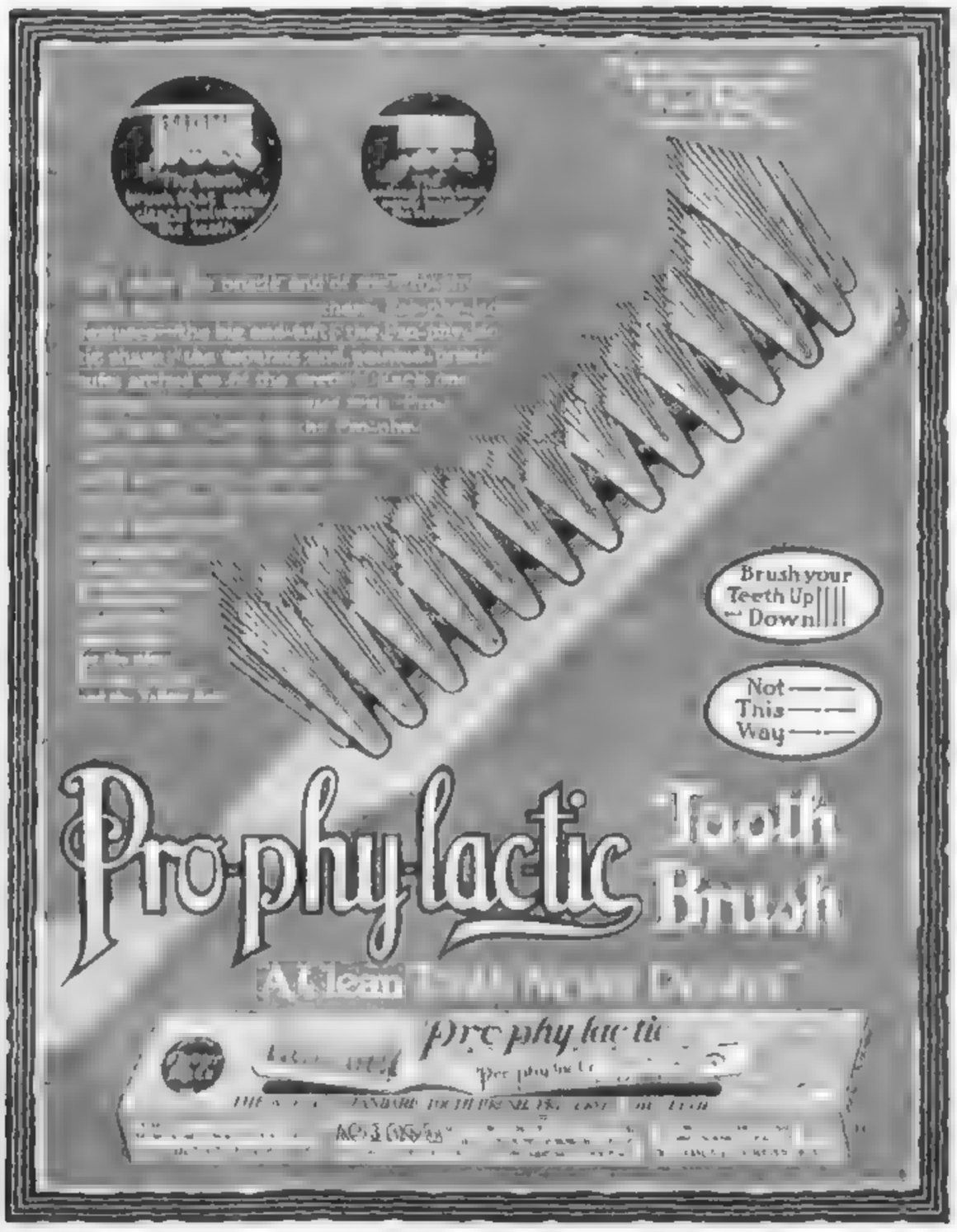

It is conceivable, but I do not think that it is probable. I think the probability lies in the other direction. This war of exhaustion may be going on for a year or so more, but the end will be the thrusting in of the too extended German lines. The longer and bloodier the job is, the grimmer will be the determination of the Pledged Allies to exact a recompense. If the Germans offer peace while they still hold some part of Belgium, there will be dealings. If they wait until the French are in the Palatinate, then I doubt if the French will consent to go again. There will be no possible advantage to Germany in a war of resistance once the scale of her fortunes begins to sink.

It is when we turn to the east of Germany that the map drawing becomes really animated. Here is the region of great decisions. The natural map shows a line of obstinately non-German communities stretching nearly from the Baltic to the Adriatic. There are Poland, Bohemia—with her kindred Slovaks—the Magyars and the Jugo-Serbs. In a second line come the Great and Little Russians, the Rumanians and the Bulgarians. And here both Great Britain and France must defer to the wishes of their two allies, Russia and Italy. Neither of these countries has expressed inflexible intentions, and the situation has none of the inevitable quality of the western line. Except for the Czar's promise of autonomy to Poland, nothing has been promised. On the western line there are only two possibilities—the Aix-Bâle boundary or the sickness and death of France. On the eastern line nothing is fated. There seems to be enormous scope for bargaining over all this field, and here it is that the chances of compensations and consolations for Germany are to be found.

The Future of Poland

Let us first consider the case for Poland. The way to a reunited Poland seems to me a particularly difficult one. The perplexity arises out of the crime of the original partition. Whichever side emerges with an effect of victory must needs give up territory if an autonomous Poland is to reappear. A victorious Germany would probably reconstitute the Duchy of Warsaw under a German prince; an entirely victorious Russia would probably rejoin Posen to Russian Poland and the Polish fragment of Galicia, and create a dependent Polish kingdom under the Czar. Neither project would be received with unstinted delight by the Poles, but either would probably be acceptable to a certain section of them.

Disregarding the dim feelings of the peasantry, Austrian Poland would probably be the most willing to retain a connection with its old rulers. The Hapsburgs have least estranged their Poles. It is the only section of Poland which has been at all reconciled to foreign control; it is the most autonomous and contented of the fragments. It is doubtful how far national unanimity is any longer possible between the three Polish fragments. Like most English writers, I receive a considerable amount of printed matter from various schools of Polish patriotism, and wide divergences of spirit and intention appear. A weak, divided, and politically isolated Poland of twelve or fifteen million people, under some puppet adventurer king set up between the Hohenzollerns and the Czardom, does not promise much happiness for the Poles or much security for the peace of the world. An entirely independent Poland will be a feverish field of international intrigue—intrigue to which the fatal Polish temperament lends itself all too readily. It may be a battlefield again within five-and-twenty years.

If I were a patriotic Pole I think I should determine to be a Slav at any cost, and make the best of Russia, ally myself with all her liberal tendencies, and rise or fall with her. And I should do my utmost, in a field where at present too little has been done, to establish understandings and lay the foundations of a future alliance with the Czech-Slovak community to the south. But then I am not a Pole, but a Western European with a strong liking for the Russians. I am democratic and scientific, and the Poles I have met are Catholic and aristocratic and romantic and all sorts of difficult things that must make cooperation with them on the part of Russians, Ruthenian peasants, Czechs, and indeed other Poles, slow and insecure. I doubt if either Germany or Russia wants to incorporate more Poles. Russia has all Siberia over which to breed Russians, and I am inclined to think that there is a probability

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that the end of this war may find Poland still divided and with boundary lines running across her not materially different from those of 1914. That is, I think, an undesirable probability; but until the Polish mind qualifies its desire for absolute independence with a determination to orient itself definitely to some larger political mass, it remains one that has to be considered.

But the future of Poland is not really separate from that of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, nor is that again to be dealt with apart from that of the Balkans. From Dantzic to the Morea there runs across Europe a series of distinctive peoples, each too intensely different and national to be absorbed and assimilated by either of their greater neighbors, Germany or Russia, and each relatively too small to stand securely alone. None have shaken themselves free from monarchical traditions; each may become an easy prey to dynastic follies and the aggressive obsessions of diplomacy. Centuries of bloody rearrangement may lie before this East Central Belt of Europe.

To the liberal idealist the thought of a possible Swiss system or group of Swiss systems comes readily to mind. One thinks of a grouping or groups of republics building up a United States of Eastern Europe. But neither Hohenzollerns nor Czar would welcome that. The arm of democratic France is not long enough to reach to help forward such a development, and Great Britain is never sure whether she is a "crowned republic" or a Germanic monarchy. Hitherto in the Balkans she has lent her influence chiefly to setting up those treacherous little German kings who have rewarded her so ill. The national monarchs of Serbia and Montenegro have alone kept faith with civilization. I doubt, however, if Great Britain will go on doing that. She herself is upon the eve of profound changes of spirit and internal reorganization.

It is here that the possibility of some internal change in Germany becomes of such supreme importance. The Hohenzollern imperialism towers like the black threat of a new Cæsarism over all the world. It may tower for some centuries; it may vanish to-morrow. A German revolution may destroy it. But should it go it would at least take with it nearly every crown between Hamburg and Constantinople. The German kings would vanish like a whisp of smoke. Suppose a German revolution and a correlated step forward toward liberal institutions on the part of Russia, then the whole stage of Eastern Europe would clear as fever goes out of a man. This age of international elbowing and jostling, of intrigue and diplomacy, of wars, massacres, deportations *en masse*, and the continual fluctuation of irrational boundaries would end.

Eastern European Possibilities

So sweeping a change is the extreme possibility. The probability is of something less lucid and more prosaic; of a discussion of diplomatists; of patched arrangements. But even under these circumstances the whole Eastern European situation is so fluid and little controlled by any plain necessity that there will be enormous scope for any individual statesman of imagination and force of will. There have recently been revelations, more or less trustworthy, of German schemes for a rearrangement of Eastern Europe. They implied a German victory. Bohemia, Poland, Galicia, Ruthenia were to make a Hapsburg-ruled state from the Baltic to the Black Sea. The Jugo-Slav and the Magyar were to be linked—uneasy bedfellows—into a second kingdom, also Hapsburg-ruled; Austria was to come into the German Empire as a third Hapsburg dukedom or kingdom; Rumania, Bulgaria and Greece were to continue as independent powers—Germany-ruled.

Recently German proposals published in America have shown a disposition to admit the claims of Rumania to the Wallachian districts of Transylvania. Evidently the urgent need to create kingdoms or confederations larger than any such single states as the natural map supplies is manifest to both sides. If Germany, Italy and Russia can come to any sort of general agreement in these matters, their arrangements will be a matter of secondary importance to the western allies—saving our duty to Serbia, Montenegro, and their rulers. Russia may not find the German idea of a Polish plus Bohemian plus Galician border state so very distasteful, provided that the ruler is not a German; Germany may find the idea still tolerable if the ruler is not the Czar.

The destiny of the Serbo-Croatian future lies largely in the hands of Italy and Bulgaria. Bulgaria was not in this war at the beginning and she may not be in it at the end. Her king is neither immortal nor irreplaceable. Her desire now must be largely to retain her winnings in Macedonia and keep the frontier posts of a too-embracing Germany as far off as possible. She had nothing to gain and much to fear from Rumania and Greece. Her present relations with Turkey are unnatural. She has everything to gain from a prompt recovery of the friendship of Italy and the sea powers. A friendly Serbo-Croatian buffer state against Germany will probably be of equal comfort in the future to Italy and Bulgaria; more especially if Italy has pushed down the Adriatic coast along the line of the former Venetian possessions. Serbia has been overrun, but never were the convergent forces of adjacent interests so clearly in favor of her recuperation. The possibility of Italy and that strange Latin outlier, Rumania, joining hands through an allied and friendly Serbia must be very present in Italian thought. The allied conception of the land route from the west to Bagdad and India is by Mont Cenis, Trieste, Serbia and Constantinople, as the North European line to India is through Russia by Baku.

The Gate of the Black Sea

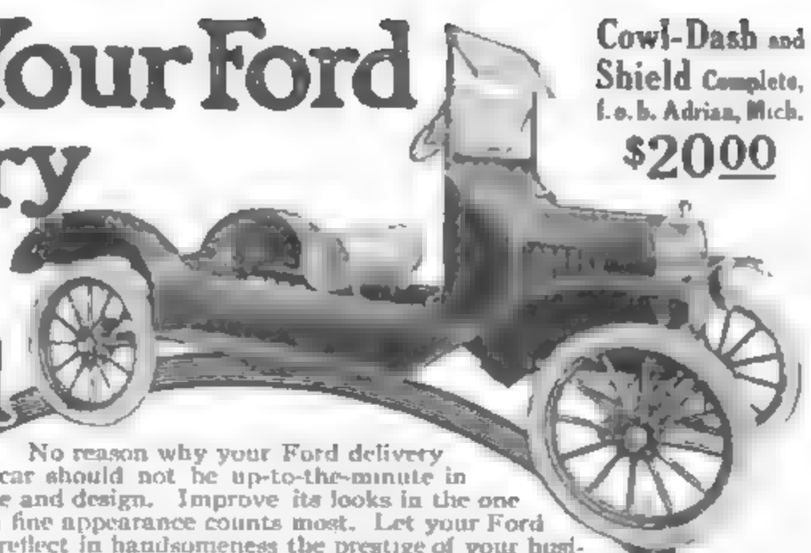
And that brings us to Constantinople. Constantinople is not a national city; it is now and it has always been an artificial cosmopolis, and Constantinople and the Dardanelles are essentially the gate of the Black Sea. It is to Russia that the waterway is of supreme importance. Any other power upon it can strangle Russia. Russia, possessing it, is capable of very little harm to any other country. Rumania is the next most interested country. But Rumania can reach up the Danube and through Bulgaria, Serbia or Hungary to the outer world. Her greatest trade will always be with Central Europe. For generations the Turks held Thrace and Anatolia before they secured Constantinople. The Turk can exist without Constantinople.

I confess that I find a bias in my mind for a Russian ownership of Constantinople. I think that if she does not get it now, her gravitation toward it in the future will be so great as to cause fresh wars. With the dwindling of the Turkish power the Turks become more and more like robber knights levying toll at the pass. I can imagine Russia making enormous concessions in Poland—for example, accepting retrocessions and conceding autonomy—rather than foregoing her ancient destiny upon the Bosporus. I believe she will fight on until she gets there. This, I think, is her fundamental end, without which no peace is worth having, as the liberation of Belgium and the satisfaction of France are the fundamental ends of Great Britain, and Trieste-Fiume the fundamental end of Italy.

But for all the line between Constantinople and West Prussia there are no absolutely fundamental ends. That is the land of *quid pro quo*. That is where the dealing will be done. Serbia must be restored and the Croats liberated; sooner or later the south Slav will insist upon himself. But except for that, I see no impossibility in the German dream of three kingdoms to take the place of Austro-Hungary, and even in a southward extension of the Hohenzollern empire to embrace the German one of those. Hungary, too, would be naturally Hapsburg; is, in fact, now essentially Hapsburg and essentially anti-Slav. Her gravitation to the Central Powers seems inevitable. Whether the Polish-Czech combination would be a Hapsburg kingdom at all is another matter. Only if, after all, the Allies are far less successful than they have every reason to hope would that become possible.

The gravitation of that West Slav state to the Central European system or to Russia will, I think, be the only real measure of ultimate success in this war. I think it narrows down to that, so far as Europe is concerned. Such, it seems to me, is the probable drift of the European map in the years immediately before us. If by dying I could end the Hohenzollern empire to-morrow, I would gladly do it. But I have, as a balancing prophet, to face the high probability of its outliving me for some generations. It is to me a deplorable probability. Far rather would I anticipate Germany quit of her eagles and Hohenzollerns and ready to take her place as the leading power of the United States of Europe.

Make Your Ford Delivery a 1916 Model



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No reason why your Ford delivery car should not be up-to-the-minute in style and design. Improve its looks in the one place a fine appearance counts most. Let your Ford delivery reflect in handsomeness the prestige of your business, as well as provide greater convenience for—and better service from—your driver.

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Adrian, Michigan
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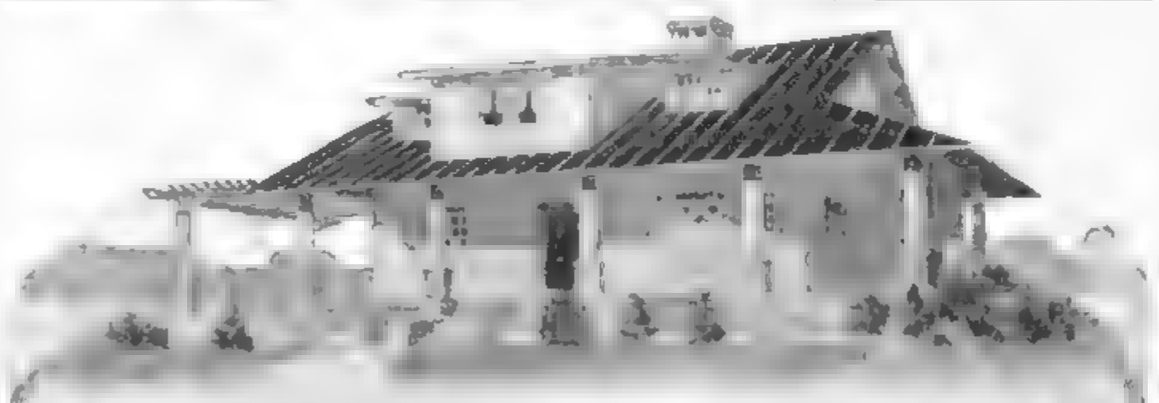

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The Great Aida Duet
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(O terra addio) (89029)

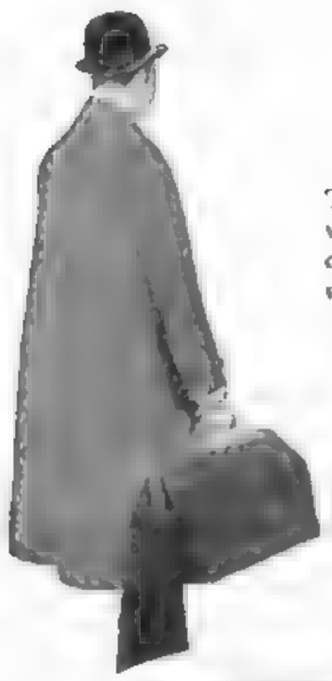
The Barcarolle from Tales of Hoffman
by Gluck and Homer (87202)

Duet from Traviata
by Bori and M'Cormack
(Parigi o cara) (88453)

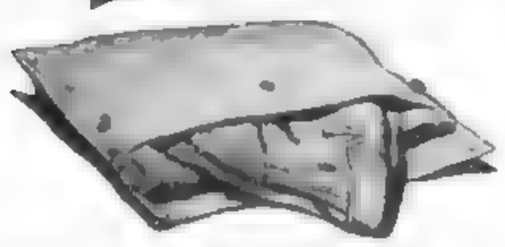
The Great Masked Ball Quintet
by Hempel, Caruso, Duchêne, Rothier, de Segurola (89076)

Duet from Trovatore
by Schumann-Heink and Caruso
(Ai nostri monti) (89060)

victor



The "No-wate" a worsted raincoat of unusual light weight



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Just the thing for automobiling or travelling.

Weighs only 32 ounces and folds into a neat rainproof envelope when not in use.

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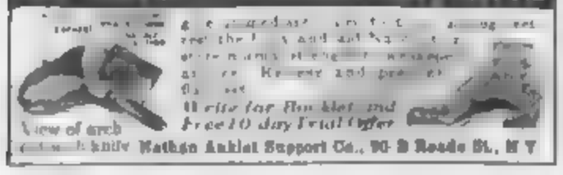

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Nathan Anklet Support Co., 90-B Reade St., N Y

RAISING OUR WAR BABIES

(Continued from Page 27)

jungle of arguments. Nothing need be said about that here except this—that, where a year ago people rather thought the industry wicked, to-day public opinion has swung round and Americans are anxious to know that we can make these mankilling things in an emergency.

Second, you can look at them as factory products; and in this phase they are mighty interesting for the difficulties involved and the extent to which American concerns have met them and speeded up processes.

One of the big contracts called for artillery cases—big brass cartridges for the French 75-millimeter gun and the British 18-pounder. We had a single small plant left over from the Spanish-American War, outside of Government arsenals. There had been another private plant, but the company owning it had thrown the machinery on the scrapheap. In 1898 it sufficed to draw these cases out of brass disks on a hydraulic press which made four hundred and fifty an hour; but that would never meet the 1915 demand. So the manufacturers took embossing presses as their model for new equipment. These presses had a speed of two thousand an hour, but had never been used for such large work. Embossing presses of great size were built, as big as a house. Even these were not strong enough in some parts at the outset and a lever would snap under the strain. Such parts were made twice as strong, and the machine made bigger and bigger, until it stood up and quadrupled the output.

Such artillery cartridges are formed over steel dies, which had been made in a single piece and stood up under the old speeds; but now these costly dies were often deformed by the new speed. A new type of die was made, in sections, on the pancake principle. When strain upset a die the injury was centered on a single pancake section, which could be quickly and economically replaced.

The new demand for military rifles called for unheard-of quantities of dies, used for drop forgings. There were not enough skilled diesinkers in the country to make them. In the jewelry trade, however, an automatic diesinking machine had been used for small work, like the pattern on a spoon, copying from a master die on the pantograph principle. This was seized, built up to new proportions, and set to making dies for gun parts.

To make rifles you must have riflers and barrel straighteners who are mechanics of exceptional skill. There were not three hundred riflers in the United States, says the general manager of one firearms plant, and he needed a hundred himself. He succeeded in hiring just three, and with those for a start proceeded to train others in a special school. Barrel straighteners were trained in the same way.

In the making of shrapnel and high-explosive shells it was the same story. Enormous production outran the supply of skilled machinists; so processes had to be simplified in order that workmen of ordinary ability could perform the different operations on special machines. These big projectiles must be made with watchlike accuracy. Inspection requirements are severe. Much ingenuity has been brought to bear on the problems.

The Famine of Machine Tools

One great plant took a contract for shrapnel. Its chief engineer is a philosopher, of German descent, socialistic and altruistic in his ideals, passionately devoted to world peace and brotherhood—and afraid of women! When the company took the contract he sighed, and sadly set to work to devise methods of making shrapnel that are said to be not only quicker and better than anything known before but so accurate that he has had no rejections on account of inaccuracy—which is distinctly a record.

Early in 1915 there developed in this country a regular famine of machine tools. The demands of munitions makers started it; and, as war orders created demand for peace goods to be used at home, it got worse. Foreign agents came into the market for machine tools. Salesmen, who a few months before were trying to get enough business to keep tool factories running at least on part time, were sent out to scour the country for everything in the shape of secondhand equipment that could be pressed into service. This shortage has been keenly felt in tools of the automatic type necessary for special work, and munitions-factory growth has been limited in just about the degree that equipment could be secured. Almost every one of the big new plants has floor space waiting to-day to be utilized as fast as machinery can be delivered.

There was a shortage of men. War stuff cannot be made by unskilled workers, and the country has been scoured for good mechanics. Other industries, like the automobile business, have been in competition for the workers, and mechanics have hesitated to move to the new munitions centers, because they have felt that the industry might not be lasting. One of the big munitions concerns in the East has a program to be worked out whereby two thousand new men are put to work each month, as machinery is delivered; and this will continue until between forty thousand and fifty thousand people will be employed. Nearly half of these will be busy making military rifles, a product unknown commercially in the United States fifteen months ago. And this is only one plant in a single line of munitions.

Raw materials have presented an acute problem. In the first excitement over war orders manufacturers in machinery lines took contracts without being certain that they could deliver the goods. While they were busy tinkering with methods, raw materials advanced to such an extent that they could not make a profit on the stuff even if they were able to manufacture it. In a year pig iron rose from thirteen dollars and fifty cents to twenty dollars a ton; steel rounds for shellmaking, from twenty dollars to seventy dollars a ton; copper, from fourteen to twenty-four cents a pound; spelter, from six to twenty cents; lead, from three and a half to six cents; high-speed tool steel, from one dollar to three dollars and fifty cents a pound. Those manufacturers who operated safely are the ones who, immediately on taking a contract, went into the market and bought all the material needed to complete it at prevailing prices.

When the War Ends

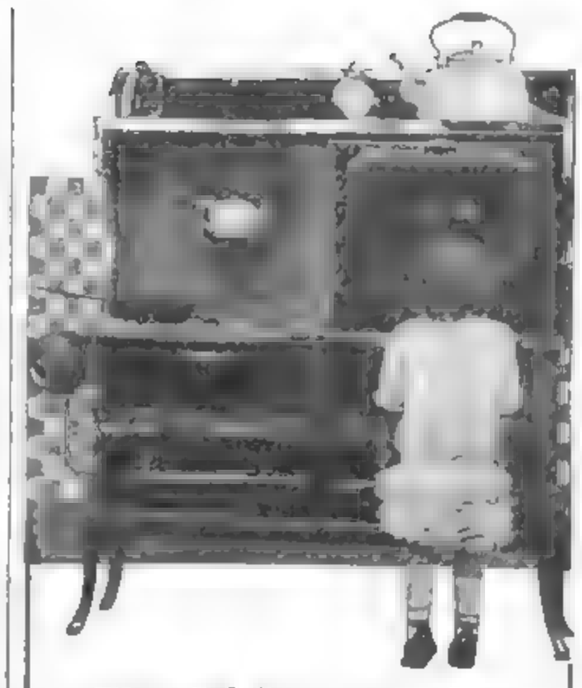
Freight congestion is another difficulty. Machinery and materials secured by the most skillful management have been tied up for weeks along the railroads. In one case a big concern sent motor trucks to places where materials were blocked and, with the aid of the railroad company, got its stuff out of the cars and finished the haul to the factory by highway. In another case the general manager of a munitions plant faced a shutdown for lack of several carloads of material. He put on his hat, went to the railroad yards, twenty miles away, to see what could be done about hurrying the stuff along. Three days passed before he came back; but when he did the belated cars were traveling ahead of him into the factory switch.

This is the munitions industry, the biggest and most phenomenal of our war babies. It has grown so fast that few people believe it can live long. From the stock speculator in ordnance shares on the curb to the drop-forge smith who is offered a job in making bayonets, everybody stands at a safe distance, anticipating a collapse or an explosion.

Capital is not standing aloof however. Investors plead for a tariff or a dumping act, or even a little Government assurance, before they risk money in dyestuff or chemical enterprises. But some of the largest new flotations in the past year have been based on munitions, and capital has been invested in them to the extent of many millions of dollars. Corporation has been linked to corporation to back them up in the most modern way from ore bed to shipping facilities, and most of the financing and construction is of the solidest description.

The munitions makers themselves seem to be not the least bit nervous about the future. They do not profess to be able to predict what will happen when the war ends; yet the indications in their particular line point to stability and they are investing money and building plants on the indications.

For one thing, it is fairly certain that they will be busy making war equipment for several years after the war stops. Present contracts have been accepted under such competition from the buying nations that



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they are to be completed regardless of what happens; and behind these contracts are more waiting customers.

Just the other day a responsible agent for a foreign government called on the president of a big firearms company.

"My country wants a million rifles," he said.

"We couldn't take another contract," was the reply.

"I will pay cash."

"We can't make them until present contracts are filled."

"I will pay cash in advance."

"My dear sir," said the president, "if you brought all the gold in your country and piled it on the floor of this office, and offered that for ten thousand rifles, we should still be unable to make them. Our whole plant is booked for months to come."

Several days later a strange voice spoke to the president over the telephone.

"Say!" it said jubilantly. "I've got an order for a million rifles."

"Is that so?" asked the executive, recalling the talk of a few days ago. "Well, what are you going to do with it?"

Joy went out of the voice.

"I'll be dog-goned if I know!" it said despondently.

Buying pressure for every sort of war stuff continues, as if the nations anticipated no end. It is the commonest experience in the munitions business to have people try to approach officials through assistants, and even through stenographers, in the endeavor to get shells, firearms, ammunition. Anybody who can get hold of and deliver anything in the shape of war material just now will find government agents hunting him up and buying on his own terms. But nobody is in such an enviable position. All the little lots of war junk that could be gathered up from odd corners have been secured by speculative gentlemen and put into trade.

Not long ago an enterprising promoter bought some cartridges in a South American country. They were twenty years old and worthless, but he had them hauled to the pier in New York and hurried aboard a ship being loaded for Europe. When they were in the hold he presented a draft to a banking house that acts for European nations, together with a false certificate of inspection. Before paying the draft the bankers notified the American agent for the nation to which this stuff was being shipped and learned that it was worthless. So the draft was returned unpaid, and the promoter's cartridges are now on the ocean, bound for nowhere. Probably that does not discourage him in the present bull market for war equipment, and he may yet sell them to somebody.

Munitions Demand of the Future

The munitions men expect to be busy anywhere from five to ten years after the war is over, and, though admitting that there is some uncertainty about the future, base their expectations on two broad considerations.

For one thing, the end of the war will find all nations nervous. International confidence has been upset to such a degree that thorough preparedness will be regarded as the straightest road to ultimate peace. Not only the nations now at war will maintain themselves on a war footing but neutral nations will feel safe only if they have a gun in the house. That ought to create a demand big enough to keep all our plants busy for a while, even when European makers of munitions are able to take care of foreign customers.

The Civil War was followed by a ten-year boom in the munitions business. Our manufacturers had developed new types of guns and ammunition to supply Uncle Sam, and the nations turned to them for what was latest in that line. Between 1865 and 1875 a single American firearm concern made more than one million army rifles for foreign customers, and the same demand, multiplied according to the present-day extent of armies and consumption of war material, would make a trade of unbelievable size.

Second, the munitions men anticipate a heavy demand from our own Government.

A year ago the very manufacture of munitions was regarded as immoral, and the growing sentiment for preparedness thought to be inspired by manufacturers who wanted to sell war equipment; but public opinion has swung round as a result of events in Europe. War material is known to be a necessity at this stage of the world's progress; and the munitions makers, finding that there is now a general interest in their industry, are figuring on what our Government must have if it carries out even a moderate program of preparedness.

Orators speak glibly about a citizen army of a million men on the Swiss plan. A million men would need, first of all, one million rifles and a billion cartridges for a day's fighting. If the order had been placed a year ago, with our lack of facilities then, it would have required fully eighteen months to equip factories and deliver the goods.

If it were placed to-day in the new plants that have grown up since that time, and had to take its turn with present orders from other nations, probably a year would have to pass before manufacture could begin, and another year before the order could be filled.

If it were placed to-day and there were no other orders ahead of it, fully a year would be required to make the stuff. Our present capacity on rifles is estimated at five thousand a day, and it will be perhaps seven thousand when facilities have been fully developed. That is a total capacity of about two million rifles a year, which is not very great in these days when war calls men to the colors in round millions.

The munitions makers were, by many people, regarded as dark plotters a few months ago, wickedly spending money to influence public opinion and legislation, so they might sell their products to the Government. But now it is seen that the demand for preparedness has grown up of itself, rooted in apprehension; and the munitions maker is not so often charged with selfish motives and secret ways.

Government Coöperation Wanted

He has a legitimate business interest in what Uncle Sam may do about his industry however. More than that, his experience during the past year with distracted foreign buyers of munitions may have given him some sound experience about what it would be best to do. Even a munitions manufacturer has moments when he looks at his organization in a patriotic way!

He reasons that here, through the patronage of Europe, we have built up factories for turning out war equipment on the most modern lines. These factories have cost us nothing. He has financed them out of the profits on the phenomenal foreign demand. The buildings were put up to stay, the machinery is all new and of the latest type, and the workers are trained men, mobilized under difficulties. To let such an industry fall back into nothingness again for lack of Government coöperation, he reasons, would be absolute folly.

Finally, if the world should suddenly recover from its war fever most of this plant and organization could be diverted to other products. Munitions plants are nothing more than machine shops. In the biggest firearms factory, for example, the equipment comprises about eight thousand five hundred machines. Of these about five hundred were built especially for gunmaking—barrel drills, rifling machines, and the like. All the others are general tools adapted to gunmaking—steam hammers, diesinking devices, toolmaking equipment, automatic screw machines, lathes, drill presses, millers, grinders, polishers, woodworking apparatus.

Practically the whole plant could be switched to make a wide range of metal articles, and even the special gun equipment utilized for sporting arms. In the shell and shrapnel plants conditions are much the same; and back of these factories, in the steel trade, the turning of facilities to other products would be even more easy.

So, on the whole, this munitions industry, which was the first war baby born and which has been responsible for much of the subsequent industrial revival, is as healthy a youngster as any in the war-baby nursery. During the next few years it is likely to flourish, no matter what changes may come.

Editor's Note—This is the second in a series of articles by Mr. Collins. The third will appear in an early number

P. Esterbrook

Pioneer Pen Maker

THE early pioneers who made this a land of personal liberty, had hardly a more potent influence on American history than those others—the pioneers of business—who made us commercially independent.

Beside the names of Peter Cooper, Eli Whitney and Cyrus McCormick, must be placed that of Richard Esterbrook, and graven in rugged letters "Pioneer Pen Maker."

Not unlike an earlier band of pilgrims, Richard Esterbrook and a small band of workmen left England in 1858, and a new American industry was born, destined to not only fill the home demands, but to carry the message of American resourcefulness to every corner of the globe.

The high ideals that inspired these early workers have been a priceless heritage to those who have followed and have made the present Esterbrook leadership inevitable.

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Send 10 cents for useful metal box, containing samples of the twelve most popular Esterbrook Pens, including the famous 048 Falcon, the most popular pen in the world.

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Whitman's Sampler

Surprise and delight attend your first acquaintance with the Sampler

One dollar — Two dollars — Three dollars

GOODYEAR AKRON TIRES

Easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers Everywhere

Goodyear Takes No Chances On Tire Fabric

A well-designed tire, with a fabric whose tensile strength is not as high as it ought to be, is like a fine house built on a rotten foundation.

Several years ago we decided that the quality of the best fabric then obtainable left room for improvement.

We asked the makers to produce better fabric for us. But, because their demand was large and their mills busy, experiments were naturally slow.

So we acquired our own fabric mill, did our own experimental work, and developed a fabric far above the ordinary in its quality.

This fabric was adopted as the Goodyear standard, and now *all* the fabric used in Goodyear tires must meet a quality test much more severe than formerly.

Now, stop and think what tire fabric must stand.

Forget for a moment the weight of the car, and the strains and stresses of driving, turning, quick starting and sudden stopping.

Consider only two great forces which are continually working toward the disintegration of the fabric.

Air-pressure from within—and, from without, a million hidden enemies lying in wait at every inch of the road.

These destroyers assault the tire at every turn.

They rain upon it millions of bludgeon-like blows.

Every second, these imps of the road swarm round your tires, seeking in a thousand malicious ways to break down the carcass.

Holes in pavement and road, loose, sharp stones, nails, glass, bricks, wire, tacks, ruts, friction, imbedded stones, ice, snow—all unite in a savage onslaught which never stops.

The extra strength of Goodyear fabric withstands these ceaseless attacks long after they have ruined tires with fabric of lesser quality.

Perhaps we give greater fabric strength than is actually needed—perhaps, according to ordinary tire standards, we are too particular.

Very well, then—we are too particular.

Road Shocks Can't Tear These Treads Loose

Isn't it a fact that you rarely hear of loose treads on a Goodyear Tire?

That is largely due to the unique Goodyear method of joining the tread to the carcass of the tire.

Every turn of a tire in action subjects the tread to the attack of mighty forces which seek to tear it away and destroy it.

It is pulled this way and that, by the driving effort.

It is rubbed and scraped when you put the brakes on suddenly and hard—as often you must.

It would cry out in protest, if it could, every time your car rounds the corner.

The tread cannot absorb these tremendous strains. It passes them on to the fabric.

And unless the tread is a perfect unit with the carcass of the tire, tread separation soon comes and the tire is done for.

The Goodyear breaker strip is made from a specially woven, porous fabric.

When the vulcanizing process is under way, the rubber of the tread crowds through the little spaces in the fabric and unites with the rubber in the carcass.

The rubber, forced through these holes under the tremendous air-pressure of the exclusive Goodyear On-Air Cure, forms into many tough rivets, and these rivets literally clinch or weld the tread to the carcass.

And what is the net result of these seemingly insignificant Goodyear features?

Why, simply this—that loose treads on Goodyear tires are practically unknown.

In almost every instance the tread on Goodyear Tires will wear down to the breaker strip, and through it, without splitting open.

This is one of many reasons why Goodyear owners ride with an easy mind.

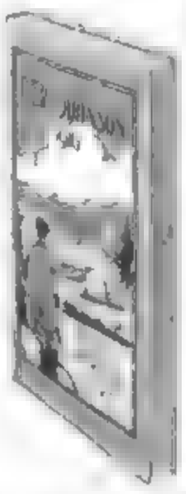
They know, also, that Goodyear No-Hook Tires are fortified against rim-cutting by our No-Rim-Cut feature; against blow-outs by our On-Air Cure; against insecurity by our multiple braided piano wire base; and against puncture and skidding by our double-thick All-Weather Tread.

Goodyear Tires, Tubes and Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers Everywhere.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
AKRON, OHIO

IVER JOHNSON

This Model $30



Everybody is Riding this Year

The splendid sport of bicycling has come back. Buy quickly, for there's going to be a shortage. Don't miss a single day of sunshine. Don't use one hour of this health-giving, youth-renewing sport. No more slow, jolting trolleys! Buy bicycles for the whole family and live in the country this summer. Ride to the golf course. Boys! Take a 1000-mile tour this vacation.

The Iver Johnson bicycle was a leader thirty years ago and leads today. It is the only bicycle that has never been cheapened. It is made of seamless tubing, not the welded tubing used in cheap bicycles. No finer bearings ever went into a bicycle. It is finished with four coats of baked, hand-rubbed enamel and heavy nickel over copper plate. Costs from $30 to $55. Juveniles from $20 to $25.

Iver Johnson Safety Automatic Revolver. Regular Model with Perfect Grip. Price $7.00 with Regular Grip $6.00

Iver Johnson Safety Hammerless Model. Price $7.00

Send for our big 84-page book

It tells how to get the best value in Bicycles, Motorcycles, Revolvers, and Shot Guns, single and double barrels. This valuable book is free.

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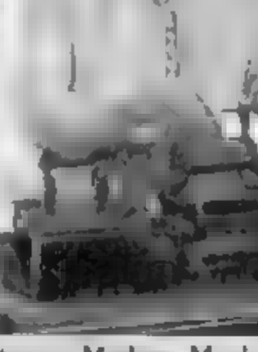
REMOVED
By This Little $45.00 Automatic Addressor

and the advantage of direct and quick communication with *customers patrons members* and *parents* brought within reach of all users of lists of names as well as large mailings at one-tenth cost and time of pen or typewriting.



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Montague Mailing Machinery Co.
Chattanooga, Tenn., and 279 Broadway, New York
Branches in Principal Cities
Pioneers in hand and ribbon-print Addressing Machines. Makers of hand, foot and motor Addressers for every purpose and size list from one hundred to one million names.

20 Best Gladioli 25c.

Best flowering sorts, all colors, 100 blooming size bulbs.
Also 10 choice named Gladioli for 25c. Some of the loveliest in cultivation.
Both lots 60 bulbs for 40c., or for $1.00 a 200 bulb collection will be sent for 60 cents.
All bulbs guaranteed to bloom. Send for our catalog.
Big Catalog of Flowers and Vegetable Seeds, Bulbs, Plants and Rare New Fruits free to all who apply. We are the largest growers of Gladioli, Cannas, Dahlias, Lilies, etc.
JOHN LEWIS CHILDS, Inc., Floral Park, N.Y.

THE GRACIOUS AMATEUR

By Maude Radford Warren

ILLUSTRATED BY EMLEN McCONNELL

THE old lady was sitting by her old-fashioned desk before the window that looked out on Fifth Avenue. Her plain silk gown was not cut in the prevailing mode but somehow suggested crinoline and delaine. Her fichu was fastened at the throat by an antique cameo pin. Her blue-veined, delicate hands were busy with the mail. She paused over an invitation and glanced up meditatively at the paintings of Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson; and she said:

"Another invitation from one of my gracious amateurs. I reckon I must go. This time it's a musician; she might as well have been a modern housekeeper or a poetess. At any rate, I'll see John Treherne and we'll have a little sensible talk when it's all over. Ah, well! The world has changed since my day, when people didn't take their accomplishments seriously; then the girls knew the difference between what is professional and what is amateurish."

The old lady presently found herself in the rooms of an exclusive woman's club, where she had been invited because she bore a famous name. She formed part of an audience that was fashionable except for a few professional musicians. The tapestries, which would have supported an orphan asylum; the beautiful clothes; the sophisticated, well-preserved faces—all were familiar to her. She looked at the platform, where were seated, in a conspicuous position, two pretty, smartly dressed girls, and, in an inconspicuous position, two other girls quite as pretty, but not so smartly dressed.

She listened to fragments of talk: "The twin daughters of Mrs. Van Tyne, one of our charter members."—"One of them composed the music and the other the lyrics; quite wonderful!"—"Those other two must be the singer and her accompanist; Brewster, the name is."—"I never heard of them. One ought not to have to remember the names of professionals; I cannot remember the names and faces of my own friends."—"Perfectly charming girls, the Van Tynes; no end of offers during their first season."—"Quite remarkable that they should have taken up music so seriously! Most girls think they've done quite enough if they go to school or college; then they shut up their books forever."—"Very well gowned——"

Then a perfumed hush; the president's introduction; the songs, rendered excellently by one Brewster sister to the other's perfect accompaniment; delicate applause—not for the Brewsters, but for the Van Tynes. Then one Van Tyne sister's explanation of how she happened to begin composing music at a sanatorium and how her sister agreed to make the lyrics; how they spent every morning in their studio, the maids having strict orders not to disturb them under any circumstances. More applause, more songs; then the end, with many gracious compliments for the Van Tynes, and a few compliments and all the flowers in sight for the Brewsters. The Southern lady knew it all by heart. She signaled to John Treherne, an eminent professional musician, who was forced to be present because he was under social obligations to Mrs. Van Tyne, and who, during the performance, had leaned against the wall in ill-disguised discomfort. He was a swarthy, healthy creature, looking like a prize fighter beside the little old lady; but they were kindred souls.

"Am I a carping old woman, John?" she asked him, as she drove him home with her to tea; "or is the world I live in a world of amateurs?"

He assured her heartily that, whatever she was, she was right and the world was wrong.

"It is the girls and women who make me think it is a world of amateurs," she said. "When I was a girl in Virginia I worked hard, like my mother. Let no one think that all I did was cut the flowers from the garden and decorate the home. I was no amateur; I was a professional, for I seriously helped to make that home, and I worked as hard as a general servant in a London boarding house. We had a large number of slaves, house servants and field servants both, who were all big children. We had to see that their houses and morals were clean; we had to give them medicine and nurse them when they were sick. We were clergymen and doctors and nurses and parents to them, and when it was necessary we took the little negroes into our houses and brought them up.

"Our own land raised the provisions and clothes for us all. Mother and I had to show the house servants how to spin and weave and dye and cut and make the clothes from the cotton and woolen cloth.

Famous Wonders
Giant Geyser
and
All Caramels
Chocolate Dipped

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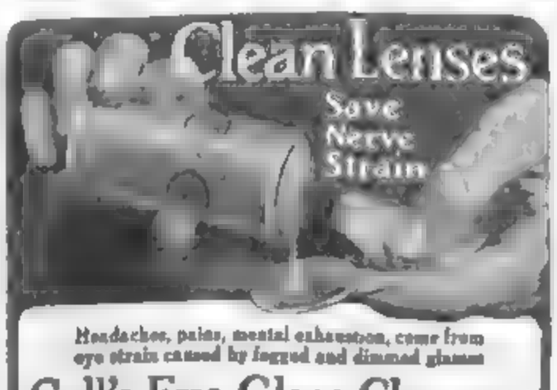

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25c at your druggist, optical or department store. If your dealer hasn't it, send 25c for full-size package of Call's Eye Glass Cleanser. Contains enough to last a year. Important—don't delay. Do it now.

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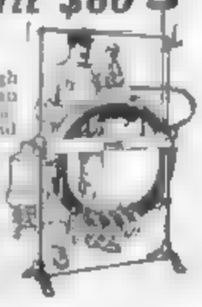
Does as good work as the big high priced vulcanizing outfits. A boy can use it. It's the only vulcanizer that has Automatic Heat Control and Regulator. Write for catalog describing it.



FREE BOOK

"How to Open a Tire Repair Shop." It tells how to make big money. Don't delay. Write quick.

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We didn't just watch; we planned and directed and helped. We kept track of the food; saw that the proper amounts of wheat and corn were ground; saw that the flour was properly barreled and given out in right proportions for every bit of bread and cake made on the place. We worked sixteen hours a day when the cattle and hogs were killed. John, if I had a dollar for every sausage I have made I'd be right rich. Sausages—sausage meat ——"

Musician though he was, and looking forward to a light tea, her listener lost the thread, and his fancies grew fat and succulent. The lady brought him back to the point.

"We kept track of the hams and bacon and sausage meat in the smokehouse. We salted and pickled and preserved. Sometimes, after a party, when I had ridden or been driven home a good many miles, I was allowed to lie in bed; otherwise I was up at six o'clock, summer and winter, ready to help get the breakfast for my father and brothers; ready after that to go to work in the linen room or the sewing room. I never knew what an idle day was, except an occasional week when I went visiting, or that fortnight when I was married. We called what I did housekeeping; but I reckon if a modern woman had it to do she'd call it citykeeping."

What Girls Do Not Learn

"Sounds to me like some chore," he remarked.

"You see what I mean by not being an amateur," said the old lady. "My father was well-to-do, but he worked and I worked. To-day, if a woman's husband has an income of from three thousand a year up, and a small family, she is considered by her husband and her friends not to be a workingwoman; she is considered to be a member of the leisure class and her function becomes more and more decorative. The modern woman, sir, does not even thoroughly supervise her own servants; she is too busy. I do not know what she is doing that keeps her so busy, since she does not spin and weave and cut and sew and bake and brew with her own hands, as I did; but everybody says she is too busy, and so I reckon it must be true."

"The mere mechanics of living take up a lot of time nowadays," the musician said, with a feeling of loyalty toward his many nice women friends who thought themselves busy.

"The modern women I know who call themselves housekeepers," she went on, "are woefully ignorant of the fact that they are amateurs. Such a woman prides herself on the fact that she knows food values; but so did we. The only difference is that we did not talk of calories, and we didn't measure everything with scales and measuring cups. As my old mammy said, we did it with our eyes—but we got results. Your amateur is determined to be a good housekeeper and cook; so she goes home and tells her cook how to do it. When she gives a dinner party she plans all the fixings, so they look sweet and pretty; then she makes one course all by her own self, and she tells her guests, and they all praise her and go away thinking what a fine housekeeper she is. But the really hard work has been done out in the kitchen by the cook and second girl, and by a hired cateress. My old mammy or I could have got up a big dinner alone; we might not have had so many courses or so many pretty fixings, but we'd have had right much to eat and would have saved a lot of energy.

"Maybe your modern amateur mother, wife and housekeeper thinks she will increase her usefulness by taking a course in millinery; so she goes to a high-priced millinery school and she spends fifty dollars for lessons and materials, and she does turn out a very creditable hat. Then she sees on Fifth Avenue one she likes better and she buys that; so she's not very much ahead. Of course they're not all like that; but I cannot help feeling that if women had a real grasp on housekeeping they would be ashamed to fiddle away at the fine arts in the presence of anyone except the members of their own families."

The musician sat forward, illuminated.

"You betcha!" he cried colloquially. "You betcha you've hit it! That is the reason why the world is cursed with amateurs in the fine arts. It's the defective modern civilization that allows our upper and middle class girls to be without arduous home duties. Maybe they have to answer the telephone or arrange the flowers or dust, but they are given no housekeeping problems for their minds to bite on. The home, which shelters girls and which, therefore, ought to be the source of their real education, since they do not get education from the world outside, this home is becoming more and more a disappearing factor. The average girl, who leaves school and is graduated into the home, is graduated into a condition of idleness and rusting. Yes; and you find it among the lower-class girls, too, who have got to earn money. Their mothers want the girls to be ladies, which means idlers.

"I know a washerwoman who supported her husband and kept him out of jail until he had gone to the eternal jail of six feet of earth, and kept her boys off the streets and in school until she got them steady jobs. Then, with the remnants of her strength, she began to bring up her youngest, who was a girl. My mother offered the girl an education in a business college.

"'No; I thank you, ma'am,' the washerwoman replied; 'that's not the kind of eddication I want for my girl. She is to have the eddication of a lady, and so she is taking china painting and elocution.'"

"If I had my way," said the old lady, "every mother would discharge her cook and hand the management of the family over to her daughter until the girl mastered what is preeminently a woman's real work in life. It would be hard on the family temporarily, but it would be a great education in realism for the girl."

The musician was started on his own line of thought, however, which had to do with amateurs in the arts.

"The upper-class amateur can put it all over the amateur with less social standing when it comes to getting an audience," he mused; "for she comes from a circle of women who always have leisure to be gracious. They've got so many hirelings to save time for them that they can always do whatever is socially required. One important social requirement is to patronize the fine arts; and what could be a more graceful way of doing it than by having members of exclusive circles do creative work, while other members applaud?"

"Like this afternoon."

"Yes. You heard that little spiel the Van Tynes gave about their hard work and their studio? Well, the Brewsters told me all about it. The room has a piano and a desk; but it also has two couches, a bookcase full of recent novels and magazines, a basket of fruit and two boxes of candy. If the Van Tynes feel lazy the morning after a dance they lounge on the couches until luncheon. The Van Tynes are like your amateur housekeepers; they don't know what hard work is and they will never get beyond the stage of playing at their art. The Brewsters have; they don't go to dances for fear of spoiling their work. They have all but starved for their art; they don't know what the pleasures of girlhood are."

The Truth About the Audience

The old lady, being Southern, had no inherited taste for girls bold enough to go out into the world to earn their own livings; but she, too, was open to new ideas. So she listened while Treherne praised the Brewsters, and then harked back to his own wrongs—that he had had to listen to the amateur music.

"How they dared to waste my time for me like that!" he stormed as they drove up to the old lady's door. "Art! Pah! Stuff, cheap borrowed tunes! And the words! Love and dove; night and light; thee and me! What I should have done was to stand up there and tell those women what I thought of them—the audience, I mean."

The old lady had a sense of humor.

"Make the speech now," she begged.

So the eminent musician, careless of passers-by, stood on the sidewalk, in front of the lady's grinning chauffeur, and preached.

"Three-quarters of you rich women are wasting your time when you patronize the fine arts," he boomed. "In this you are no worse off than three-quarters of the women not rich, but only well-to-do, who take up 'culture.' At the bottom of your minds you know this, if indeed you ever explore that obscure region which lies at the bottom of your minds. Not three of you really understand music; but, of course, you have to talk a little twaddle about it and be seen occasionally in the neighborhood of an orchestra or an instrument or a voice.

"More than half of you are bored and you use the time to go inwardly to sleep.

(Continued on Page 54)

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BARRETT AUTOMOBILE JACKS

April 1st 1914

THIS is the Barrett Jack in No. 311 chromium plate, moderate price all utility requirements as to lifting capacity and varying axle heights for light and medium weight pleasure cars. It is dependable in emergencies, with machine cut teeth, malleable iron base, and an instantly adjustable sliding footlift. Height, 11¾ in. weight, 8½ lbs., footlift adjustment for axle heights from 3 ins. to 11¾ ins.

Price $2.00

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FOR assuring the smooth running of your car, you investigate the efficiency of the engine. But in the inevitable emergency—the blowout, the puncture—an efficient and dependable Jack becomes more important than the engine. You want a Jack you can depend upon.

When you look in your tool box and find a Barrett Jack you know that the manufacturer has had forethought enough to prepare you for your emergencies.

One or the other of these two Jacks will best meet the requirements of every car. Your local dealer will show you either the Universal or the Regular Barrett Jack if not supplied with your car.

Leading Dealers Everywhere

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Not long ago one of the leading men in the automobile industry said: "Under present and prospective conditions a contract is nothing more or less than a legal license for an argument."

And he meant that, due to prosperity and an over demand for merchandise, there would be a serious shortage of raw materials; that manufacturers contracting for automobile parts might in many instances be disappointed on deliveries no matter how binding the contract seemed to be.

What he said is true — and serious. Each day it grows worse.

All metals have advanced in price. Copper is up 100%; the price of aluminum has trebled; all grades of steel have advanced from 100% to 200% — some higher.

The cost of labor is up — 'way up.

Consequently those who have not foreseen and prepared are going to be pretty seriously handicapped.

Both the large and small automobile manufacturers have to take this into careful consideration.

Deliveries are going to be of paramount importance.

He who cannot keep faith with his contract this year will undoubtedly damage his business and his reputation beyond repair.

He who promises definite monthly deliveries and falls short is only committing commercial suicide.

Fortunately — we are prepared.

The public will do well to remember this. It is a year for you to keep your eyes open.

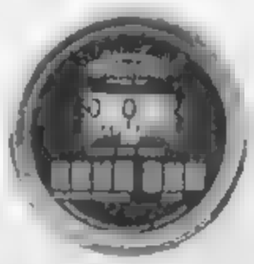
See that the car you buy is standard in every sense of the word. Study the specifications. Take nothing "just as good."

The established parts makers are all in good shape. They can deliver. They are prepared.

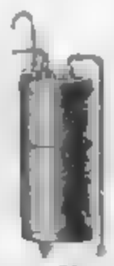
So are we.

The Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corporation Chicago, U. S. A.

"No car is better than its accessories."



Stewart Speedometer for Fords
$10



Stewart Vacuum Gasoline System
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Stewart Hand-Operated Warning Signal
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Stewart

A Production of 1,000,000 Speedometers

It is estimated that over 1,000,000 automobiles will be built during the coming year.

This smashes into smithereens the great record of only last year—which was considered gigantic.

But we are prepared.

We have planned a production of 1,000,000 Stewart Speedometers.

We doubled our factory to do it. We increased and enlarged our branches. We opened up additional service stations. We bought raw materials months ago.

Our foresight made it possible for us to escape the present high scale of market prices.

Why did and could we do all this?

Because we have the resources.

We do 95% of the speedometer business of the country.

The automobile manufacturers of America have come to depend on us for their speedometer requirements.

In many instances they have come to regard us as an integral part of their organizations.

We are prepared to equip every one of the million 1917 automobiles with Stewart Speedometers.

The Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corporation has the confidence to prepare on such an enormous scale. It has the capital to do so.

It has the organization and facilities to make such plans. It has fully protected itself on materials.

And what of all things is most important to you—it can make deliveries.

Manufacturers, dealers and the public would do well to carefully consider the foregoing.

See that the car you buy is equipped with Stewart products—Stewart Speedometer, Stewart Vacuum System, Stewart Tire Pump and Stewart Warning Signal.

The Stewart is a standard by which all automobile accessories are made, sold and judged.

"No car is better than its accessories."

Stewart Motor-Driven Warning Signal
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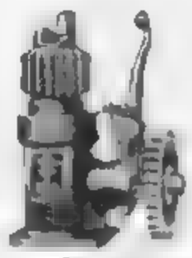
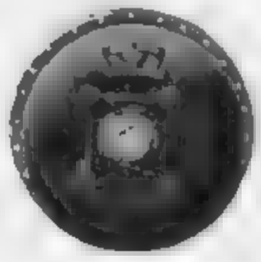


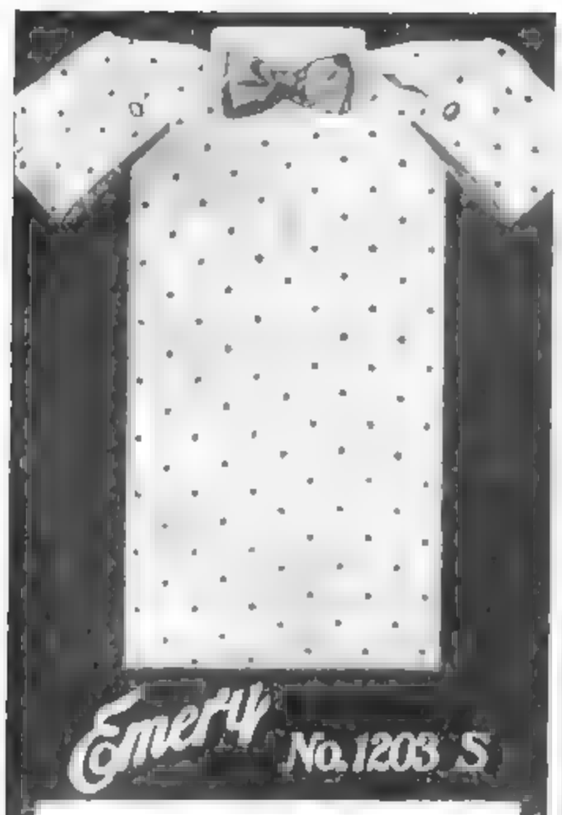
Stewart Tire Pump
$12



Stewart Starter for Fords
$40

The Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corporation
Chicago, U. S. A.

Speedometer



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to guard against or correct foot troubles. This Catalog will help you find the RIGHT shoe for your foot. Send for it to-day.

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[illegible] M. JONES CO. Box 46 Des Moines, Ia.

(Continued from Page 51)

You welcomed the musicale this afternoon because a lot of your friends would see you being gracious to music and you'd score there; and because it gave you a chance to be agreeable to Mrs. Van Tyne, who would have a claw ready for any of her friends able to come but not present. Lastly, you welcomed a club to-day, as you always do, because it enables you to see a lot of people and keep yourselves in mind without the bother of calling on one another or telephoning or offering invitations.

"If you'd only be genuine you would cut out your pretense of caring for music or art of any sort, and put in the time dancing or eating or gossiping. You'd take your silly daughters away from their flirting with the fine arts and let them learn to keep house or run a farm or a suffrage office, or do something that any practical woman can do—because a useful woman can be made, but an artist has to be born. *A bas* the false amateur!"

When Treherne and his hostess were seated over the teacups he pursued the subject at another angle.

"Uh-huh!" he said. "And I'll tell you another thing: This accomplishment business that girls play the amateur in is just a case of salting the mine."

"Salting the mine?" queried the bewildered old lady.

"Yeh! Done to catch a husband, don't you see? You take a man and put him in a comfortable chair, give him a cigar and let him listen to a pretty girl singing at the piano; the poor boob figures her, not as a good-looking, lazy trollop, whose mother is in the kitchen telling the maid not to throw out the leftovers, but as a combination of angel and wife, nurse and cook, dressmaker, songstress and beauty. He's hypnotized. Inside he's got a lot of ideals about housekeeping, and all that; and, just because the girl looks pretty and sings to him, he takes it for granted that she can run her home as successfully as he runs his office. If she handed him out a slice of pie she had made he'd not feel that way. It's her singing that salts the mine."

"Blame him for his imagination," said the old lady, whose old-fashioned ideal it was that girls never did any of the wooing.

"Oh, it's universal human nature to salt the mine," Treherne assured her. "The men do it too. Salting the mine has always been done. You think back and see whether the girls of your day didn't sketch and play the harp. My mother painted on china and played the piano. They do it—every generation—until they get married. That's all right. What I object to is having them keep on with it until they think they are distinguished amateurs. Their next step is to annoy the professionals."

"In my days," she said, "there was no attempt to annoy the professionals. I suppose there have always been gracious amateurs, especially since the days of Queen Elizabeth, when noble persons wrote verses and have continued to do so down to Queen Carmen Sylva; but in my time most girls were shy of thinking they were competent in anything but housekeeping."

The Arts-and-Crafts Period

"I guess it's only within the last two decades," he said, "that the amateurs, in great numbers, have been putting squatter's claims on the territory of the fine arts. A few years ago, all over America, there was a mad passion to fashion beautiful things. The ghost of William Morris was and is still wielding its influence over the world. Youngsters in grammar school were taught to make pottery. Half the girls you knew did burnt-wood work and stenciling. Perfectly sensible people began doing weaving and dyeing. In the art schools classes multiplied in modeling, wood carving, jewel setting, bookbinding, and even typesetting. Various rich women established shop studios for themselves and their protégées in art, where lace was made and sold, books bound and sold, and semi-precious stones set in silver."

"I remember. It was a craze, of course; but at least they believed in it tremendously while they were doing it. I reckon everybody overpraised them. I must say, though, that after I went abroad and saw the work of the Old Masters I didn't think so badly of them."

"The jewelry was the worst," said the eminent musician vigorously. "Nobody ought to touch jewelry who hasn't hands like roseleaves. One of my friends, who had a silver shop, made me a silver pin. It was of a weird shape and held some sort of pebble—I believe she said it was made after an Irish model; but I think better than that of the Irish. Its clasp was the clumsy sort of thing you'd expect a blacksmith to produce. Of course I had to wear it every little while. I was mighty glad when the friend who gave it to me married a foreigner, so I could lose the thing without fear."

Manlike, the musician preferred to do the cream of his thinking alone; and so he bade good-by to his friend and departed, reflecting that the difference between the professional and the amateur, aside from talent, lay in the power to work seriously, and that talent, grasp and the power to work are what separate one grade of professionals from other grades. He agreed with his old friend's parting words:

"After all, the world needs the amateur, be she true amateur or false; for sometimes the amateur becomes the professional and sometimes the imitation becomes the real. And if it is a case where the rich are concerned art needs all it can get, on any terms, from money."

The fine arts have to stand ready to allow a reputation to both the professional and the amateur. The professional has the advantage, because he is usually without money and must gain a living as well as a reputation. This living he must consider from both the angle of the public and the angle of the fine art to which he is a servitor. Thus, he must be alert, studious, strenuous and humble. He knows he is smaller than his art, and he follows after her patiently and painstakingly. He knows he must please the public, or the muddlemen who represent the public, and it is advisable for him not to think too highly of himself. His failings are likely to be numerous, in proportion to his temperament; but in one thing, so long as he is a real professional, he never fails, and that is to put his work first; put it above everything, and especially above himself.

The Amateur's Attitude

The amateur, on the contrary, does not, as a rule, need to consider a living; so she—for it is usually she—is tempted not to be humble, but rather to patronize her fine art. This is not her fault; it is the almost inevitable consequence of having enough money to live on without working. Lacking the spur of financial need the amateur cannot realize the necessity of a long apprenticeship to her art. She does not know the working value of concentration and perseverance.

Above all, since the test of salability is not often applied to her work, her sense of values is likely to be disturbed. She judges her achievement by the appreciation of her friends. This is not a fair test, because the judgment of friends can never have the impersonality of the judgment of the possibly purchasing public.

Lately the standard of achievement for the gracious amateur has grown more severe—just as a college education is now considered necessary, when thirty years ago an academy education was quite sufficient. The girls and women have been able to rise to the requirements. The majority of the amateurs are writers and actresses; and this is natural, since the children of the rich have, as a rule, a gift of expression. But there are also many painters and sculptors, etchers and singers and dancers. Here and there a rich girl sings for a season in opera.

Perhaps her sister sets up a shop for house decoration; she may even become an architect or a landscape gardener. She is used to having everything, and therefore she must have what the fine arts will give her.

Sometimes the gracious amateur turns into the professional. There are such writers and painters and etchers and composers and pianists in New York and Chicago, who do excellent salable work—the salability being the crude but convincing test. To such people far more credit is due than to the person who must be a professional for bread-and-butter reasons, because the rich amateur is surrounded by temptations of which the working professional can know nothing. To resist the temptations, both insidious and obvious; to tear themselves away from the wiles of their own attractive circles; to push away the casual, the tentative; to stop flitting, and concentrate and sustain themselves on the one object—when the amateurs do all this, as many have, it proves shining character; and it points to certain and steady achievement in the fine arts. One of the Grosvenor twins proved

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that, with the proper spur, an amateur may become a professional.

The Grosvenor twins were the handsome children of a rich man. Not having athletic tastes, they never took up the outdoor craze. They would not hunt, rode badly, swam badly, sailed a boat badly, and were miserable tennis players. They liked reading, did very well in amateur theatricals, and had collecting hobbies. The brother, Charles, collected weapons, thereby giving his girl friends chances to display pretty fear and marvel, and himself chances to be masterful and reckless in swinging wicked-looking steel. The sister, Jeannette, collected ivories of sorts. His hobby palling, Charles got up a writers' club, in which his set was very much interested. The deplorable instinct of competition, thriving in almost every breast, found here a new field of endeavor. The club met fortnightly and listened to the lucubrations of members. Charles found himself seriously interested in short-story writing. At last one of his stories was accepted by a magazine. Jeannette said she must illustrate it.

Jeannette could draw and paint a little. She made the illustrations for the story, but, being a clear-sighted girl, she knew they would not do; so she searched out a young illustrator, who was just beginning to bombard his way into the magazines, and employed him under the seal of secrecy to correct her drawings. The editors, who had offered to look at her illustrations, wrote back that they would be glad to accept them. From that time on the Grosvenor twins were considered by their friends to be taking their art very seriously. Charles wrote all the time; but Jeannette did not draw all the time, for only about one in ten of Charles' stories found a market. Jeannette could not always rejoice when a story was accepted, for the illustrator who remade her drawings was now commanding such good prices that he asked her just twice what the editors paid her.

Then circumstances took the twins out of the amateur class. Grosvenor Senior was caught in a panic; and one evening he informed his children that within three days his failure would be published to all the world. Jeannette, who had a level head, contrived that very evening to engage herself to a man who had for two years sought her in vain. Three days later, when the newspapers informed interested readers of the Grosvenor crash, she offered her lover his freedom, which he, of course, refused. Thereafter she said she was too busy to draw. Charles fell desperately on writing; and, being uninterrupted by social engagements and having come to grips with the realities of life, he entered the professional class and did sincere, constant and salable, though mediocre, work.

Why Cecilia Took a Studio

The amateur rarely becomes the professional, however, because it is not in her to give herself heart-whole to the fine arts. She has, of course, every right to play with art, for even when she takes it most lightly she may be doing herself some good; but when she takes it most seriously she may be doing good to a lot of other people.

In a suburb of a Western metropolis live a couple who have a small theater in which they give plays. These plays are usually by foreign authors and not yet printed in English. They are invariably good and add to the pleasure of the well-read people who see them performed. Moreover, the acting is good and improves with the years. In this case proprietors, translators and actors have been working for years and are moved by a real love for the art.

What they are doing may be the first step toward the local and national American theaters for which Lady Gregory and others are asking.

Sometimes an amateur turns into a patron of the fine arts, spending energy and time to bring the best the fine arts have to offer to the public and rewarding the work of the professional. These people do not always get the credit due them, for they do not merely get experts to buy great masterpieces of ancient art for them—that requires no brains and is often the crudest sort of advertisement.

These real lovers of the arts use their brains and energy in fostering the life of the fine arts of to-day, and more than often they do it inconspicuously. Usually all they get out of it is their noteworthy place in the choir invisible.

Only too often, however, the amateur's motives are most hopelessly frivolous.

"Why did you take a studio, Cecilia?" asked Miss Murray Hill of Miss Upper Fifth Avenue.

"Everybody seemed to think I had talent," replied Cecilia with becoming modesty. "We make the most of our good looks, don't we? And we take advantage of the opportunity our money gives us. We ought not to neglect any of our assets, as I look at it. I'm dreadfully bored with all this social life that doesn't get one anywhere. I want something real. And if I actually have a talent I ought to make the most of it, I suppose."

"Why did you take a studio, Cecilia?" repeated Miss Murray Hill with a shade of mystery in her tone.

"I've been trying to explain, Katherine. Of course it would be impossible to have a private room in our house. Mother wouldn't dream of respecting my privacy, though she'd not dare to telephone to father during office hours unless it was on a matter of life and death. You know one can't do any work if one is interrupted or expects to be interrupted."

"Why did you take a studio, Cecilia?" Miss Murray Hill insisted with an emphasis that was compelling, though soft.

The two girls had been brought up together. They could remember the first party at which they had met, at the age of five years, when there were more nurses and governesses present than there were children. They had gone to school together, had spent a year abroad with the same governess, had come out during the same week, and for three years had been dining and dancing with the same men and girls and chaperons. So, notwithstanding all their discreet disguises, they could, if need demanded, read each other's motives.

Bohemians and Dynamiters

"If you must know," said Cecilia tartly, "I took the studio for half a dozen good reasons. One is that if I am supposed to work in the morning mother won't have the assurance to make me sit at the telephone for an hour or two telephoning for her. It's quite too dreadful the way she makes me break and make engagements with her friends, and arrange for hours with her tailors and dressmakers and doctors and beauty specialists! I'm the one who has to order the flowers, and call up the caterers, and order boxes for matinées; and all the time she sits comfortably having her hair or her hands or face done, while I work for her."

Miss Murray Hill murmured sympathy for the victim of maternal selfishness.

"Another reason for having a studio," went on Cecilia with a sidelong glance, "is that I can receive letters without having a dozen questions asked. All the mail in the house is brought to mother before it is distributed. This is an age when girls have enough intelligence to conduct their own correspondence. When I said that to mother she replied that she did not doubt the modern girl's intelligence, but she did doubt her good taste. Don't you think, Katherine, that in this day and generation daughters should be trusted?"

"Why haven't I a talent?" asked Miss Murray Hill bitterly of the powers that be; "a talent that would justify me in renting a studio."

"You must come to mine," said Cecilia with a sigh, because she must let one more person of her own set into her secret. "I have the most delightful times! Marie always comes with me, of course—the same as she would if I were going to a painter's studio to sit for a portrait; but I poke her off in one corner of the room, where she mends or reads and never bothers me."

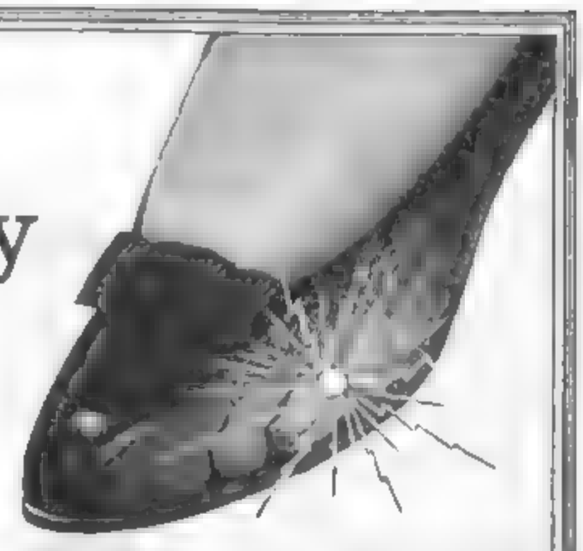
"I'm waiting," suggested Miss Murray Hill.

"Oh, Katherine! It's such a lark! I've met the most delightful lot of people—real Bohemians, who have had all sorts of experiences and don't hold anything sacred but freedom. Nobody ever asks questions about anyone else; you don't know whether couples are married or not, especially to the persons they are always seen with. It's as bad form in their set to try to find out anything about people's private lives as it would be in our set to take them in without knowing a lot about them. Everything goes without saying. They talk of all sorts of things. I've never dreamed of such ideas as they have."

Cecilia paused, and then went on darkly: "A dynamiter had tea with me the other afternoon—a man who'd not only made bombs but, for all I know, blown people up

(Concluded on Page 57)

My Enemy My Corn



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ANOTHER triumph for quality! Another victory for efficiency! The superiority of Havoline Oil is no longer debatable. Science has confirmed Havoline's pre-eminence. In the fiery furnace of *competitive test* with the twelve leading automobile oils, Havoline demonstrated its superiority not merely in one but in *every essential element* by which the value of lubricants is judged.

This dramatic standardization test was staged at Purdue University, Indiana's noted seat of higher learning. The purpose of the test was purely scientific. It was carried on independently by the Mechanical Engineering Department of the University. We neither requested nor knew of the competition.

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The test was based on the most advanced principles of scientific analysis as applied to mechanical subjects.

Havoline Oil was awarded *first place* because it outrivaled—all other lubricants in these essential elements:—

In wearing qualities Havoline led all other oils.
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The demonstration is *conclusive.* It places Havoline supreme among lubricants. It gives scientific sanction to our constantly repeated claim for superiority. It confirms the judgment of thousands of motorists who have for years used Havoline Oil and recommended it to their friends. It is the final answering note to the validity of the far-flung and far-sung Havoline Oil slogan—

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Havoline Oil is used everywhere a motor car will go. The Havoline Oil you buy at the mountain garage, at the village grocery or the big supply station exemplifies the same qualities which graduated Havoline *first* at Purdue University. It is the purest, finest and most dependable lubricant in existence and its cost, despite its *proven* superiority, is no more than that of other lubricants. Why temporize with the *next best!*

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INDIAN REFINING CO.
DEPARTMENT A
NEW YORK

(Concluded from Page 55)

with them. It wouldn't be good form to ask him whether he really had; but I know he's a dynamiter, for he told me his theories about blowing people up. I'm meeting people I never could hope to know if I didn't have a studio. It's like having all the excitement of sowing wild oats and all the time knowing one is perfectly respectable, and can chuck it up when one likes. Katherine, if you want to have the time of your life you'd better discover some creative power in yourself and rent a studio."

Other amateurs use the fine arts as they do their charms or money, as a means of personal advertisement or advancement. There is an increasing number of fashionable women who are accepting the circumstance that, as the years march on, more and more is expected of women. They seem to tap from some hidden source the needed vitality to match the expectations of the world. Some of them go in for suffrage; but they have found out that leadership in suffrage, for example, is a work that takes efficiency and keen brains. It requires a mental power that has not necessarily anything to do with the power which produces the social talent, in which most of them are proficient. Social talent calls for adaptability, spontaneity, a gift for the casual; but it does not necessarily call for concentration, sustaining power and unerring grasp. These last must belong to the woman who wishes to make her mark in the world of suffrage. The time has gone by when great names and passive support mattered.

The fashionable woman who identifies herself with suffrage to-day, and who works actively, cannot afford to run the risk of showing inefficiency. Therefore, many women, responding to the superior expectations of the age where women are concerned, determine on distinction, but do not want to invoke the sort of distinction that calls for unremitting work. So, if they have a taste for any of the fine arts they cultivate it, for the fine arts may be taken up or laid down at will—like a social climber.

One such woman was tired of outshining the women in the light game called Chase for the Hearts of Men, and decided to make her preëminence felt in other ways. She was versatile enough. She had written songs that had been sung by professionals—at a price; and she had acted in amateur theatricals that had been done before *hoi polloi* for the benefit of charity. One such play had been adapted by herself from a French comedy. This fact gave her the idea of writing real plays.

Like most people born to the purple, she had no fear of failure. The sense that success is due one is equivalent to the professional's sense that success has got to come because he cannot starve. She had, also, the delicate sense of advertisement, which is a valuable aid to the sense that demands success. She looked about her for such professionals as would assist her talent. The thought came to her of taking up some actress and then writing a play about her; but a few tentative experiments convinced her of the inadvisability of that.

The difficulty was that the creatures were quite as egotistic as herself. They were actually thinking of their own success and did not propose to be exploited by anyone. They seemed to think that the aristocracy of the Bohemian world was quite as important as the aristocracy of the social world. To be lionized meant nothing to them, because they were used to attention. They quite thought they were giving as much as they were receiving when they went to fashionable houses. When it came to accepting plays on which their future depended for a year they had no intention of imperiling themselves.

So the fashionable aspirant for dramatic success angled in a different direction. She took up a dramatic critic, his wife and, above all, his pretty daughter. Before long he became her literary adviser. This meant that he educated her as to what managers wanted and what kind of plays such and such stars would like. She also got the benefit of his twenty years of critical playgoing. Finally he gave her some ideas for plots.

At last her opportunity came. A play that had been accepted by a certain star was about to be thrown up in mid-rehearsal. The dramatic critic told his gracious amateur that if she could get a play ready in a week which would fit the star it could be offered to the star at the psychological moment when he had declared he would not put up with his moribund play a moment longer. The amateur and the critic withdrew to her country place, where they worked like dray horses.

"We," the lady said, as they worked; "I," the critic thought, his strenuous labor having given him clear sight. But when the play was finished and taken to the star, and had received his favorable consideration, it was the lady who was saying "I."

The play was presented to the public and had a moderate success before a papered house, and most eulogistic notices from the dramatic critic. The star, saying "Never again!" took it on the road, where it had a moderate success without papered houses. The amateur's friends, however, magnified its success and glorified her achievement.

If she had been a real professional she would have had to get at something else at once, because a professional is never allowed to loll back and contemplate his laurels; he must keep his place in the profession; but when the amateur makes a reputation among her own friends in some fine art her halo does not grow dim. The assumption is that she did it once and could always do it again if she cared to.

There is room for everybody. The amateur has her place as well as the professional, but it is a different place. She has, as a rule, neither the ideal of service nor the wish to work hard. Her tendency is to burn incense before herself by means of some fine art, instead of whole-heartedly making herself into an incense for the worship of the fine art. The amateur has the attitude of the mistress and not of the servitor; she condescends and does not aspire. She is fickle and unfaithful because she does not and cannot understand the loyalty that any fine art must exact from a devotee.

This is her privilege; but, so long as she exerts it, she can never become a professional. Thus, she is shut out from a rich heritage. She cannot know the zest which comes from throwing away all that is casual and impermanent, and putting the best of oneself into a permanent, exacting and infinitely rewarding work.

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Especially necessary—to give the rifleman confidence in his rifle—is thorough acquaintance and practice with the rifle sights. Do not begin monkeying with your sights after you get on the game field—know your rifle before you attempt to use it at the last instant.

Most of the American-made rifles you get will shoot too high for you. The reason for this is that these guns are sighted at the factory by a man who holds the tip of the front sight just below the edge of the bull's-eye at which he aims. The expert will tell you that in this way he gets a clearer and more exact vision—the front sight is not lost indefinitely in the black of the bull's-eye. Yet it is easy to see that this man is hitting higher than he is aiming all the time—that is to say, his rifle is shooting high for you. In actual practice on game you do not want to stop to allow for anything or to hold below or above where you want to hit. The instinct for your eye is to hold your front sight exactly where you want to hit; and your rifle, to be practical, ought to be arranged for that purpose.

That was the way the old squirrel rifle was sighted. It had no provision whatever for changing the elevation of the rear sight—a small flat bar with a notch in it and a small low-lying front sight constituted all the machinery there was about it; and with this machinery men managed to kill game. That theory is the correct one for actual fieldwork to-day. It is just as well, if you want to get absolute confidence in your rifle, to work to something of that plan. There is a vast difference between bulls'-eyes on the target range and bulls on the hoof. It is the latter with which you are more especially engaged.

There are a great many rifle sights on the market, all intended to make rifle shooting easy for the novice or for the man who does not get out very often in the open. None of these sights will make a rifle shot out of you. You must have practice to get confidence in your weapon and in your sights; but if there exists in your case some physical impediment, some peculiarity of the eyes, then practice will do you no good. You must, therefore, determine whether your eyes qualify you among the users of the open-sight rifles, or among those who, by reason of astigmatism or other faulty vision, or of old eyes, must be obliged to use some kind of peep sight or aperture sight.

It is conservative advice to you—and very safe advice in these days of flat trajectories—to stick to the open-sight school as long as you can. On the rifle range we have time for theories; but on the game range we have not. We still have the instinct to shoot quickly and to shoot directly at the spot we want to hit. The old school of open-sight riflemen did not change the rear sight very much—they simply drew a little fine or a little coarse with the front sight; and the look of the front sight was the determining factor in making the shot. This was the old plainsmen's system, even in long-range work on antelopes and buffaloes.

Theory and Practice

There is one great thing to be said in favor of the open sight, which is often forgotten by the theoretical writer on rifle shooting—and that is the illumination, or the distinctness with which the sights can be seen. In a dark wood or on a dark day, or in a snowstorm or rainstorm, you cannot see so clearly through the average aperture sights as you can through the average open sights. For all purposes, therefore, the latter are more apt to be ready for instant work on a fairly efficient basis. If, therefore, you can still shoot the open sights, and if you have your sights adjusted not to hit four or five inches above where you are holding, but to hit directly where you hold with a fairly fine sight, you will have worked out the system that, in all likelihood, will hang up the most meat in your camp.

Suppose you are something of a theorist, however, or suppose you are something of an old man, which is more to the point, and that for you the open sights begin to look a little woolly round the edges; there remains the refuge of certain scientific optical principles. In reality the most accurate shooting you can do will be through some sort of aperture sight. Thus, you will get a long sighting base—that is to say, your sights will be a long way apart—and, as your eye is close to the rear sight, your actual practice will be more accurate than it is apt to be with the open sights. You will relatively lack illumination and you will have relative difficulty should you find that you need to readjust your range.

In the latter case you cannot just draw closer or coarser with the front sight—you will have to hold your whole system of sighting at a point above the place you want to hit on the animal. If you are a man of the old open-sight school this change in practice may cost you a head or two of game. It may fuss you all up and make you irritable for a time. Your theorist—or your man who has grown accustomed to this style of sighting on a rifle—will laugh at you and tell you it is all your fault. This latter is true. The aperture sights are not mere fads. We are here speaking of their limitations.

The great argument in favor of the old open sights is the argument in favor of all foolproof devices. The gun always on hand, always ready to go off, and always safe to shoot with a certain percentage of accuracy, is the one that will do the most good for the most men. Finesse in trajectory and sights is something for those more concerned with writing than with shooting. If your desire is not to be a faddist or an "expert" so much as an efficient gentleman-sportsman in the field, you will perhaps do better to consult with some practical hunter who has established his own right to be heard, rather than to consult the theorist or those who have worked things out academically and not on the hoof—sometimes on a space-rate in journals which invite dogma and cultivate discussion. In such discussion it usually is held mild merely to call a fellow writer a horsethief.

Your Choice of Systems

No matter which school you elect to join, either from choice or from necessity, you will find plenty of weapons to-day that will shoot better than you can—weapons too good and too destructive when it comes to that—too certain and too accurate for the good of the game.

There is one system of sighting which uses the aperture idea on both rear and front sights. The front sight, instead of being a bead or knife-edge, or a dot, is simply a little ring. All aperture sights—of which this is one of the latest developments—rest on the fact that when the eye is looking through any circular hole it unconsciously looks through the center of that hole.

When you first begin to use rather large aperture sights you see all out-of-doors, and it does not seem to you that you can by any possibility be accurate; but if you look through the center of that hole you unconsciously, without mental effort at all, are running a straight line from your eye to the point you want to hit; and there is no rim of metal between to blur or bother you.

The only restriction as to these or any other aperture sights lies in the fact that they seem to imply a known range, a certain light and stable conditions. Now the actual hunting conditions are not so stable. A mountain sheep is not going to wait long for any theory of yours. If you know the range, and if your aperture sight is of just the elevation to hit just where your eye looks through the center of your sight, then you get your sheep.

Hundreds of head of big game are killed annually with aperture sights. Also hundreds of head are missed, both with aperture sights and open sights. In your own case simply use the sights in which you have the most confidence, and use them on a rifle with which, instinctively and unconsciously, you can shoot pretty much to the right spot closely and quickly. In other words, let your system for rare game or dangerous game be as nearly foolproof as possible. It is always at just the wrong time that theorists get balled up. Work out your own theory, and put it into practice so regularly that it ceases to be a theory and remains only certainty and confidence, only habit, on your part.

Good roads that *decrease* the taxpayer's bills—

THE driving-wheels of every automobile do exactly the same thing every time they go around—*they pry and grind into the road surface.*

Every point, no bigger than a pin-head, on the circumference of these driving-wheels is the end of a lever stretching from the axle to the ground, and that lever digs at the road to move the car along.

It is that incessant dig and pry of the driving-wheels that tear up the macadam roads, that grind out the dust, that loosen the stones. The front wheels are quite innocent. It's the fierce driving-wheels that ruin the macadam.

Horses' hoofs also tear up the road surface in the same way and throw it to the four winds.

Do you wonder that ordinary roads wear out with thousands of driving-wheels and thousands of horses' hoofs digging at the surface?

And they dig deep into the citizen's pockets, for repairing those roads is a costly proposition.

The taxpayer is the "goat," for he foots the bill.

The way to avoid all this waste is to build roads suited to *modern traffic!*

That means, in most cases, Tarvia roads, for such roads are specially designed to meet these trying conditions—at a very low cost.

Tarvia roads resist the dig of the automobiles three times as long as the old macadam without any repairs. They resist horses' hoofs because they have a plastic surface instead of a brittle one.

Before—

Above illustration shows the dusty and worn-out conditions of Sinsinawa Avenue, East Dubuque, Ill., before Tarvia was applied.

The use of Tarvia insures a road that is smooth, dustless, waterproof and durable.

There are thousands of Tarvia roads in America. Many of the great Boulevard and Park Systems have been treated with this material.

Executive Avenue in front of the White House in Washington is a splendid example of Tarvia work.

Wherever a road is treated with Tarvia the traffic instantly increases, because automobilists, teamsters and drivers of vehicles of every sort like this easy-traction, dustless, mudless surface.

And most important of all, the use of Tarvia in the end usually costs the taxpayer nothing, because its cost is more than paid for in the annual saving of maintenance cost.

How are your roads? Is your community using Tarvia? If not, for your comfort and from the standpoint of lower taxes, wouldn't it be a good idea to send for some of our booklets telling about this treatment and explaining its many advantages?

Tarvia

After—

Illustration below shows Sinsinawa Avenue after Tarvia made it traffic-proof, dustless and free from mud.

Special Service Department

In order to bring the facts before taxpayers as well as road authorities, The Barrett Company has organized a Special Service Department, which keeps up to the minute on all road problems. If you will write to nearest office regarding road conditions or problems in your vicinity, the matter will have the prompt attention of experienced engineers. This service is free for the asking.

If you want *better roads* and *lower taxes*, this Department can greatly assist you.

Booklets on request. Address our nearest office.

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New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, Detroit, Birmingham, Kansas City, Minneapolis, Salt Lake City, Seattle, Peoria

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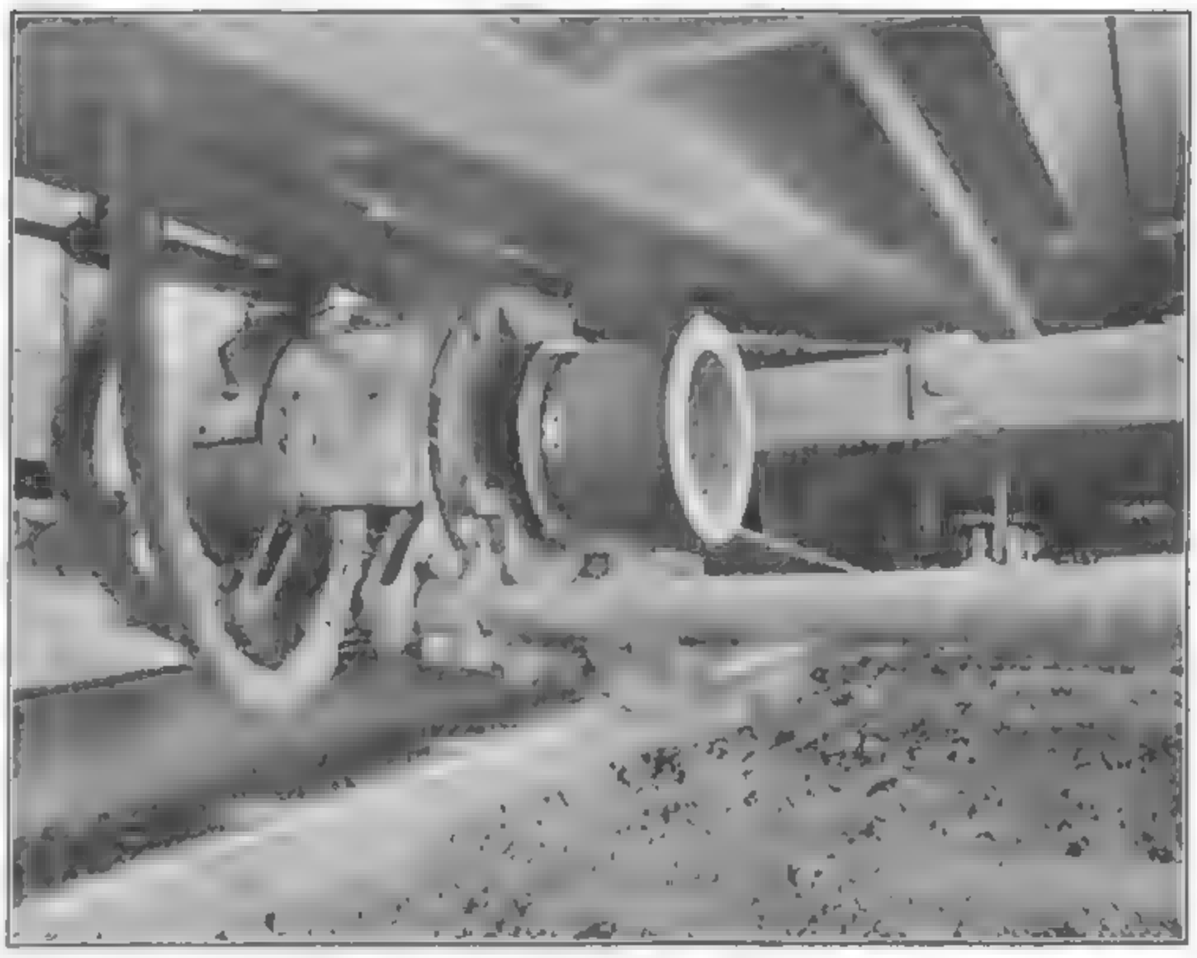
When The Boss Says *"Stop the Leak"*—

Look into the Relation between Belting Efficiency and Fuel Cost.



Under every electric-lighted passenger car is a dynamo, which generates the current for lighting the car. The Anaconda Belt has done more than any other one factor to make possible this remarkable development in car-lighting with all it means, not only for the comfort of passengers but also for efficiency, showing the lowest cost per car mile in day-in-day-out service of all types of belting tested.

IN a railway club car, recently, the sales-manager of one of America's largest electrical manufacturing corporations was explaining the workings of the train lighting system.

He drew a picture of the generator mounted on the truck down under the car and of the devices to keep the lights bright and even regardless of train speed.

When somebody remarked that under the car was a pretty rough place to work, he said:

"There is one of the hardest services imaginable. With dust, mud, water and ice, it is a wonder the machine stays in place, much less generates current. Conditions are so bad that we have found *only one type of belt that will successfully transmit power from the car wheels to the generator. No other belt has a chance.*"

The belt is Anaconda.

* * *

The importance of transmission belting in the industrial plan can hardly be over-estimated. One of the biggest problems engineers have, is economically to transform power into work. For every million dollars spent for power-generating coal, at least one hundred thousand dollars is wasted through friction and slip. Much of this waste may be saved through a study of scientific transmission.

Engineers are going into the matter very thoroughly and putting aside prejudices, fetiches and handed-down theories. *Now of all times it is necessary to know a belting name and what it stands for.*

Leviathan-Anaconda is a scientific belting for power transmission, conveying and elevating. Leviathan belts are for indoor and fairly protected conditions: Anaconda belts are weather-proof, water-proof, fume-proof and heat-proof. The name is important because it stands by itself and cannot be classified by ordinary standards. Leviathan-Anaconda are designed to save manufacturers money by saving power and by costing less over a given period than any other belting. *What they are made of is not important. What they do is the thing.*

* * *

Twenty-one years ago, John Quincy Adams of Johnstown, New York, put a Leviathan drive in his tannery. In June, 1913, he ordered another: not because the first was worn out but because he wanted to have it on hand when needed. The new belt hasn't been needed yet.

At Bethlehem Steel Company they bought a little four inch belt for trial. When they put it on they set in an extra piece "against the time when the belt should stretch." They never took it out. *The Leviathan-Anaconda process for removing stretch removes it for good.* The manufacturer who is best able to understand this is the one who is already using Leviathan-Anaconda belts.

In a New England paper mill there is a Leviathan belt rated to deliver 29 horse-power. For the past fourteen months it has been handling 95 horse-power. Many of our customers consider that our horse-power rating in belts is entirely too conservative.

Make your Coal Bills Deliver More Power and Greater Profits.

At Kosmosdale, Ky., there is an Anaconda conveyor carrying hot cement clinker. The superintendent of the plant says, "The 446' of 24" 6-ply belt . . . has seen 400 days' actual service. The belt has conveyed 647,249 barrels of clinker and is in fair condition at the present time." This is a cost of less than .0013 of a cent a barrel. *The composition in Anaconda does not oxidize.*

A war munitions plant "somewhere in Canada" increased the output of one of its sections by 76 per cent. through installing Anaconda on its machines, *without speeding up or using any more power.*

Ask any lumber man about the difficulty of driving a "hog"—the machine that takes any and all sizes of waste lumber and macerates it, so that it may be used for fuel. It is the meanest belt position in a mill.

A letter just received from Georgetown, S. C., says, "We are very well pleased with the results we are getting from the 16" x 6-ply Anaconda for the hog drive." This after six months' running in a place where many belts do not last a week.

* * *

Leviathan-Anaconda Belts are sold by us direct to the users.

Leviathan-Anaconda Service is available at first hand to every user of our belts, no matter how long they may be in use.

Buyers of belting will find valuable information in the new Catalog just issued by this Company. This will be sent without charge. The demand is greater than expected. Write at once.

LEVIATHAN AND ANACONDA BELTS
for Transmission, Conveying and Elevating
MAIN BELTING COMPANY, Philadelphia
New York Chicago Pittsburgh Seattle Birmingham
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THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A HYPHENATED AMERICAN

(Continued from Page 11)

and he never felt disgraced when he had to labor with his hands. You know how they look at a laboring man in Germany. Over here no one is ashamed of any kind of work so long as it is honest. One man is as good as another no matter what he does. He can climb as high as his talents will take him without having to live down the fact that he started at the bottom."

Though I readily understood the message she meant to convey it did not cheer me. I was not performing honest, useful work, like sweeping the streets—they needed it sorely—or digging a ditch. I was merely a nuisance, an intruder told by innumerable signs to keep off the premises, a pest against whose visitation many families kept dogs.

In all my efforts to make a living by selling things this idea stayed with me. I felt that, coming right down to bedrock, I had no business trying to force upon people stuff they did not want. Looking back I can see how this sentiment expressed itself in my approach. Because I felt like an intruder I was given an intruder's welcome. Before opening a door my astral body projected itself through the keyhole and, hat in hand, begged the occupant's pardon for daring to enter. I had lost the battle before I opened my mouth, and every rebuff made the next approach harder, more apologetic. Expecting a refusal I got it with such monotonous regularity that I could scarcely believe my senses when I did make a sale.

Worst of all, though, was the lasting effect exerted upon my character by this constant excuse-me-for-casting-a-shadow attitude. It drained into the gutter four-fifths of the self-confidence that is the mainspring of achievement; it almost robbed me of my self-respect. At times the recognition of this weakness drove me to the opposite extreme, caused me blindly to hang on when there was not the slightest chance of success, induced me to antagonize people on account of imaginary slights. These occasions, however, were very rare. Humble self-effacement became a habit. Though I have since won a fair measure of success, I have lost opportunity after opportunity through lack of self-confidence. The price I paid for the few years spent in misfit vocations has been very heavy.

A Change of Luck

Basing my conclusion upon observation and personal experience, I have come to the belief that the activities of the average young man between the sixteenth and twenty-third years determine his entire career. If during that period he runs into a blind-alley job without bolting out of it again, the chances are that he will never find himself and will stay in it. Habit and the necessity of providing for the next week's needs will clip his wings, strangle his rebellious ambition and make a more or less contented drudge of him. If he hops along pecking at one casual job after another, matrimony usually glues his trousers to the grocery wagon's seat. I have likewise observed many youngsters who, pushed into tasks beyond the powers of their limited experience and immature judgment, fell with so hard a bump that they did not try again. The reservoir of compressed motive power, self-confidence, had sprung aleak. Next to inherited qualities, the wise choice of a vocation suited to the likes and powers of the young man is the best foundation for a happy, useful life, it seems to me. Yet American parents and American boys seem to pay little more attention to the choice of a life work than they give to next week's weather.

When I was sitting on the porch listening to the kind grandmotherly voice I was not fully conscious of the flealike agility with which the average American hops from one occupation into another. All the successful immigrants I knew of had stuck to one vocation for many years—and I seemed to have grabbed the tail of the wrong one. I did not feel particularly cheerful when I arose to take my leave, nor did the cloud lift when dear old Mrs. Bremer, with a great air of absorbed interest, picked up the wringer and subjected it to what she believed to look like a most critical analysis. I stood by, dumbly miserable.

"Five dollars isn't too much," she announced presently. "Write out a receipt for two dollars and a half and come back next week for the balance. Your coming has saved me a trip downtown, for only yesterday the girl said that ours was wearing out."

Blushing furiously I wrote out the receipt, accepted the money, stammered my gratitude and hurried away. I was outwardly quite cheerful when I reported my first sale, but underneath the surface the consciousness of having accepted charity continued to burn for months. Yet I should have deeply offended the old lady had I refused to sell her the wringer which I knew she did not want.

The following morning—it was Saturday, with black thunderclouds gathering north and south—my fate was sealed. I made three bona-fide sales in two hours. A giggling bride only a week from the hosiery counter and the altar bought the first wringer almost without looking at it. Two blocks farther north a thrifty, sophisticated German housewife bought the second wringer and gave me a Belmont Avenue address where I could sell number three, though she did not produce the address until she had received a definite promise of fifty cents' commission if the sale was made. The Belmont Avenue prospect bought a twelve-inch wringer for seven dollars. Thus my earnings in a single morning reached almost three dollars.

I proceeded to compute my profits on this basis. An income of only three dollars a day—I had earned that sum in a morning—would enable me to save a minimum of twelve dollars a week or, in round numbers, five thousand marks in two years. By tutoring and practicing rigid economy I could go through the university on that amount. I resolved generously to buy Mrs. Bremer's wringer back the next week, and when Krone renewed his offer to advance the money for the passage home to Germany I declined.

Peddling Rugs and Clocks

The following week I made two sales and earned exactly two dollars and twenty cents. Wherever I went the agents of the two big installment concerns selling the same line of goods from wagons in charge of a crew manager seemed to have preceded me. Noticing my increasing discouragement and worry Krone at the end of the week made a new proposition. He offered to guarantee a minimum of five dollars a week, four dollars of it to be retained for room, board and laundry, if I would take care of Jake, the pacing mare that pulled his buggy. I accepted gratefully. Though the job involved currycombing and brushing the mare, washing the buggy, removing the manure, keeping the harness clean and the axles greased, it was honest labor and gave me a fixed income.

Weeks passed and grew into months, but business did not improve. I changed from wringers to clocks, from clocks to rugs, slinging three gaudy, eye-filling ones over my shoulder, without changing the net result. And the work never grew easier. Every morning I had to kick myself through the gate and up the stairs to the first door. Every month the task, despite greater glibness of tongue, grew more onerous and distasteful. I welcomed every excuse to knock off work. Often I stopped canvassing without any excuse whatsoever, and kept on walking and walking until I struck the river or the long viaducts over the railroad tracks.

The river fascinated me. The breath of the northern woods came from the holds of the lumber schooners; the sunshine, the wind, the open spaces of the broad prairies seemed to be locked in the blunt-nosed grain steamers proceeding unhurriedly to the tall elevators. The wealth of half a continent flowed up and down the black oozy stream. I dreamed away many hours on the bridges and docks, and I spent other useless hours watching the trains glide over the maze of the tracks into the big terminals, before I could get up steam enough to knock at another back door.

Yet the work was not without interest or value. For one thing, it forced me to extend my English vocabulary, perfected me with extraordinary speed in the practice of everyday American and, best of all, lifted me at once out of the racial group and

The Best Drivers KNOW

that LONG HORN never goes "dead" —never fails—always averts danger.

LONG HORN opens up traffic for you like magic. It means safety all the time. It is a real preventive of law-suits.

LONG HORN "Always Warns"

INVENTED BY G. F. LONG

The LONG HORN is the highest quality mechanical horn for automobiles. Its unfailing dependability alone makes it worth the price—$5.00—or even *more*.

Nothing *can* go wrong with the LONG HORN. You press a plunger and you're absolutely sure to make a real noise. It needs no fixing, no "adjusting" after being attached. It never will rattle. It will *outlast* your car.

The warning given by the LONG HORN is a sustained, a rolling sound. In tone you can have a long, low rumble or a loud, sonorous danger signal at will.

This horn always has been spoken of as one that "warns without offense." That is because its notes, while commanding, are not disagreeable—not raucous.

In design, appearance, construction the LONG HORN excels in proportion to price. But we want you to put one on your car because it "*Always Warns.*"

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THE POWER OF THE PRESS
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A king might well envy the power that's yours,
For the thoughts that flow from yo' pen
May put a sword or an olive branch
In the hands of a million men.
So, let each word that yo' good pen writes
Be worthy an' brave an' true,
An' full of a "let live" spirit toward them
That happen to differ with you.
From the kindliness Nature gives VELVET
Learn the kindness that makes a man great;
Let VELVET'S slow-burnin' bring ca'mness
That gives an opinion real weight.
Velvet Joe
A STRONG tobacco may have lots of flavor, but you can't smoke as much of it as you want.
A mild tobacco often has only its mildness to recommend it.
But VELVET combines mildness and flavor in such a way you can smoke all you want, and want all you smoke.
That is because VELVET is the choicest Kentucky Burley tobacco. And Burley has, by nature, the qualities that make it the choicest of pipe tobaccos.
Then, these qualities are made smoother and mellower by Nature's own way, as VELVET is fully matured by two years' natural ageing in wooden hogsheads.
Velvet
TOBACCO
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
10c Tins 5c Metal-lined Bags
One Pound Glass Humidors

the racial ties in which the average immigrant often spends his entire life. I met grown men and women, born and raised in Chicago, who spoke English with a strong German, Swedish or Polish accent. As soon as I realized that the bridge across the Atlantic was burned I set out to eliminate every trace of a German accent. Thanks to the thorough foundation laid in the German high school I succeeded, except that a trace of the London accent acquired in the classroom is apparent to this day. That also will be eliminated shortly.

To an immigrant accustomed to the racial unity of the Western European countries the mixture of the races in American cities is bewildering. For a long time I could not keep the different nationalities apart, and more than once my ignorance of racial traits and antipathies got me into trouble.

The apostles of universal, everlasting peace maintain that their goal will be reached when the artificial barriers between nations are broken down, when the different peoples give up their claims of superiority over one another and realize that it is best to live and let live as one large family. And they point to the Melting Pot, to the United States, as proof of the ease with which the nations of the earth can live side by side in peace, freedom, harmony and equality.

Those universal-peace advocates have never been immigrants. If they should carefully examine their inner consciousness they will find that they, too, looked down upon all varieties of immigrants from a lofty eminence of national superiority before the glow of the great peace ideal purged their souls of racial conceit. Yet this unpurified attitude is the attitude of the masses, and the immigrant feels it. That's why he endeavors so frantically to Americanize himself in speech, dress, manner and even name. That's why the American-born children of immigrants often look down upon their parents, sneer at their authority and laugh at their mannerisms.

All of which is not said in a spirit of criticism. Had Germans or Frenchmen colonized America the result would have been the same. The native population has the money, the position, the social standing; the immigrant comes in humbly, hat in hand, and in a strange jargon asks for a piece of the pie. Whether he has polish and education or merely muscle and patience, he is the poor distant relation in Uncle Sam's big, fine house. The immigrant has always performed the hardest work for the least pay; he has always occupied the bottom rung of the social ladder. Hence it is only natural and logical that the old stock should look down upon foreigners, and that the condescending attitude maintained toward the immigrant should also be maintained more or less toward the races from which the immigrants sprang.

From Monarchist to Anarchist

In the weeks before Christmas Krone was exceedingly busy satisfying his customers' clamor for jewelry and silverware, but the demand for my wringers and rugs shrank till my commissions dropped far below the stipulated minimum guaranty. In January there were many days too cold by far for canvassing. I spent them skating in Lincoln Park or applying coats of fresh paint to the screens stored in Krone's houses against the summer's needs. Spring came and my earnings in several weeks rose to nine dollars, but my zeal did not respond to the stimulation. I ceased breasting the current. What was the use? All hope of saving enough money for the completion of my studies had vanished by spring. The dream was shattered. At last I was face to face with the situation that confronts every cabin immigrant who lands in America without connections, influential friends or a regular remittance from home. Pride would not let me return. The work I was doing held out no hope. What should I, could I, take up? There was no answer. I began to drift with the broad, swift current that empties its freight of derelicts into the Dead Sea of human ambitions and aspirations.

When I tipped the deck steward and landed at Hoboken I was a monarchist with strong democratic leanings. Immediately upon breathing American air the pomp and trappings of royalty appeared so sublimely ridiculous that I became a republican—in the French sense of the word. Six months later I was a red, rabid, ranting, roaring anarchist, aquiver with the hope of running smack into the Social Revolution right round the next corner, searching the horizon anxiously for the first glow of the Great Conflagration that was to cleanse the foul world for a new start.

Many a cabin immigrant has traveled the same road. The marvel of it is that so many of them succeed in lifting their feet out of the tanglefoot of the fascinating, near-bloody, safety-first revolutionary propaganda in the United States.

Circumstance and chance propelled me into the camp of the ultra-reds. Had I been able to carry out my plan of saving two thousand American dollars in two years I should probably be slinging bombs in Flanders or Courland to-day. But my plan went to smash, and in retaliation I began to talk loudly of curing the ills of organized society with nitroglycerin.

I am glad that I became an anarchist. Anarchism gave me a cause, an ideal to cling to during a period when the future looked so gray, so sordid and mean that I began to lose my grip, tossed self-respect, enthusiasm, ambition overboard, and was almost ready to become a high private in the army of the dodgers who wander in the zone between casual work and petty crime.

The Cigar Store Club

Half a year after my arrival in Chicago I found myself in the same hole out of which every American college graduate has to crawl, only I was deeper down. I had a beautiful, broad education which did not come to a point anywhere; I was crammed with knowledge, but I had no training. Though my unfinished preparation for a professional career was invaluable later on, at this time it was about as useful as a loud honk-honk horn without the automobile belonging to it. With its help I could make a great and learned noise, but it didn't get me anywhere. My English still limped along in the tight shoes of a restricted vocabulary. Of business I knew nothing. I had no friends or connections who could put my foot on the lowest rung and give me a lift. Worst of all, I lacked that cheerful, happy-go-lucky optimism that is the birthright of every normal American native, no matter what nationality his parents.

Europe is old, anxious, crowded, careworn; the undertone of existence is a deep note of melancholy resignation. Europe hoards its pennies to-day against the certain need of thirty years hence; America spends to-morrow's dimes because it hopes to have dollars next week. I had brought the German spirit of thrift, of careful, forehanded planning with me, but I found nothing on which to exercise the thrift, as my commissions rarely exceeded the stipulated minimum of five dollars a week. And the future admitted of no planning. Ahead of me I saw only an interminable, ignoble succession of hostile back doors, of endless rounds with wringer, rug or clock in quest of easy-payment buyers. So I fell into the habit of spending at least an hour every morning in Pete Schreiber's cigar store.

I enjoyed Pete's. Like every normal youth I craved the unregulated, unsupervised companionship of my fellows. At Pete's we could smoke, cuss, gamble and drink beer so long as we behaved decently. That was the tacit understanding with the proprietor, a serious, spectacled young man of twenty-six who attended mass regularly, who neither drank nor swore, though he frequently sat in a penny-ante when the day's work was done. Pete Schreiber would not stand for boozing, fighting, smutty stories or I O U's in a game, though he did not hesitate to give credit for merchandise. His mental activities covered a far wider range than the limited horizons of his customers. He followed the trend of events, took an interest in politics, and based his strong religious faith upon reason.

I spent many an hour with him in debate on abstract metaphysical subjects, endeavoring mightily to shatter the foundations of his belief. My own faith had departed before I was fourteen; the attitude of the teachers in high school had killed it. Though these teachers duly obeyed the mandate of the German Government and imparted religious instruction twice a week, they confined this training to dry memorizing of the catechism, of hymns and Bible verses, and to religious history in the higher classes. Not infrequently they revealed their real thoughts by substituting literature, physics or chemistry on the sly when the religious period came round, a change which was greeted by the class with a sigh of stupendous relief.

(Continued on Page 65)

This display will be in the windows of hundreds of stationery stores from coast to coast during VUL-COT Week, March 22nd to 29th

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Crane Company	412	Pittsburgh Board of Education	600	Packard Motor Car Co.	144

Great concerns like these *are* great because of their ability to recognize and grasp every opportunity for increasing efficiency and decreasing expense.

Their immediate recognition of the economy of buying waste baskets that cost no more than others, but are absolutely guaranteed for at least five years (that will be replaced free if they fail within that time), is particularly significant to all waste-basket users.

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Washington — R. P. Andrews Paper Co.
The Globe-Wernicke Co.
Charles G. Stott & Co.

ILLINOIS
Chicago —
Cameron, Amberg & Co.
Carrithers & Co.
George E. Cole & Co.
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Fathorn Co.
Globe-Wernicke Co.
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3-E

(Continued from Page 62)

Since I had given up all hope of saving two thousand dollars in two or in ten years, and since my stipend of five dollars a week came whether I canvassed industriously or not, I frequently came to anchor in Pete's store at three in the afternoon, marshaling anti-religious metaphysical arguments until it was time to feed Krone's horse with maternal oats and hay. But my bombardment never shook Pete's defenses. Their foundation went far below the twisting of definitions and the splitting of philosophical hairs.

It was during one of the hot theological discussions with Pete that Ober appeared in the store. He came to buy a cigar and stayed to listen, a compliment which caused me to redouble the bombardment. During a lull in the fighting the fair-haired stranger with the curly mustache suddenly asked:

"*Sprechen Sie Deutsch?*"

I nodded, slightly ashamed—be it admitted—to speak my mother tongue in the presence of my American cronies, nine-tenths of whom were of hyphenated parentage.

"Ober is my name," continued the stranger in faultless German, bowing formally. "I have followed the discussion with a great deal of pleasure. It is rare, indeed, to find among young Americans sufficient interest in subjects not immediately related to material affairs to induce them to debate philosophical subjects. Will you allow me to take the liberty of offering you copies of a publication which, I believe, will be of deep interest to a man of your enlightened thought? And I should feel greatly honored if you would favor me with your address that we may be able to exchange ideas under more propitious circumstances."

He handed me several copies of German publications which I stuffed into my pocket without looking at them. I was embarrassed. The stiff, formal bow, the resplendent parlor German seemed out of place in Pete's store, would not square with the vivid rugs I was carrying that day. To get rid of him I gave him my name and address. He departed, promising to call in a few days.

That evening in my room, having properly fed and bedded down the mare, I devoured the papers Ober had given me. They were Freiheit, the organ of Johann Most, and Der Arme Teufel—the Poor Devil—published and edited by Robert Reitzel. They opened to me a new world, a region which in Germany had been surrounded by a high picket fence decorated at frequent intervals with the omnipresent sign "*Strengstens verboten.*" Most and Reitzel, taking advantage of the bitterness that filled me to overflowing, converted me into an anarchist.

The Radicals of the Beer Halls

Ober kept his word. He called, extracted two subscriptions and stayed to talk. Ober likewise was a cabin immigrant. Why he had left Vienna I never learned. He came of a good family and received a small monthly remittance, which he supplemented by acting as agent and collector for radical German papers. Through him I was introduced into the selectest circle of the German anarchists in Chicago. I might be an anarchist to-day if I had not been able at first-hand to measure the caliber of the movement's intellectual leaders.

There were meetings at Ober's rooms on the West Side; there were many wet, informal gatherings of male and female revolutionaries at various beer halls and in the quarters of radical singing and gymnastic societies. I read Kropotkin, Reclus, Prudhomme, studied revolutionary works until I, too, became conscious of the horrible wrongs inflicted upon the dumb mass by the ruling class, until I saw in every officer a personal enemy, the hated tool of the tyrants who conspired to keep me out of the fruits of my toil.

The intensive study of the ruling-class' wrongdoings necessitated a further curtailment of the canvassing hours, of course. Like the flame of the plumber's gasoline torch, so my indignation burned as I pored over or listened to the descriptions of the workers' sufferings, but strange to say I was unable to see this deep misery with my own eyes.

Perhaps my vision was blinded by the microscopic proportions of my own income, which averaged less than six dollars a week. When Murphy, the young plumber, during a soirée in Pete's back room, cursed the penuriousness of the bosses and swore that he'd rather starve than go to work in the big shop for twelve a week, I stared at him in amazement. Twelve big round dollars every week! It was a fortune. One could save at least a thousand marks a year on that. That man Murphy certainly deserved slow starvation if he declined so lucrative a position.

Measured by my limited knowledge and limited income, there were no poor sufferers on the North Side, except those for whom drink or sickness greased the toboggan. Nor did the twelve-dollar-a-week shop workers and laborers respond enthusiastically to the appeals of the revolutionaries who tirelessly tried to convince them of their sufferings. It was the everlasting complaint among the radical writers and leaders that the flame of revolution would not flare up despite the hardest blowing, that on the contrary the spark, as measured by the number of paid subscribers and of voluntary contributions to the cause, was in constant danger of going out altogether.

This condition did not astonish me. Why should a twelve-dollar-a-week American laborer feel oppressed, down-trodden or robbed of his dues? I asked myself. Over in Germany my father had occupied a high and honored position. We had looked down upon laborers and mechanics as beings of a rather inferior order. Yet the common American laborer was living extravagantly compared to our German household. Why should he follow the red flag?

Society Through Scarlet Spectacles

I noticed that most of the true believers in the Cause were men far above the average both in brains and earning power, foremen, highly skilled and highly paid workers, printers, lithographers, small merchants and a sprinkling of professional men. These men kept the organizations, the publications and the agitation alive.

Of abject poverty, hunger and grinding overwork neither the leaders nor the rank and file of the radicals as I knew them had direct personal experience. Most of them had gone through hard times, but none had joined the red army because of empty stomachs. They had embraced the creed for the same emotional reasons that cause other men to join the Bull Moosers, the Republican Party, the Holy Rollers or the whirling dervishes; they believed that only via their particular trail could humanity reach its ultimate destination, whatever the goal might be. Once they had learned to look at men and events through scarlet spectacles, the police and the radical press saw to it that the spectacles stayed on the anarchistic noses.

Shortly after my conversion I succeeded in convincing myself that I hated the "minions of the law" with deadly intensity. Figuratively speaking, I gnashed my teeth whenever I saw a bluecoat, and considered him a personal enemy hired by the capitalist rulers to hound and persecute the comrades.

Not long after this I heard one day that Ober had killed himself. He had endeavored to keep up the pace set by the gay crowd of professional anarchists, but he could not bring himself to adopt their free and easy standard of private morality. Spending more than he earned, he found himself unable to account for all of the money he had collected for the radical publications. Strange to say, these sworn enemies of legal authority had threatened to invoke the law and its minions unless Ober paid up.

Many, many cabin immigrants travel the same route. Education, manners, lineage, intellect do not count in the Melting Pot. The raw material—and most of it very raw—goes to the bottom without distinction. A lot of it stays down. It lacks the flexible adaptability, the mental resiliency to lift it to the top, into the stream of American life. They say there is or was a waiters' club in New York composed exclusively of German noblemen. They also say that few members of this club ever die except by their own hand. I do not know whether this is true. It is only a story current among hyphenated Americans. But it is not an impossibility. Loss of caste is a tragedy, except among philosophers.

Ober's death should have opened my eyes to the dangers of the path I was following, but it didn't. I kept going round in the hated treadmill, developing powerful leg muscles and acquiring a muffler which effectually silenced the voice of conscience and ambition. I rarely put in more than two hours a day canvassing; loafing became a habit, the card table at Pete's an ever-welcome, necessary opiate. For a while the distinction of being an anarchist was a

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source of intellectual pride. Of course I could not refrain from reporting the radical change in my political and economic opinions to Germany, and I am afraid that I boastfully painted my anarchism in the deepest carmine. It was the one thing I had accomplished in America, and I wanted to let my friends know about it. Two of my favorite teachers replied by formally disavowing all responsibility for the actions of their former pupil, casting the red sheep into the outer darkness and severing all relations, diplomatic and otherwise. They were horrified. Had I stolen or murdered I would have retained their sympathy and friendship. But to sink to the level of the anarchists, of the men who murdered kings, empresses and presidents—that was an unpardonable sin.

My vanity was partially gratified. I had shocked them. The only bomb I ever threw had caused the expected commotion in the Fatherland. But I was deeply disappointed in the American attitude toward the enemies of society. Pete Schreiber refused to be impressed. I could not alarm him with the announcement that I had become an anarchist.

Subconsciously, without acknowledging it to myself, I had expected to acquire a small measure of fame and glory through my association with the dangerous reds. Instead, Murphy asked in his loud, rasping voice whether it was true that Herr Most lived on blood sausage with iron filings, and whether he really put snuff and pepper into his beer to get good and hot before he made a speech. I was deeply hurt. Of course I did not blame the Americans for refusing to respect law and authority, but they certainly overstepped the bounds of propriety when they made the courageous enemies of law and order the butt of their vulgar jests. Wasn't there anything these queer people could and would take seriously?

From Anarchist to Hobo

With few exceptions every man—and every woman, for all that—likes to strike a pose occasionally, to feel the warm rays of the calcium light bathe his grateful form. This common trait explains the popularity and tremendous growth of the uniformed secret orders; it also explains—in part—the rapid cooling of my juvenile anarchistic ardor. Failing to become notorious, the chance of waving the red flag on the street barricade in full view of cheering thousands receding ever farther into the distance, I lost my revolutionary cloak so easily that, shortly after the outbreak of the war with Spain, I tried to enlist in the regular army, hoping to smell blood and gain promotion in Cuba. In the recruiting office a corporal inquired my business. I told him I wanted to fight.

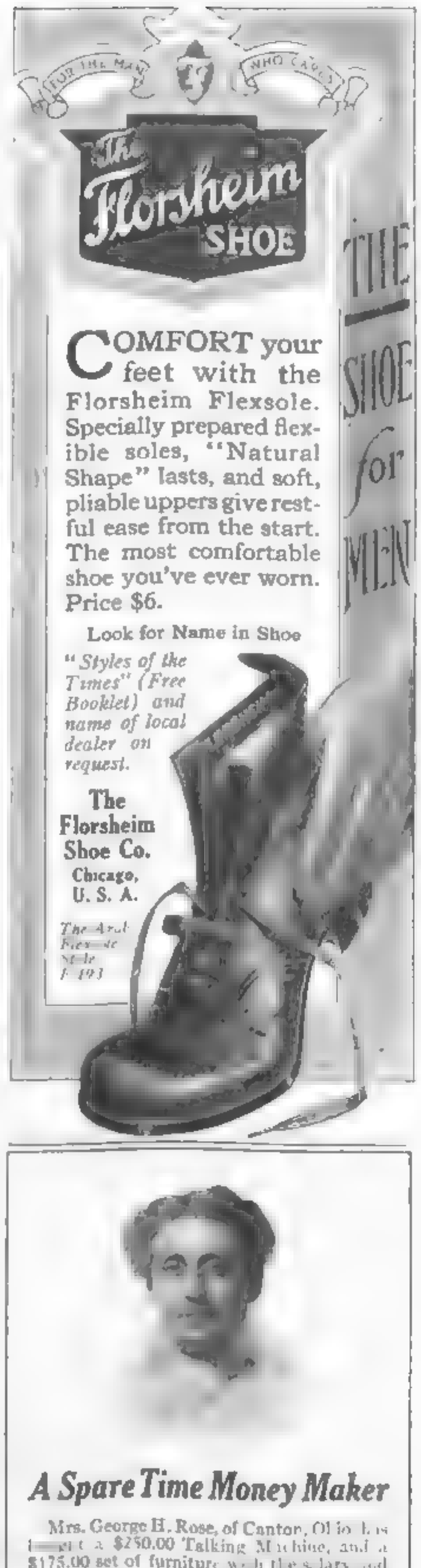
"Sit down," he ordered gruffly, pointing to a row of chairs. "The captain is very busy just now."

I sat down. Through the half-open door of the captain's office came not a sound. I waited. After twenty minutes I got up, walked to the door of the captain's room and peered in. There sat the officer, his feet on his desk, his nose deep in a novel. I was angry. Not even the United States Army in wartimes seemed to care whether I fought and died or loafed and lived. I stalked haughtily out of the office.

They would have known of my existence in Germany, all right. They wouldn't have kept me cooling my heels in an anteroom. They would have called me by wire, had uniform, rifle and marching orders all ready. There would have been a place, a niche for me in Germany at all times. In this crazy country you even had to break into the army with a jimmy during wartime. You were a nobody, less than a cipher, could not even become cannon fodder without individual effort.

Since nobody cared, since not even my revolutionary friends displayed the slightest interest in the manner in which I gained my orthodox food and shelter, I also ceased to care. The necessity of peddling wringers and rugs began to weigh on me like an incubus. I could not look at a house merely as a house. The obsession of the hateful work forced me to examine it critically, to measure its possibilities as a source of possible sales, to speculate on the needs and character of the housewife inhabiting it, to imagine the nature of the reception I might receive. To escape this torture I joined Lanky Otto. Together we took to the open road. I became a hobo.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles giving the autobiography of a hyphenated American. The second will appear in an early number.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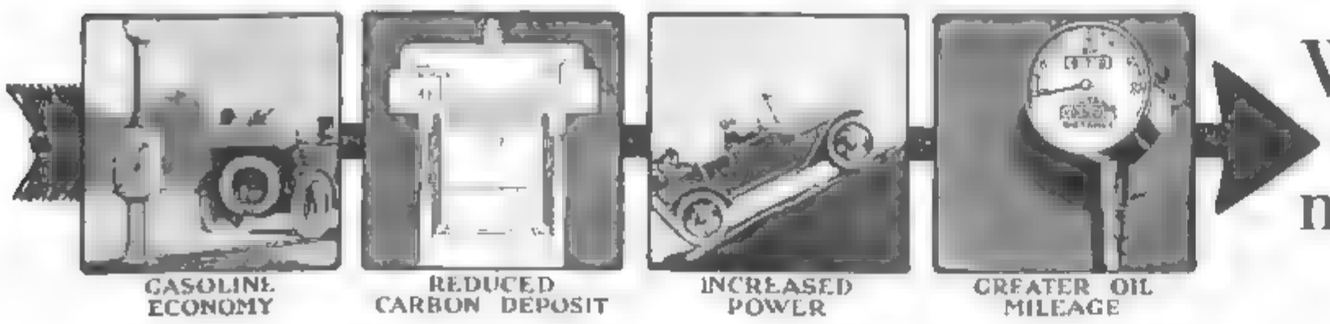

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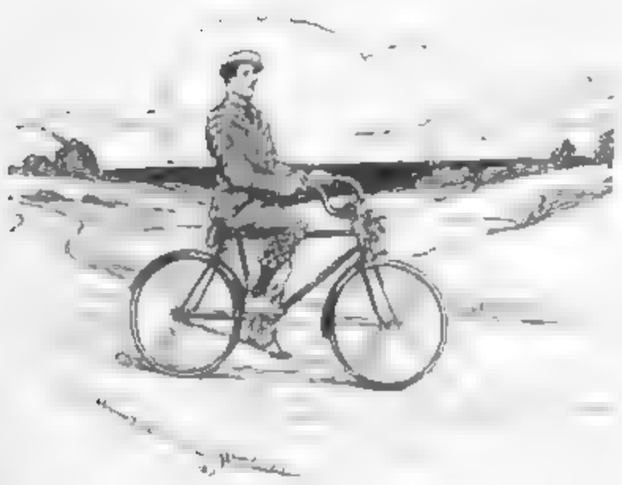


Your Father Knows G & J Tires

Back in the old days Gormully & Jeffery—G & J Tires—were famous for their satisfactory service.

These tires were evolved by slow stages to the present remarkably efficient G & J 'G' Tread Automobile Casing.

The reputation for dependability, gained in the early days of tire industry, is still held by G & J Tires.

So well made are they, and of such scientific construction, that they withstand the severest sort of road tests.

And they are remarkably efficient anti-skid tires too.

Most things you buy are purchased from houses of known reputation.

Let it be the same with your tires. Buy G & J Tires backed by many years of tire reputation.

In this way you will be ***sure*** of satisfaction—as your father was when ***he*** bought them. Your father knows G & J Tires—Do you?

Ask your dealer for them.

Look for the 'G' on the tread.

G & J Tire Company
1790 Broadway New York City

IRELAND UBER ALLES

(Continued from Page 25)

notify them game is off, otherwise may take vessel away from you. They will stop at nothing; fleet desperate for coal. Cable acknowledgment these orders; also cable when orders fulfilled. Very anxious.

"BLUE STAR NAVIGATION COMPANY."

"Ah-h-h!" breathed Michael J. Murphy softly, but very distinctly. "So that's the game, eh?" His big square chin set viciously; subconsciously he clenched his hard fist and shook it at his enemies. "The cunning Dutch devils!" he murmured very audibly, and at that precise instant Herr August Carl von Staden stood in the open doorway. He coughed, and Murphy glanced up from the translation of the cipher message just in time to note a swift shadow pass over the supercargo's face, a shadow composed of equal parts of suspicion, embarrassment and desperation.

"You have returned very promptly, captain," he remarked smoothly, and then his restless glance fell on the cablegram and beside it the scratch pad and the two parallel columns of words scrawled on it. A man of far less intelligence than Von Staden possessed would have realized as quickly that the first column was composed of cipher words, while the second column was the translation. From this tell-tale evidence his suspicious glance lifted to the skipper's face, and he read in Michael J. Murphy's black eyes the wild rage which no Irishman could have concealed which the majority of his race would not even have taken the trouble to endeavor to conceal.

In that glance each learned the other's secret; each realized that the success of his plans depended on the silence of the other; each resolved instantly to procure that silence at any cost. Von Staden reached for his hip pocket, but before he could draw his automatic pistol and cover the skipper Michael J. Murphy had hurled ten pounds of code book into the geometric center of the supercargo's face. It was the first weapon his hand closed over, and he did not disdain it. The instant it landed and Von Staden reeled back before the blow Murphy came out of his stateroom with a scuttering rush and Von Staden fired as he came. The captain felt the sting of the bullet as it creased the top of his left shoulder; then his right fist came up in a blow that started at his hip and landed fairly under the supercargo's heart. Von Staden grunted once, the pistol dropped clattering to the deck and he folded up like an accordion. For him the battle was over.

Not so, however, with Mike Murphy. Gone to the winds now was the caution he would have exercised had the attack been delayed two seconds longer; forgotten was the shrewd advice of his owners to have help standing by when the ship cleaning should commence. Michael J. Murphy thought of nothing but blood, for the fight had started now and he was loath to have it cease.

"You bloody murderer!" he growled. "You'd kill me and steal my ship, would you?" And with the reckless abandon of a sailor he planted the broad toe of a number-nine boot in Herr von Staden's short ribs, hoping to break a few, for in the process of working his way up from the bottom Michael had fought under deep-sea rules too often to be squeamish now. So he kicked Herr von Staden again, after which a glimmer of reason penetrated his hot head and he walked to pick up the supercargo's automatic pistol. Then something landed on him from above and he went down backward. His head struck the deck with a resounding thump, and Michael J. Murphy had a through ticket to the Land of Nod and no stop-over privileges.

The something which had thus inopportunely dropped on Michael was Mr. Henckel, the second mate. He had gone up on the bridge to see if the canvas jacket had been dropped over the brightly polished brass engine-room telegraph apparatus at each end of the bridge, in order to protect it from the tropical dew. While thus engaged he had heard the shot which Von Staden fired at the captain, and forthwith had run across the top of the house and peered over to discover what was happening on the deck below. Discovering the captain in the act of kicking a distinguished son of the Fatherland in that fragile section of the human anatomy frequently referred to as the "slats," the second mate had stood a moment, immobile with horror, the while he gazed upon the fearful scene. Then the captain walked to a spot on the deck directly beneath the position occupied by his subordinate, and stooped to pick something up.

Even their enemies are proud of the dash and gallantry, the utter contempt for consequences, which animate the German going into battle, and Mr. Henckel, second mate of the S. S. Narcissus, was as fine a German as one could find in a day's travel. The instant Michael J. Murphy stooped to recover Von Staden's automatic pistol, therefore, Mr. Henckel saw his duty, and, in the language of the elect, "he went an' done it"—the which was absurdly simple. He merely leaped down off the house on top of the captain, and forthwith deep peace and profound silence brooded over the good ship Narcissus, of San Francisco.

It is worthy of remark here that Mr. Terence Reardon who, had he been present, might have had something to say—not that his action would indicate that he despised Mike Murphy the less but that he loved his owners more—was unfortunately down in the engine room. Consequently he failed to hear the shot, and when he came up on deck the victims of the affray had been collected and taken thence, a seaman with a mop had removed the profuse evidence which Mike Murphy's rich red blood had furnished, and Mr. Schultz, the first mate, was on the bridge, while Mr. Henckel was up on the forecastle head with his gang, waiting for the order to break out the anchor.

Presently a seaman came up on the bridge and reported that the light in Mr. Reardon's stateroom had been out fifteen minutes. So Mr. Schultz waited an hour longer to make certain the chief engineer would be asleep; whereupon commenced a harsh, discordant tune—the music of the anchor chain paying in through the hawse pipe. When it ceased Mr. Schultz stepped to the marine telegraph; a bell jingled in the bowels of the Narcissus; an instant later all the lights aboard her went out as the first assistant engineer threw off the switch, and silently in the heavy velvet gloom the great vessel slipped out of Pernambuco harbor and headed south.

VII

JUST about the time the Narcissus was kicking ahead at nine knots, in distant San Francisco the cable company was getting Mr. Skinner out of bed to dictate to him over the telephone a message which had just arrived from Pernambuco.

"Ah!" murmured the incomparable Skinner as he donned a dressing gown and slippers and descended to his library to decode the cablegram. "The luck of the Blue Star flag still holds. That belligerent and highly intelligent fellow Murphy has received our cablegram, sent him in care of the American consul, and in accordance with my instructions he is acknowledging its receipt. Hum-m-m! The first word is 'oriana.' Let me turn to 'oriana.' Hum-m! 'I have an order presumably emanating from blank.' Ah, yes; the next word is 'Bluestar,' the cable address of the Blue Star Navigation Company. Well, well, well, the foxy fellow! After wiring us to cable him, he gets our cable and then cables us to confirm it! Caution is a virtue, but this brand is too high-priced. The next word is 'osculo.'"

Mr. Skinner turned to "osculo" and discovered that it meant "I am ordered to ——" The next word in the cablegram was "Montevideo."

"Good heavens!" Mr. Skinner gasped. "He has received orders, presumably emanating from us, ordering him to Montevideo! Can it be possible that Mr. Ricks or Matt Peasley has sent him a cablegram without my knowledge? I must read further."

He did, and having done so he discovered that, in addition to being ordered to Montevideo, Mike Murphy wanted to know if it was all right and if Von Staden and Ulrich—presumably Germans—were to be trusted; that he would remain in command at the company's request, although he considered such request unreasonable, even if it could be granted without risk. Also he wanted these instructions confirmed and was anxiously awaiting an answer.

"Well, I'm certain of one thing," Mr. Skinner soliloquized after reading this extraordinary message: "Murphy has not been to the American consul's office for the

You'll concede Quaker Oats the chief place in that struggle.

Women who exercise, men who walk—are the Quaker Oats enthusiasts.

They are anxious to keep at their best.

Such folks don't neglect this marvelous vim-food, which is 75 per cent latent energy.

You see the results in their springing steps, in their bubbling vitality, in their high spirits, in the sparkle of their eyes.

Oat lovers "feel their oats."

It's a pity to miss that, for even a day. This energizer comes endowed with exquisite flavor. The dish is a dainty. In every way, as everyone knows, it means a day well begun.

Quaker Oats

The Supreme Oat Dainty

This brand has won—and all the world over—the sovereign place in oat foods.

Into this brand goes nothing but the biggest, finest oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. That's one reason why these flakes so excel in flavor

We have made this dish doubly delicious. But we have a mammoth output, so it costs you no extra price

If you want your folks to delight in oats—to eat them often and in plenty—get them Quaker Oats

10c and 25c per package
Except in Far West and South

Aluminum Cooker

By Parcel Post

This ideal cooker is made to our order, of heavy pure aluminum. Its cereal capacity is 2¼ quarts.

Quaker Oats are cooked perfectly in it, without loss of flavor or aroma. That is why we supply it. Over 700,000 homes are using our cookers now.

Aluminum Double Cooker Extra Large

Send us our trademark—the picture of the Quaker—cut from the fronts of five Quaker Oats packages. Send one dollar with the trademarks and this ideal cooker will be sent by parcel post.

If you are a lover of Quaker Oats we want you to have this cooker. Address

The Quaker Oats Company, 1708 Railway Exchange, Chicago

(1195

"Best by a long shot"

That's the verdict on Girard cigars. You hear it everywhere. And life is full of "long shots." Every day has its difficult "three-cushion" plays. Every hour of modern business brings up some "balk line" problem. You can't make these shots—you can't do any kind of good work nor "get anywhere"—without a clear head and steady nerves. Sensible smokers realize this. And a great army of them are turning to mild cigars.

The "Broker"
Actual Size, 10c.

The Girard Cigar

Never gets on your nerves

Never affects your heart nor your digestion. Leaves no depressing "hang-over." It is made from real Havana tobacco, grown in the rich soil of the famous *Vuelta Abajo* District of Cuba. This choice leaf is blended by our exclusive Girard method, and *mellowed by age alone.* A fragrant tropical satisfying smoke. And *you can enjoy it at any time as freely as you please.*

There's no impairment of steady nerves and keen quick-action thinking-powers when you smoke Girards. No results but pleasure and satisfaction.

Every Girard dealer knows what a good money's worth goes into this famous cigar. And he knows that our reputation and unquestioned guarantee stand behind it. Show this advertisement to your dealer. And tell him you positively want to try Girards. If he hasn't them, he can get them for you.

We take back any part of the dealer's purchase. We authorize him to do the same by you.

14 sizes. 10c straight, and up

Why not have the enjoyment of this delightful cigar *today?*

Dealers—a word with you

If you are not handling Girard cigars, or if you are not getting your good share of the big gilt-edge trade which follows this popular cigar wherever it is sold—it will pay you to hear what we have to say. Write to us for details. Write today.

Antonio Roig & Langsdorf

Established 1871 **Philadelphia**

cablegram I sent him several days ago. Evidently there is mischief afoot. However, there is nothing to be gained by cabling him again in care of the American consul, so I'll just assume that he had registered his cable address with the cable company; hence, if I cable him to his cable address the message will be delivered to him aboard the Narcissus. And since he says he is anxiously awaiting an answer, I'll relieve his anxiety with all possible speed and send him an answer immediately."

Whereupon Mr. Skinner wasted several dollars cabling Mike Murphy that the Blue Star Navigation had not, to his knowledge, cabled him any instructions save those sent in care of the American consul: that Von Staden and Ulrich were unknown to him, and to be very careful not to lose the ship. This message Mr. Skinner dictated over the telephone to the telegraph office and asked them to rush it. Evidently they did so, for just as Cappy Ricks arrived in the office the following morning, word was received from the telegraph company that owing to the departure of the Narcissus from Pernambuco the night before, the Blue Star Navigation Company's cablegram had not been delivered.

"Well, Skinner," Cappy chirped as he sat in at his desk and lighted a cigar, "what's the news around the shop this fine morning? Any word from Murphy?"

"Yes—and no," Mr. Skinner replied, and laid his information before Cappy for perusal. Cappy read it all twice, then slid out to the edge of his chair, placed his hands on his knees and looked at Mr. Skinner over the rims of his spectacles.

"Skinner, my dear boy," he said solemnly, "this is certainly hell! Cable the American consul in Pernambuco and ask him if Murphy received the cablegram we sent in care of the consulate. And, in the meantime, don't whisper a word of this disquieting information to Matt Peasley. Time enough to cross a bridge, Skinner, when you come to it."

Mr. Skinner promptly filed a cablegram to the American consul, and just before the office closed they got about forty dollars' worth of reply, informing them that Captain Murphy had appeared at the consulate greatly excited the night previous; that he had declared the cablegram awaiting him might mean life or death—certainly a large sum of money; that he had been given the cablegram and had gone aboard ship to look up his cipher key. He had not returned and the ship was not in the harbor.

"Let me see the carbon copy of the cablegram you sent Murphy in care of the American consul," Cappy demanded. Mr. Skinner with a sinking heart obeyed.

"Skinner," said Cappy, "do I understand you sent this message in cipher, which necessitated on the part of our captain a trip back to his ship before he could decipher it? Why didn't you send him the message in regular code? He would then have de-coded it right in the consulate, or at best he could have gone to the cable office and borrowed a code book from them."

"I sent it in our secret cipher," Mr. Skinner faltered. "It was delicate business—quite—er—an international complication, as it were, and in the event of unpleasant developments —— Well, how did I know but that some German might be on the key at the cable office when the message arrived there for Murphy ——"

"Quite right, Skinner, my boy, quite right," Cappy interrupted sadly. "The only trouble with you, Skinner, is that you're too danged efficient. You look so far into the future you're always gumming up the present." He sighed.

"Why, what do you think ——" Skinner began, but Cappy silenced him with an autocratic finger.

"I do not think, Skinner, I know. Had it not been for your damnable cipher message, Murphy would have gotten your warning ashore instead of being forced to go back to the ship for it. Having gotten it ashore he would have taken care to warn the Brazilian authorities and they would have been on watch and prevented the ship from leaving. As I view the situation, Mike went aboard, deciphered your message and got ripping mad. Von Staden and Ulrich were probably aboard, and hot-headed Mike probably undertook to throw them overboard single-handed—and failed. His body is doubtless feeding the fishes in Pernambuco harbor this minute, and our lovely—big—Narcissus—the pride of—the Blue Star fleet —— "

"Shall I tell Captain Peasley?" Mr. Skinner faltered.

"Yes, tell him. He's bound to find out sooner or later. Skinner, I could stand the loss of the ship, but what breaks me all up is the thought that after forty years of honorable business my friends and enemies might suspect me of being a ha[illegible]ster. I, Alden P. Ricks, whose great-grandfather died at Yorktown, whose grandfather was killed at Lundy's Lane, whose father won a medal of honor at Chapultepec—I, Alden P. Ricks, who had to belong to the Home Guard because I was such a little runt they wouldn't take me in the Civil War—to think that I should attain to seventy years and even be suspected of staining the flag of my country for the sake of a few dirty dollars—after all the Ricks blood that has been shed for that flag! Horrible!"

Mr. Skinner turned away, for, man and boy, he had spent twenty-five years under Cappy Ricks, and he loved him. He could not bear to see the old man suffer.

VIII

WHEN Michael J. Murphy returned to consciousness he found himself in his berth, although for all the effort he made to verify this fact it might have been Mr. Reardon's. For fully half an hour he lay there, gradually straightening out the tangle in his intellect, and presently he was aware that the back of his head was very sore and ached, so he put up his hand to rub it and found a lump as large as a walnut. His right shoulder was numb and he was unable to move it, although this would not have surprised him had he been aware that a hundred and eighty pounds of Teutonic masculinity had landed on that shoulder with both feet and dislocated it. As it was, the skipper wondered vaguely if the ship's funnel had fallen over on him. His right side ached externally, and when he sighed it ached internally. That was a broken rib tickling his lung, for, while he was in blissful ignorance of the reason therefor, the chronicler of this tale can serve no good purpose by concealing the true facts in the case. Immediately upon regaining consciousness, Herr August Carl von Staden had insisted upon returning Michael J. Murphy's kicks with compound interest.

"Holy mackerel!" the skipper murmured. "I feel like I've been fed into a concrete mixer. The only injury I can account for is my left shoulder, where that supercargo shot me."

After spending another half hour in mild speculation on these phenomena he was aware of an added impediment in breathing, so he put his hand up to his nose and found it clogged with blood. His luxuriant black mustache prevented an extended examination of his upper lip, but nevertheless something told him it was split. A hard foreign substance lying between his right cheek and the inferior maxillary he concluded must be the pit of an olive left over from dinner. Subsequently, however, he discovered it was one of his own teeth. So he swore a mighty oath and felt considerably better.

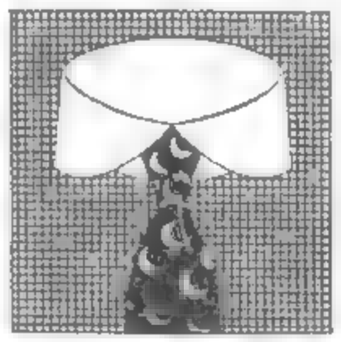
"This is certainly mutiny on the high seas and punishable by hanging," he soliloquized. "I wonder if Cappy Ricks would know me now"; and he reached up to turn the switch of the electric light over his berth. He turned the switch, but the light did not come on, and while he lay considering this state of affairs, he was aware that something that was not his head was throbbing in the ship. He decided presently that it was her engines. From the steady rhythmic pulsations he realized the vessel was being driven full speed ahead; and since he could not recall having given any orders to that effect, he was not long in arriving at the correct answer to the riddle—whereupon Michael J. Murphy did what every shipmaster does when he loses the ship he loves and finds himself ravished of his reputation as a sane and careful skipper. He wept!

Those who know the breed will bid you beware the Irish when they weep from any cause save grief or sympathy.

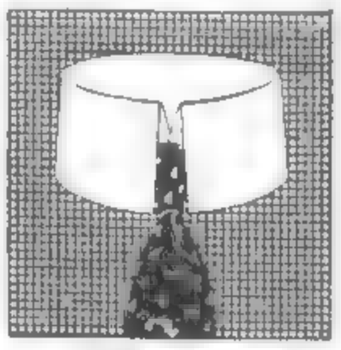
(TO BE CONTINUED)

for Spring

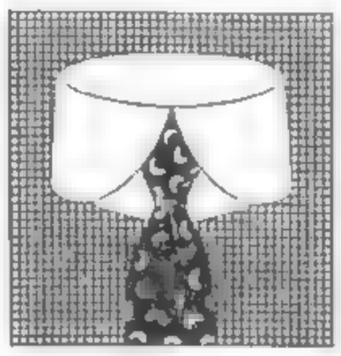
Fashion Says: "A full plump knot"



STARKWOOD



THORNWOOD



HARWOOD

YES. The correct Spring cravat will have a full, plump knot. Not *over*-large, yet far from "pinchy"—a knot nicely proportioned to your face and physique.

Three of the better shapes of E & W 2 for 25c Collars for the Spring of 1916 are shown in this advertisement. Each accommodates the large-knotted cravat. You can choose any one as a highly-correct style. Select the one which best becomes *you*—that is *your* best style.

The haberdasher accustomed to meeting the true Style trend recommends E & W Collars. Look him up. You won't find his store either flamboyant or over-conservative.

He is equipped to discuss Style intelligently with you. He will supply you with "Troy's Best Product"—the E & W Collar. The names of all E & W 2 for 25c models end in "wood,"—Graywood, etc.

E & W

EARL & WILSON

2 for 25 cent

Collars

The best Style is your Style

—Over $150,000 Sold During Past Month—Material Orders placed for 1,000,000 Plugs

Proved Saving—Or Your Money Back

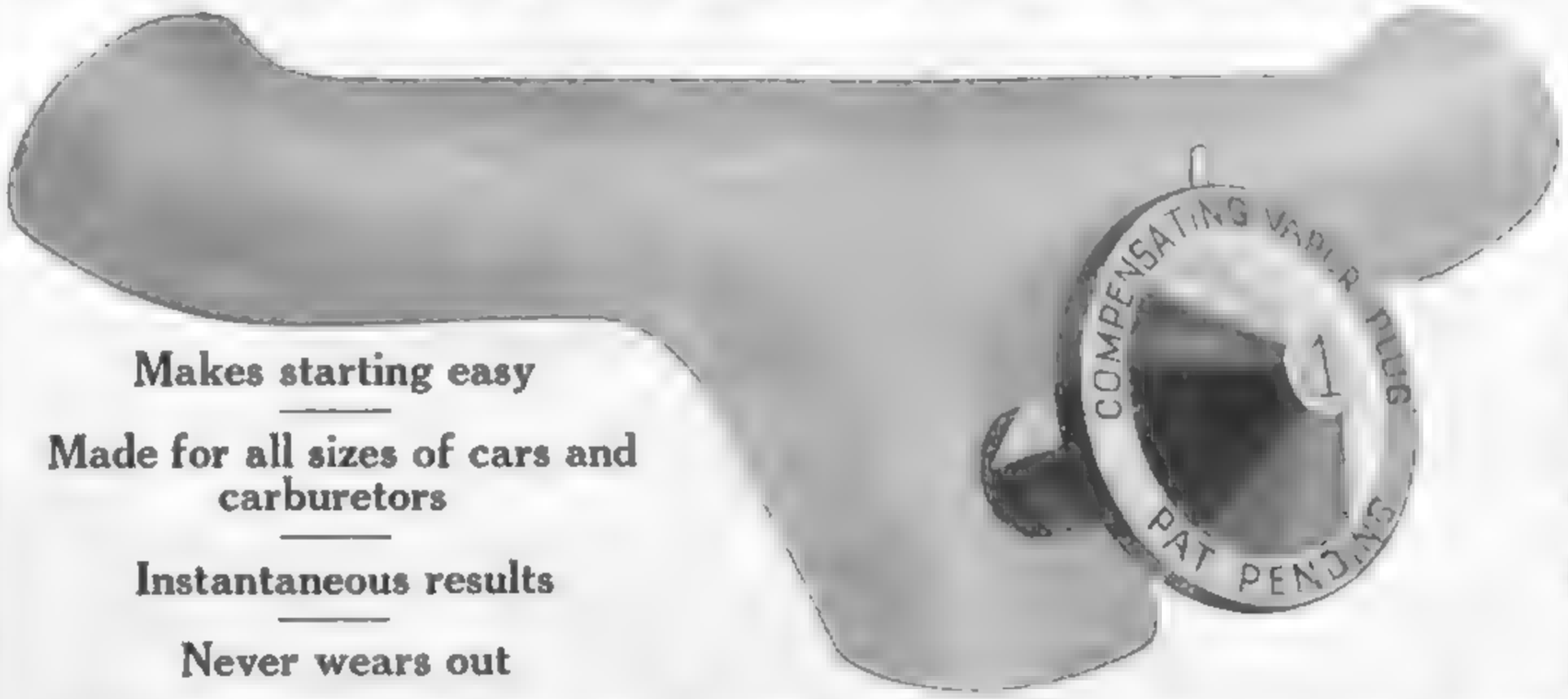
Lifetime guarantee to any automobile owner

"30% more speed"
"30% more power"
"40% more mileage"
Less carbon
(See test below)

$5
Parcel Post Prepaid

Can be attached in 5 minutes. No adjustments needed. No connections—simply tap hole and screw in.

COMPENSATING VAPOR PLUG



Makes starting easy

Made for all sizes of cars and carburetors

Instantaneous results

Never wears out

What Users Say

TWICE THE MILEAGE

ENOUGH SAID

Your statements [illegible] power and mileage [illegible]

RESULTS EXCEED CLAIMS

[illegible] flexibility of the motor, mileage per gallon gasoline and power. H. M. Power

WILL BENEFIT ANY CAR

R. M. [illegible]

I am convinced from the way my motor starts and the smoothness with which it runs the Vapor Plug is a great benefit to any motor car.
D. V. Burns.

40% MORE MILEAGE

I personally tested this plug for [illegible] and without the plug, and it shows [illegible]
I. J. Fleeks

DOES MORE THAN PROMISED

Lorain, Ohio

[illegible] Geo. N. Ast

HERE'S REAL ECONOMY

St. Johns, Portland, Ore.

[illegible]

This announcement is the biggest money-saver ever written to automobile owners

Has your car these weaknesses?

Does your car in actual usage develop any of these symptoms?

1. Did you ever try to start your motor and have it spit and die?
2. Are you afraid of one or more hills that you have tried to make on high?
3. Do you make a quick get-away?
4. Are you continually apologizing to your friends because your engine is a noise-maker?
5. In a friendly brush on the road have you been just "nosed out"?

All these defects will be things of the past once you equip your car with the **Compensating Vapor Plug** under our money-back if not satisfied guarantee.

Advantages we prove

The Compensating Plug is simple in construction and positive in performance—nothing to be oiled, adjusted or regulated at any time.

In addition to 30% more speed, 10[illegible] more power, 40[illegible] more mileage, and practically no carbon deposit—drive as long and fast as you please and you can't make the water in your radiator boil, if your motor is in good condition.

Your motor will run smoother and quieter than ever before—you can idle her down to two miles per hour—and you know that no Ford car with regular equipment can be idled down to less than six miles per hour.

Pretty strong claims these—but we *prove* them or we refund every penny of your deposit.

Startling Exhibition at Detroit

We selected the city of Detroit for a test—for two reasons. It's the home of most of the biggest car manufacturers, and if you know this vicinity you will agree that it has some pretty stiff hills that will cause "grief" to most any car.

Here's the proved record

On September 13th, we bought a new Ford Touring Car from the Ford Detroit Sales Co. On the 14th, 15th, and 16th, we ran it on the streets of Detroit and up the steepest hills in Wayne County.

On September 14th, we tested the car with regular Ford equipment, showing *14.2 miles* to the gallon and *40 miles* speed to the hour.

On September 15th, we climbed two thirds to three quarters up Bald Mountain road, the one impossible hill around Detroit, on high—without our plug.

Then we issued a challenge

On September 16th, equipping the same car with the **Compensating Vapor Plug**, we repeated the test of September 14th, showing *14.2 miles per gallon* and *46 miles per hour speed*. On September 17th, we repeated tests of September 15th and easily climbed Bald Mountain all the way to the top on *high*.

Then on September 18th, in the leading Detroit newspaper we challenged any maker of any car or carburetor to equal or surpass our performance, but no one accepted our challenge, although during the tests mentioned above our car was followed and observed unofficially by makers of carburetors and cars.

Through crowded traffic with low gear locked

Then we performed another sensational feat on September 19th. With the same car equipped with the **Compensating Vapor Plug** we drove all day through the streets of Detroit, selecting the thoroughfares that were the most crowded with traffic at the busiest hours—with the *low gear locked* by a plate so it could not be used. Never once was it necessary to stop or start—and remember, this remarkable feat was accomplished with a Ford.

Same results on all cars

Each day the results were published in the "Detroit Free Press."

Almost every car manufacturer in Detroit wrote, telephoned us or sent his engineer.

Hundreds of owners of all makes of cars tried to purchase the device. Managers of concerns operating batteries of cars for their salesmen flocked in. Large numbers of dealers applied for the sales agency.

Special note to dealers: We are ready and willing to duplicate this Detroit test in your city.

Owners that obtained the **Compensating Vapor Plug** were satisfied before they drove out of our service station because of the quiet running of the motor and the demonstration that it would idle down to two miles per hour.

Cut this out—mail today

Automatic Carburetor Co.
Dept. 180, 2021 Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Illinois

Enclosed find $5 ($7.50 in Canada) in full payment for one **Compensating Vapor Plug**—with the understanding that you guarantee it for life and will refund my full deposit in full if I return your device to you collect within 30 days.

I use a _____ sized carburetor; name of car, _____ model _____ year

Name _____

Address _____

I recommend as a good dealer _____

of _____

You want this money-saver for your car

We don't have to devote any space to prove to you that you want this wonderful money saver for your car—especially when we offer it to you *at our risk*.

Accept this money-back-if-not-satisfied offer here and now—you simply can't afford to pass it by.

The price is $5 to you and to everybody—and all we ask is that you send us the coupon with a $5 bill, check, P. O. or express order attached as a *deposit*—until you are more than satisfied. $7.50 in Canada.

If after a 30-day trial you decide you can do without the **Compensating Vapor Plug** simply send it back and we will refund your full deposit.

Without the **Compensating Vapor Plug** you are losing money every day—it can be attached to any car in five minutes—full directions will be sent you—so why delay?

Tear or cut off the coupon—mail it now—today.

WANTED—Exclusive Dealers

The Compensating Vapor Plug will sell like wildfire to every car owner. Exclusive contracts for counties. As soon as you get your contract we will prove results on cars in your territory—ready for you to start sales. We will back you with big national and local advertising. Prove to us that you are the best equipped and responsible. Write, wire, phone or jump the first train for Chicago—get this fastest selling accessory—a money-saver for any car owner and a money-maker for you.

Automatic Carburetor Co. (Not Inc.), 2021 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Makers of famous Automatic Carburetors *Specialists in Gasoline Vapor Devices for Motors*

THE LAST SHOT IN THE LOCKER

(Continued from Page 8)

Hands froze, feet froze—an' the cold creepin' in on the heart! God, how numb an' worn an' sleepy! An' there was no rest for us. T' pause was t' come into livin' peril—t' rest was t' sleep; an' t' sleep was death. An' once more, then, when day was full broke, I come on Jonathan Farr an' Toby. The ol' man was fair sheathed in snow an' frozen spindrift. A hairy ol' codger, he—icicles of his own breath clingin' to his long white beard an' icicles hangin' from his bushy brows. An' he was beatin' the lad without mercy—for the lad would fall down, wore out, an' whimper an' squirm; an' the ol' man would jerk an' cuff un to his feet, an' drive un on with cuffs from behind, stumblin' an' whimperin' an' bawlin'.

'Twas a sad task that he had, done in pity—thus t' cuff the wee lad awake an' keep un movin'; an' I fancied, I mind, that 'twas waste pain—the lad must die in the gale, soon or late—no doubt about that—with stout men yieldin' t' death roundabout. An' so let un sleep an' die, thinks I, an' suffer no more.

"I'm s' sleepy!" says Toby. "Leave me sleep!"

"Get up!"

"Ah, jus' a minute, gran'pa!"

"Get up!"

"You c'n wake me 'a easy ——"

"Get up!"

"Ye hurt *me*, gran'pa!"

"Drive on!"

"You leave me alone! Ye hurt!"

"Drive on!"

By this time we had been more than twenty-four hours on the ice. An' we had no food. Hungry? No. We was cold. No man famished in that gale. An' we had yet a night o' that gale t' win through, though we knowed nothin' about that at the time. An' we begun t' stray wide. An' we begun t' go blind. An' some men fell in the water 'an was drowned. I seed John Temple, o' Heart's Island, drop through a crust o' snow an' go down for good an' all; an' I seed Tom Crutch, o' Seldom-Come-By, stumble over the edge of a pan, an' I heared un screech for help. They hauled un out—two men of his own harbor; an' he was froze solid in half an hour. An' some men chose an end o' torture an' leaped into the water an' killed theirselves. An' as day drawed on we begun t' go mad. 'Twas horrible—like a madhouse. They babbled, stark mad—the harbors they come from, an' their mothers, their wives, their babies. An' they had visions an' was deluded—some seed a blaze o' fire an' sot out t' find the glow, an' called t' we as they went off t' come an' be warm; an' one, I mind—a man I knowed not—seed the ship's lights as in clear, dark weather, an' staggered away, bawlin' that he was comin', with a troop o' poor madmen in his wake.

God knows—an' I maintain it—I'm tellin' the naked truth o' that gale.

Comin' on dusk o' that day I fell in, for the las' time, with ol' Jonathan Farr. An' he had Toby by the scruff o' the neck an' was jus' settin' him on his feet by a broken crust o' snow. Toby was wide awake then, God knows! An' he was drippin' wet t' the waist—nigh t' the armpits. An' he was frightened.

"I falled in," says he. "I—I stumbled."

In that wind an' frost 'twas death. God ha' mercy on his wee soul! The lad was doomed. An' 'twas but a matter o' minutes.

"Is you—is you wet through, Toby?" says Jonathan.

"I is, sir."

Jonathan drawed off a mitt an' felt o' the lad's clothes from his calves to his waist.

"Wet through!" says he. "Oh, dear me!"

"I'm soppin' t' the skin."

"Jus' drippin' wet!"

"I'm near froze!" says Toby. An' he chilled. An' his teeth clicked. "I wisht I had a shift o' clothes," says he.

"I wisht you had," says Jonathan.

I got t' win'ard o' Jonathan t' speak my mind in his ear.

"Let un die," says I.

Jonathan shook his head an' flashed at me. Yet I had spoke kindness an' plain wisdom. An' he was in a rage with me. I heared his icicles rattle. An' he glared in wrath through the white fringe of his brows.

"Go to!" says he.

"My pants is froze stiff!" says Toby. "That's comical! I can't move me legs." An' then he whimpered with pain an' misery an' fear. "I'll freeze stiff!" says he. "I'll die!"

'Twas comin' fast.

"Ye can't save un," says I in Jonathan's ear. "He'll freeze afore dark. Let un go."

"I'll never give up," says he.

"I'm awful mis'able, gran'pa," says Toby. "What'll I do now?"

"Ah, have mercy!" says I. "Let un slip away quick an' be gone."

Jonathan peered round.

"Mus' be some dead men, Tumm," says he, "lyin' round here somewheres."

Dead men enough in the drifts!

"More'n a hundred," says I. "I counted a hundred an' nine through the day."

"I'll find one."

"No time."

"They're lyin' handy. I fell over Jack Brace somewheres near here."

"Night's closin'."

"No time t' lose," says he.

"Speed ye then!" says I. "He'll freeze fast."

"Guard the lad," says he. "I'll not be long. Try his temper. He'll fight an you tease un."

With that, then, ol' Jonathan Farr run off t' dig a dead man from the drifts. An' I couldn't see un in the snow. You'll mind that the wind was bitin' an' pushin' an' chokin' us still—that the snow was mixed with the first dusk. Toby was shiverin' then—cowerin' from the wind, head down. An' he was dull. His head nodded. He swayed in the wind—cotched his feet; an' he jerked hisself awake—an' nodded an' swayed again. I thought it a pity an' a wrong t' rouse un. Yet I turned to t' warm un. I mus' keep the life in him, whatever an' all, thinks I, till his gran'pa get back. An' I cuffed un an' teased un until his temper was hot, poor lad, an' he fought me in a passion—stumblin' at me, hampered by his frozen clothes, an' strikin' at me with his stiff arms an' icy fists.

Jonathan come then.

"I can't find no dead men," says he. 'Twas hard for un t' breast the wind. He was gaspin' with haste an' fear. "I've hunted," says he, "an' I can't find no dead men."

"They're lyin' thick hereabouts."

"They're all covered up. I can't find un."

"Did you kick the drifts?"

"We've strayed wide," says he. "I can't find no dead men. An' I can't walk well no more."

"Take the lad," says I. "I'll try my hand."

Toby was lyin' down. Jonathan cotched him up from the ice an' held un in his arms.

"Quick!" says he. "He've fell asleep. Ah, he's freezin'!"

'Twas comin' dark fast. No time t' waste in the gale that was blowin'. The frost was puttin' Toby t' sleep. I sped. I searched the drifts like a dog for a dead man. An' soon I had luck. I found Long Jerry Cuff, o' Providence Arm—a chunk o' ice, poor man!—lyin' in a cuddle, arms folded an' knees drawed up, like a child snuggled in bed. He had been in the water, soaked t' the skin, an' he was solid an' useless. An' then I come on a face an' a fur cap in a drift o' snow. 'Twas poor George Hunt, o' Bullet Bight, him that I had sailed with, in fishin' weather, t' Thumb-an'-Finger o' the Labrador. He was lyin' flat on his back, with his arms flung out an' his legs spread. An' he was froze fast t' the floe. I couldn't budge un. No. I cotched un by the head an' lifted—he was stiff as a plank; an' I failed. An' I took un by the foot an' pried a leg loose—an' ripped at it with all my might; an' I failed. Solid as stone! They must all be solid like that. An' then I knowed that 'twas no use t' try no more—that we couldn't strip the clothes from a dead man an we had a dead man t' strip.

An' then I went disconsolate t' Jonathan.

"Couldn't you find none?" says he.

"No," says I. "How's the lad?"

Toby was on his feet.

"I'm all right," says he. "Isn't I doin' pretty well for me, gran'pa?"

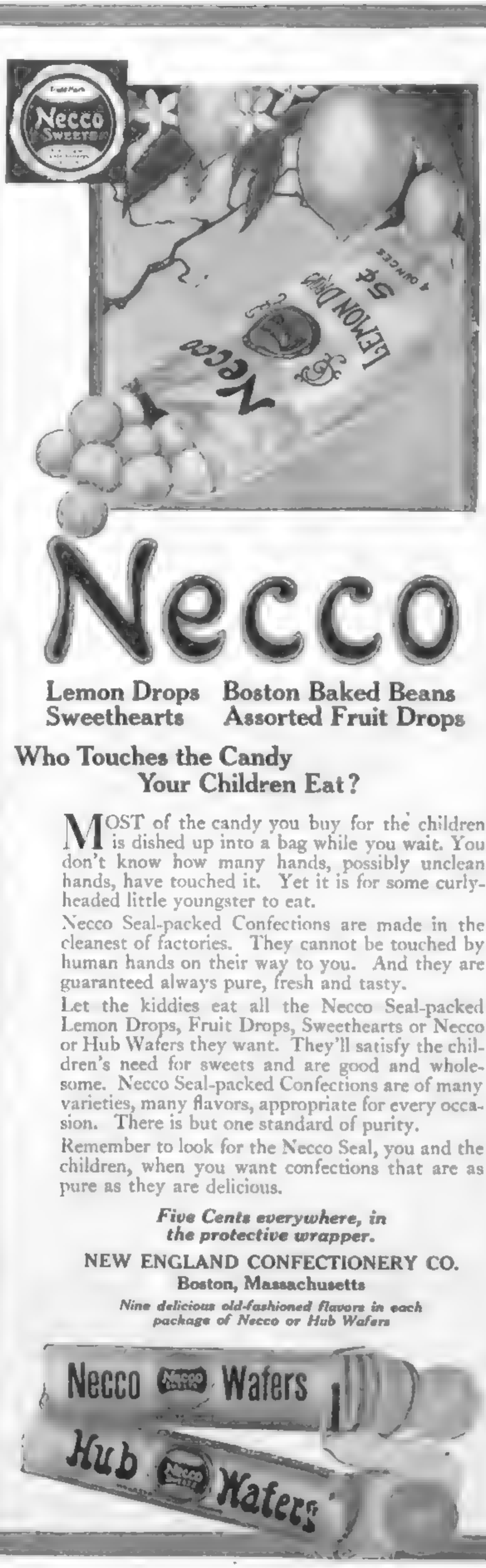
"You is!"

I took Jonathan aside. He was at ease. I marveled. 'Twas queer.

"I've warmed un up again," says he.

"Too bad!" says I. "He've got t' die."

"No," says Jonathan. "I've a shot in the locker, Tumm. I've found a way.



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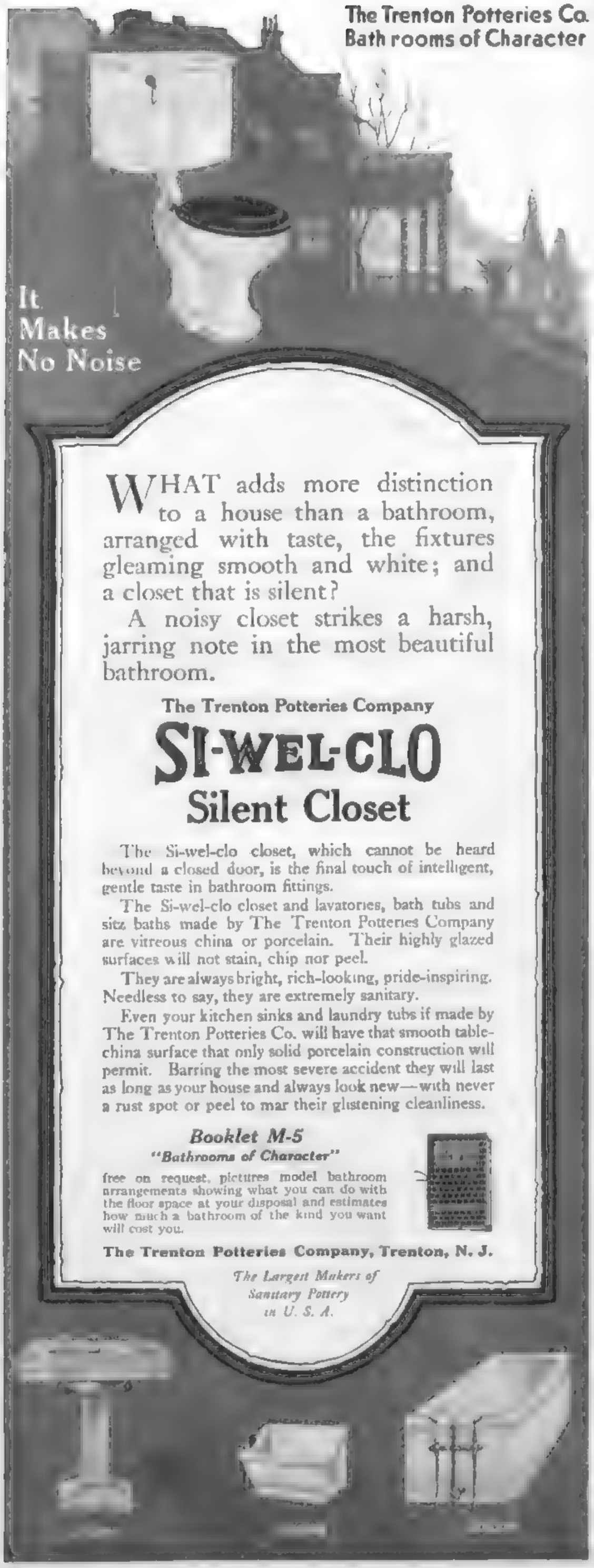

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Booklet M-5
"Bathrooms of Character"

free on request, pictures model bathroom arrangements showing what you can do with the floor space at your disposal and estimates how much a bathroom of the kind you want will cost you.

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Heed me, Tumm. An' mark well what I says. I 'low a dead man's clothes would be cold an' damp anyhow. The lad needs a shift o' warm clothes. An' I'm warm, Tumm. An' my underclothes is dry. I been warm an' dry all day long, an' wonderful strong an' wakeful, too, with the fear o' losin' Toby. I'll jus' go away a little piece an' lie down an' die. I'm tired an' dull. It won't take long. An' you'll strip me, Tumm, while I'm still warm."

"It might do," says I.

"'Tis the only sensible thing t' do."

"Nothin' else t' do?"

"No; nothin' else t' do that I can think of right now."

I couldn't think o' nothin' else t' do.

"'Tis hard for you, Jonathan," says I.

"Oh, no!" says he. "I don't mind."

"Then make haste," says I.

"Don't waste no heat," says he. "Fetch Toby alongside jus' as soon as I'm gone an' strip me afore I'm cold."

"Ay," says I. "That's a good idea."

"An' you keep Toby alive somehow, Tumm," says he, "God help you!"

"I will."

Jonathan moved away.

"Watch where I goes," says he. "Don't lose me. I won't be far."

An' then Toby:

"Where you goin', gran'pa?" says he.

Jonathan stopped dead. He turned. An' he made back toward Toby. An' then he stopped dead again.

"I'm jus' goin' t' look for somethin'," says he.

"What you goin' t' look for?"

"I'm goin' t' find a shift o' warm clothes for you."

"A dead man, gran'pa?"

"Ay; a dead man."

"Don't be long," says Toby. "I'll miss you."

"I'm glad o' that," says Jonathan.

"You might get lost in the snow," says Toby. "Hurry up. I'll wait here."

"I'll be back jus' as quick as I'm able," says Jonathan. "You wait here, Toby, an' mind Mister Tumm, won't you, while I'm gone?"

"Ay, sir. An' I'll keep movin' jus' the same as if you was here. Hurry up."

By an' by, when I thought 'twas time, I went t' where Jonathan was lyin'.

"Is you dead?" says I.

"Not yet," says he. "Come back in a few minutes."

Pretty soon I went back.

"Is you dead?" says I

"Not yet," says he. "I'm makin' poor work of it."

An' I went once more.

"Is you dead?"

"I'm goin' fast."

An' yet again.

"Is you dead?"

An' he was dead.

'Twas worth doin'. It saved Toby Farr alive from that gale. 'Twas no easy thing t' clothe un anew in the wind—him weepin' for his dead gran'pa an' wantin' t' lie down an' die by his side. Newf'un'land-born, an' used t' weather, he lived through the night.

An' when Cap'n Saul gathered the dead from the ice in the quiet weather o' the nex' mornin' the lad was carried aboard an' stowed away, frostbit in a sad way, yet bound t' hang on t' life. He said never a word about his gran'pa then. Nor did he weep any more. Nor did he ask me any questions. But he brooded. An' I wondered what he was thinkin' so deep about.

An' then we put into port—flag at half-mast an' a hundred an' twenty-one men piled for'ard like cordwood. An' Toby Farr come on deck, clad in his gran'pa's clothes, an' watched the dead go ashore until his gran'pa went by, wrapped in a union jack.

"Mister Tumm!" says he.

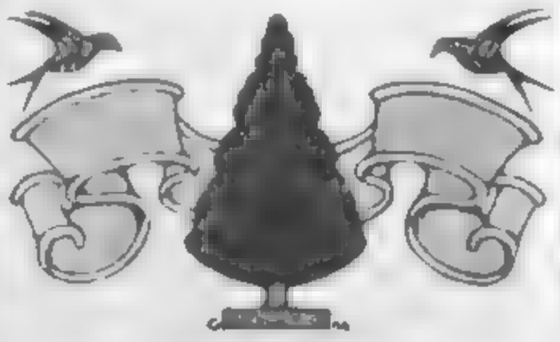
"Ay, Toby?"

"Did my gran'pa gimme his clothes?"

"He did."

"I'll be worthy!" says he.

An' he've growed up since then. An' he is worthy.



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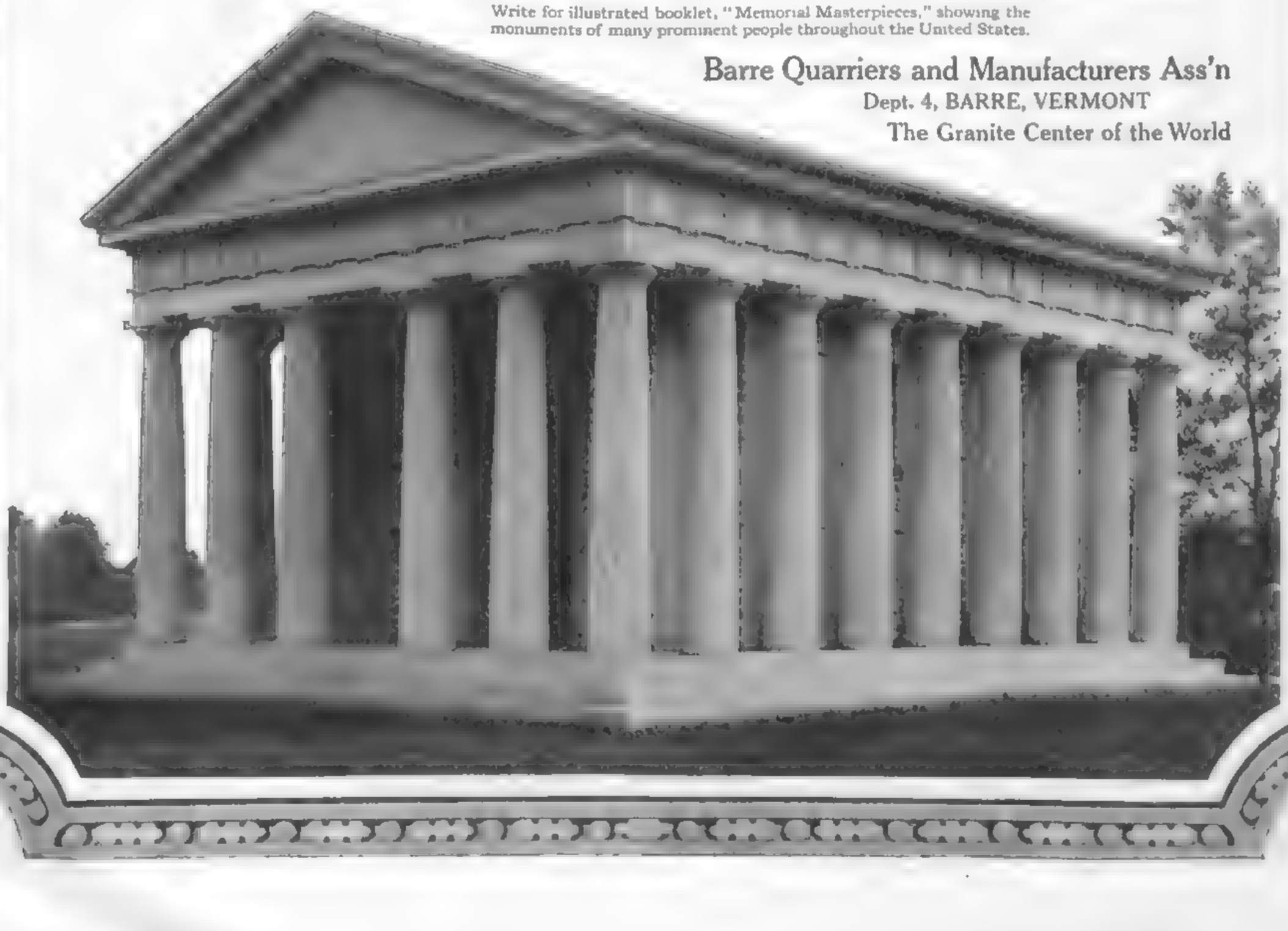

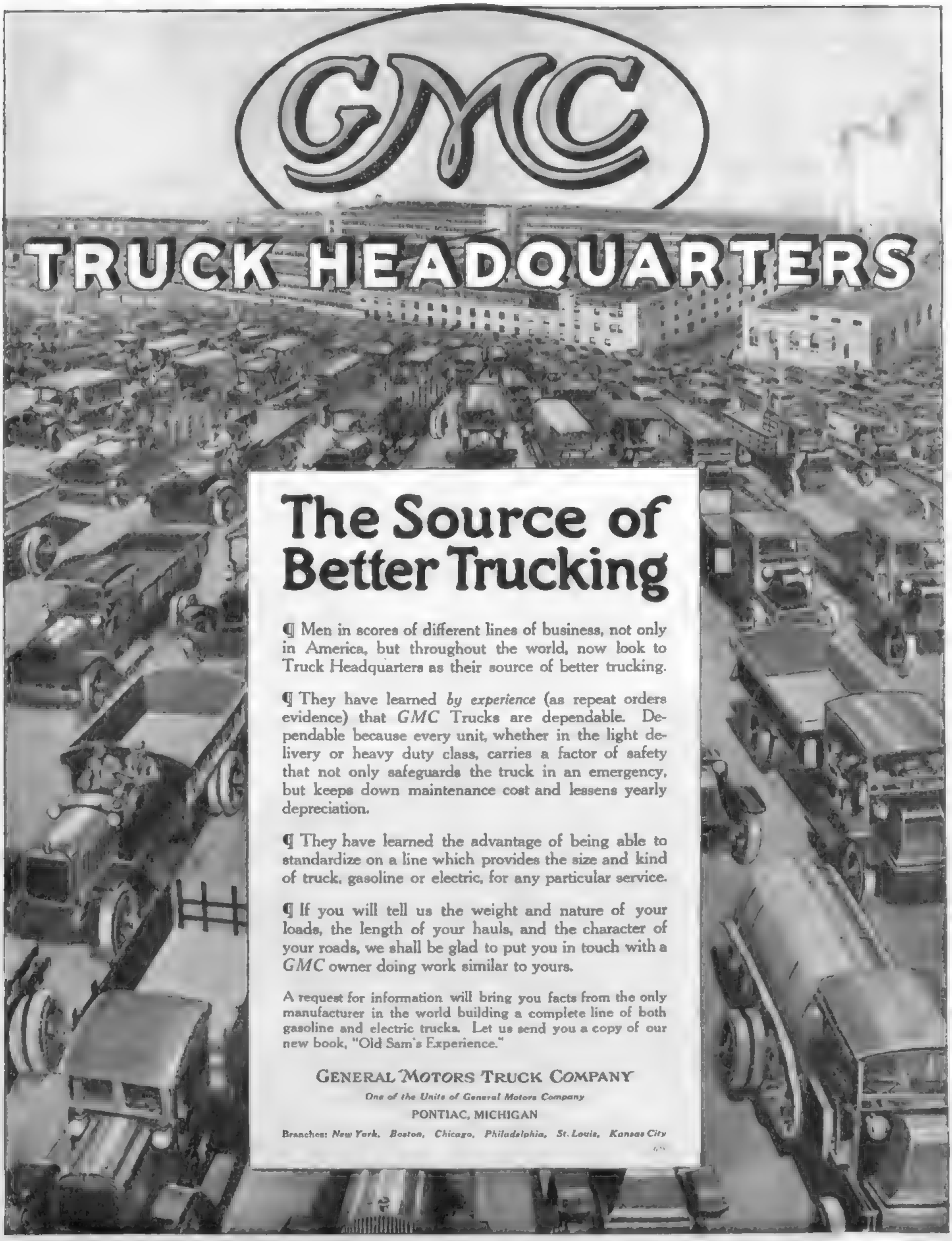

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"UNACCUSTOMED AS I AM—"

(Concluded from Page 5

and Canadians and Serbians and Australians and New Zealanders and Montenegrins and Algerians and Boers and South Africans and Americans—yes, quite a few Americans—and Celts and Slavs and Walloons, and various other allied branches of the Anglo-Saxon breed. But I didn't

I waited until he lowered his guard for a precious moment, and then I wrested myself free and fled, leaving him still rendering a favorite selection of airs on his Anglo-Saxophone.

Aside from the fact that I didn't have a single trick of the trained lecturer in my toolchest, we offered to the public only one small departure from the regulation lecture. When I and the ice-water pitcher had arrived simultaneously at a state of practical emptiness I would invite questions from the house touching on any angle of the war that I might or might not have mentioned in the mutual endurance trial then drawing to its close; provided, however, that I should answer only if I knew something of the subject, and that the reply must not make me violate my own neutrality. And, finally, that thereafter the affair should not eventuate in a joint debate between the speaker and the gentleman or the lady who had asked the question.

In one populous New England city I had concluded, as usual, with a short plea for national preparedness on the part of our own country, and then I invited questions. On the instant up there rose, from where he sat in the front row of the first balcony, an elderly, excited, whiskered gentleman of an exclusively Hibernian aspect, and, before he spoke, he shook in my direction a large, freckled fist, with what looked like hostile intent.

The house manager, who sat in a stage box, leaned forward.

"Now you'll catch it!" he said in a half whisper. "That's the official Fenian of this town."

The whiskered party opened his lips then and spoke in a rich voice:

"If so be it wasn't fur th' Atlantic Ocean bechune us an' him, Jawnny Bull—blank-blank him!—would be comin' over here wid his blanketty-blanked sojers in red chutes an' killin' us in our beds; an' thot's no lie, ayther!"

And he blanketty-blanked J. Bull some more

Nobody hissed and a good many laughed. I guess they all knew the speaker by past experiences. Besides, what he said was not said with curses if you get what I mean. He used profanity, but he was not profane. He didn't swear—it was merely his way of expressing a sincere conviction.

Fired the Wrong Tag

"But you haven't asked me a question," I said when the laughter had died down.

"Question!" he roared back at me. "I've no question to ast you, me boy. I'm wid you!"

And as I retired into the wings he was addressing all those present upon the subject of the Little Grane Isle in the Say and her wrongs.

When there had been an overabundance of questions and answers, or when it was time to go and catch a train, I would give a signal—this is another trade secret I am divulging now—and a confederate in the audience, who was usually a friend planted there for that purpose, or it might be an usher, would ask any of half a dozen set questions. Having answered it I would bow myself off and be on my way.

In a city on the Pacific Coast—the city of Los Angeles, to be exact—a certain fiend in human form—no, I take that back; it would be too great a compliment to him to call him a fiend in human form—a certain mammal—that's it, mammal—who professed to be my friend volunteered to fire the tag line at me.

"Fine and dandy!" I said. "When I lift my left hand to my coat lapel you stand up and say: 'Mr. Cobb, do you expect to return to the front?'"

"I get you!" he said.

But I took no chances with a creature of a feeble and halting mentality. I drilled him until he appeared to be letter-perfect in rehearsal.

At a suitable hour that evening, before a crowd of nearly eighteen hundred kindly Californians, I gave him the cue. And at that the low wretch rose in the middle of the parquet, where he sat with a crew of his debased fellow conspirators, and in a clarion voice hurled at me this

"Say, where do you go from here?"

The name of this depraved scoundrel is Charles E. Van Loan.

At a somewhat earlier date, in a city near the Eastern seaboard, I saw in an afternoon audience an individual who had all the earmarks of being a trouble hunter. In almost the same moment that I came out and made my little bow I discovered him, where he sat in a seat almost directly beneath me. He had a long neck, a long face, a long nose and long hair.

He fixed a baleful, glittering eye on me and held it focused there.

I could see that he didn't like me or my statements or the fit of my clothes or anything about me. And his unwinking glare held me as the eye of the cobra holds the helpless guinea pig.

In the afternoon séance he asked no questions; but when that night, at eight-fifteen, I found him back in his old place, I knew he was primed and aimed and loaded, and that I was his meat.

I got through with what I had to say and invited questions. Up he straightened he was well over six feet in height—and pointed an accusing finger that was like one section of a jointed fishing pole at me; and he demanded to know something or other—I forget now just what it was.

The Audience With the Speaker

His words were not particularly offensive, but his manner was—distinctly so; and so was the rasping tone of his voice. I didn't answer him; I didn't need to. The audience answered for me. They hissed and they booed him into silence; and some impetuous partisans of mine even went so far as to yell "Throw him out!"

And right there I found out something I never knew before; and that something was this:

The sympathy of an American audience ninety-nine times out of a hundred—is with the paid performer, no matter how poor or how feeble his efforts to entertain or instruct may be, provided only the audience believes he is doing his best to earn the money he gets.

The person who tries to embarrass or annoy him may be the most popular individual and the most powerful and the most respected and the most feared in the community; the interruption may be crafty and pertinent; the retort from the speaker may be lame and halting and ineffectual—but, just the same, the sentiments of the crowd will be with the stranger and against their fellow townsman

To my own satisfaction I have analyzed the psychology of this. I believe it is based on the realization that the lecturer, or whatever he may be, is all alone on the stage, a plain and easy target for chance shots, with nothing to hide behind from sudden attacks except his own shirt front; whereas his opponent takes advantage of the fact that he is on home ground, among home people.

In other words, I believe it is based on the American spirit of fair play, of tolerance for the under dog so long as the under dog shows an inclination to bite back.

I like the kindliness of the average American audience for an amateur lecturer. There are a lot of other things about being an amateur lecturer that I like. I may try it again sometime.

For further announcements, see daily papers and small bills. Posters of the lecturer given to deserving and appreciative persons upon application. Accept no substitutes—but then there isn't much danger of that after you've seen the original.

—but the other match wasn't out!

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YOU can make your roof a distinctive *ornament* to the house. Without increasing the cost you can add $1000 in appearances to your entire home. Asphalt Shingles will do this. They will make a beautifully colored roofing of striking individuality.

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are made in many shades such as soft reds, greens, grays, browns and black. Their cost is the cost of an ordinary roof. But their long life, their beauty and their weather-tight qualities make them an *extraordinary* roofing.

Our Booklet Will Help you Build Better

Write for free copy of booklet "The Roof Distinctive," which is full of hints and helps for home builders. It will show you greater efficiency and economy in building a home.

Ask your Architect, Contractor, Lumber Dealer or Builder's Supply Man about Asphalt Shingles.

Asphalt Shingle Publicity Bureau
857 Marquette Bldg. CHICAGO

GOOD FOR THE SOUL

(Continued from Page 23)

Nights after supper I'd write a long letter to the future Missus and then I and Boyle'd set up in the room and wish we was somewheres else. Once or twice old Grant called on us and raved about our chances to win the pennant.

"If you boys finish on top," he says, "and if the European war's over by that time, I might give you all a trip acrost the pond next fall."

When he'd went out and left us after spillin' that great piece o' news, we was as excited as a couple o' draft horses.

"I wonder what they soak a man for a steamer trunk," says Jimmy. "It'd be a grand honeymoon for you," he says. "The lady'll love you better'n ever when she knows you're goin' to take her to see the Tower o' London and the Plaster o' Paris."

"I hope," says I, "that they'll be sure and have all the dead removed before we get there."

"We'll be right to home in the trenches after practicin' all spring on these grounds," says Jimmy.

Well, the time went by one way and another and the happiest day o' my life, bar one, was when us Wellfeds clumb aboard a rattler headed north. Our trainin' season was over and we was in every bit as good shape as if we'd just left the operatin' table. Our team was picked and they was ball players in every position except two, but Carmody and Wade was the only ones in the lot that was playin' where they belonged. The two kids that acted like they had a little ability was in the outfield with me. Jimmy Boyle'd been tried at second base and third base, but he was lost both places, so they'd stuck him on first and shifted Hi Boles, a first sacker, to third. Red Fulton, another catcher, was pretendin' to play second base. Carmody was at shortstop and it looked like Charley Wade was elected to catch whenever it didn't rain. That was the club that was goin' to take the pennant by su'prise and spend the winter in Monte Carlo.

But I was too happy over leavin' Dixie Springs to be worryin' about how rotten we looked.

"Lord!" I says to Charley Wade, "I guess it won't seem great to be in a real town!"

"I don't know," he says. "I'm afraid I'll be nervous when I get where they's people."

III

THEY wasn't enough people in the park the day we opened to bother Charley Wade or anybody else. Old Grant had made such a success o' keepin' us a secret that only about eight hundred knowed we was goin' to perform; anyway, that's all that come out to watch us, and in his great, big new stands, they looked like a dozen fleas on a flat car.

It was a crime, too, that we didn't have a crowd, because we win the ball game. The records will show that; you don't have to take my word. The Old Boy had predicted a su'prise and his prophecy come true. And the ones that was most su'prised was us and the fellas we beat.

When that Buffalo bunch first come out and seen our line-up in battin' practice, they laughed themself hoarse. But they didn't do no laughin' after the game started and they got a sample o' Steele's stuff. The weather was twice as cold as any we'd ran into down South, but it didn't seem to make no difference to him. He was lightnin' fast and steady as Matty. He didn't give 'em one real chance to score.

We trimmed 'em two to nothin' and I drove in the both of our runs. Along with that I was lucky enough to make quite a catch o' the only ball they hit hard off o' Steele.

When we got in the clubhouse afterwards, Mr. Grant was there, actually cryin' for joy. He throwed his arms round Steele and was goin' to do the same to me, but I backed off and told him I was engaged.

O' course they was reporters lookin' us over this time and the next mornin' the population was informed that Grant and Carmody'd made quite a ball club out of a bunch of misfits. So when she started that afternoon, the stands was pretty near filled.

Our whole pitchin' staff, except Steele, was in there at one time or another. The Buffalo club hadn't been able to hit Steele.

(Continued on Page 81)

VITALIC TIRES TRADE MARK
For Bicycles

I am a postal telegraph messenger in the Peoria post office. I have used a Vitalic tire on my rear wheel for fourteen months, giving it the very hardest kind of use. For the last three months I have ridden 1,811 miles. The tread of the tire is hardly worn at all.
Harry A. Cornelius

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After 14 Months of hardest service, the Vitalic tread shows hardly any wear

—simply because it is made of *purest quality para rubber* instead of the cheap grades of rubber put into ordinary tire treads. For this reason it holds its soft, resilient, lively texture and is nowhere as lifeless, lower grade rubber mixtures put in even the *best* of other tires. And to further insure an extra *thick* tread, the Vitalic is [illegible] heavier than the [illegible]

The same difference in quality holds good all the way through the tire. Under the Vitalic tread there are two plies of genuine *motorcycle* fabric, not just ordinary thin bicycle fabric such as is put into ordinary tires. The inner tube and friction are *pure rubber*— [illegible] Vitalics outwear ordinary tires *more than two to one* at less total cost—and with less tire trouble.

Write for folder "From Boston to San Francisco on one set of Tires." Told by the man who rode the bicycle.

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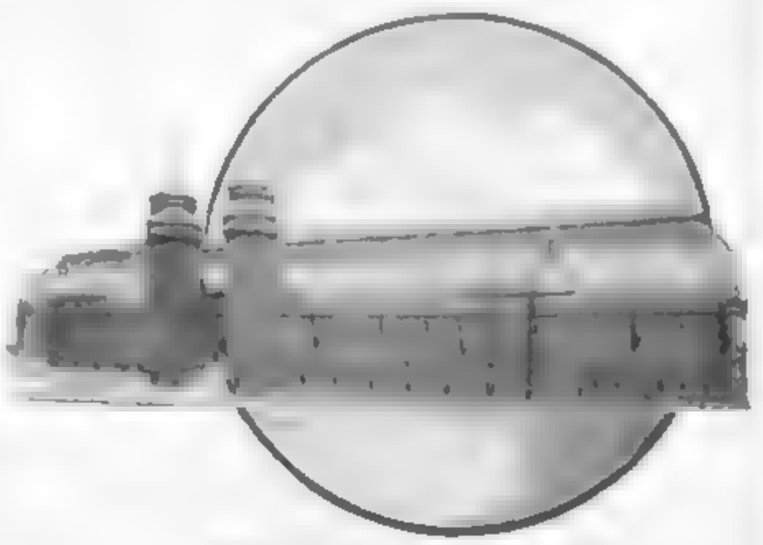
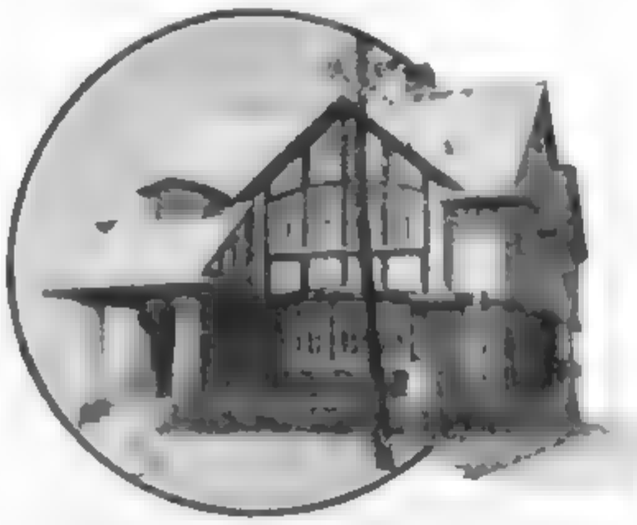


Eighth Coast Defense Armory, N. G. N. J.
Palmer & Tachau, Architects



Residence of O. J. Olsen, Wauwatosa, Wis.
Architect, C. C. Hosmer, Milwaukee, Wis.

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These shingles are made from two fire-proof and indestructible materials—Asbestos and Portland Cement. They outlast the building, afford positive fire and weather protection with the base rate of insurance, all at a cost little more than ordinary fire-inviting wood shingles. Lighter and less expensive than tile or slate and supplied in a variety of shapes, sizes and colors to meet every requirement of the home builder. Easily laid by your carpenter, roofer or slater.

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—*why,* it is today smoked throughout the civilized world;

—*why,* it can't bite your tongue;

—*why,* it can't parch your throat—

All that is answered by the little *message-to-you* on the reverse side of every Prince Albert toppy red bag, tidy red tin and humidor, which reads:—

"PROCESS PATENTED
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So, let's sort of get acquainted, and chat-up a bit like this:—

PRINCE ALBERT

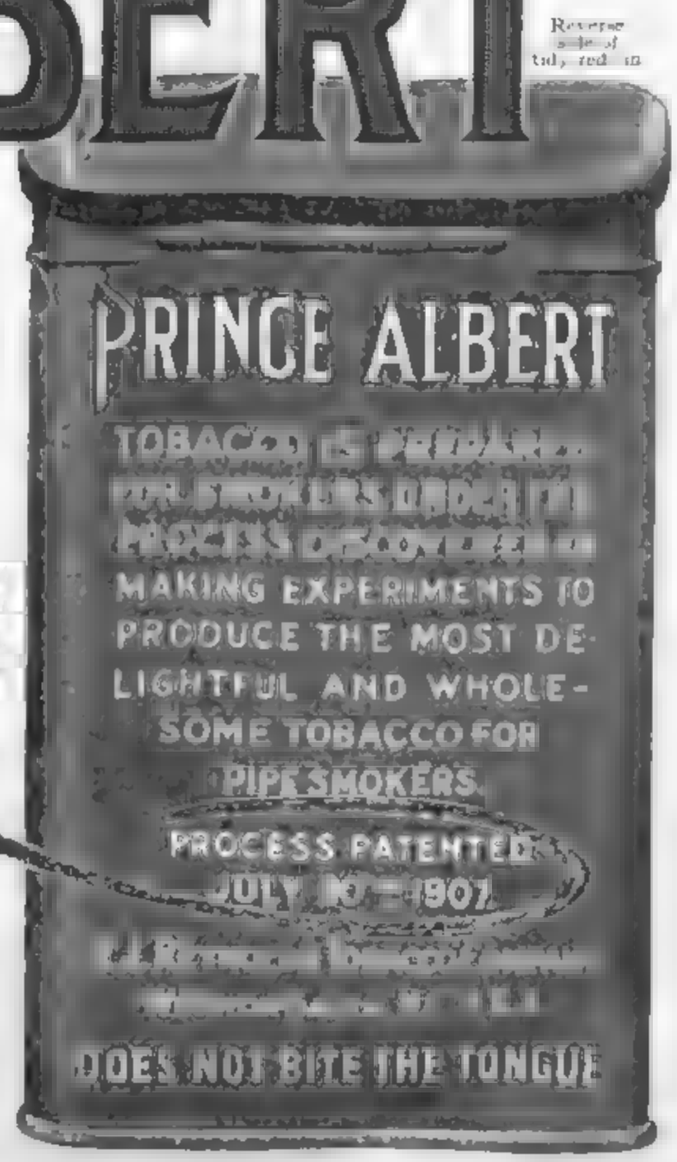
the national joy smoke

swings on your smokeappetite as though it was tuned to fit *your* tongue and taste! Makes you pass-up-a-pipe-grouch, or forget you ever had tobacco troubles of your own, it's so cheerful and chummy; and so cool and refreshingly good and satisfying!

YOU'LL find a cheery howdy-do on tap no matter how much of a stranger you are in the neck of the woods you drop into For, Prince Albert is right there — at the first place you pass that sells tobacco! The flash of the P. A. tidy red tin is the pass-word of the army of smokers all over the world! The toppy red bag sells for a nickel and the tidy red tin for a dime; then, there's the handsome pound and half-pound tin humidors and the pound crystal glass humidor with sponge moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such bang-up trim all-the-time!

You'll get mighty friendly with Prince Albert because it can't bite your tongue or parch your throat! And you'll get a wireless *inside* hunch that P. A. opens up the a. m. wide and sunny, and helps close up the night in peace and content! And it keeps things top-notch-prime all-the-day-long!

For, men, no matter how or when or where you land on Prince Albert, it just sings its way into your system and makes you so all-fired-smoke-hungry-all-the-time you realize you've hit the fountain of perpetual jimmypipejoy! *The patented process fixes that!*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PROCESS PATENTED
DOES NOT BITE THE TONGUE

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

(Continued from Page 78)

They didn't have to hit these other babies. I don't know how many bases on balls was gave, but I bet it was a world's record. Charley Wade, back o' the bat, did more shaggin' than all the outfielders. When Buffalo was battin' the umps could of left his right arm in the checkroom. Fourteen to nothin' it wound up and they was no spoonin' in the clubhouse after the game.

Steele was beat his next time out, but win his third start. And one o' the cockeys come acrost with a win in the second series, gettin' some valuable help from an umpire that'd been let out o' the Association for bein' stone blind. I think altogether we copped four games in April. Along the last part o' May or the first o' June we grabbed two in succession, but the streak was broke up when Jimmy dropped three pegs in the eighth and ninth innin's o' the third game.

Durin' the home series in May, four or five hundred people that was fond o' low comedy come out every afternoon to get our stuff. But we pulled the same gags so often that they quit us after a w'ile. We went round the western half o' the circuit in June and our split o' the gate wouldn't of tipped the porters. Then we come home again and was welcomed by thirty-seven paid admissions, five ushers and two newspaper men.

The Old Boy cut the price to a dime for the bleachers. The ticket takers slept peaceful all afternoon. Then he hired a band to give a concert every day, so for a w'ile we was sure of an attendance o' thirty, except when the piccolo player got piccoloed.

When August come I was leadin' the league in hittin' and Mr. Grant thought I was the most valuable man he had. He overlooked a few things about my record that would of wised up any real baseball man. For instance, though I was battin' .420, my total o' stolen bases was three, and all three o' them was steals o' second that'd been made in double steals with Hi Boles goin' from second to third. And I didn't only have about ten extra base hits, o' which five was home run drives out o' the park. In other words, I wasn't doin' no more runnin' than I had to, and I didn't try to get nowheres where they was a chance that I'd have to slide. And under this kind o' treatment, Mr. Leggo had held up good. I'd felt him wabble two different times when I was chasin' fly balls, but he'd popped back into place without me even coaxin' him.

Then, in the middle of August, everything happened at once. Charley Wade broke an ankle, Carmody's right arm went dead, and the girl had a brawl with Aunt Julia.

We was in Indianapolis. We'd just got through carryin' Charley into the clubhouse when a boy come down to the bench and handed me a telegram. It says I was to come at once; she must see me.

"Carmody," I says, "I got to run down to Dayton to-night."

"What for?" he says.

"Somebody wants me," I told him.

"Not as bad as I do," he says.

"Well," says I, "it's somebody that makes more difference than you do."

"I'll talk to you after the game," he says.

It was our last bats and it didn't take 'em long to get us out.

"Now," says Carmody, "you can go to Dayton to-night if you'll promise to be back in time to play to-morrow."

"I can't make no promise," I says.

"Then you can't go," says Carmody.

"What's the matter with you?" I says. "Can't you stick a pitcher or one o' them kids in right field for one day?"

"You ain't goin' to play right field no more," he says.

"I ain't goin' to play nowheres else," says I. "Do you think I'm goin' to catch in Charley's place?"

"No," he says. "I'm goin' to put Boyle back there."

"And me go to first?" I says.

"No," says Carmody. "I'm goin' there myself and you're goin' to take my place at shortstop."

"You're maudlin," I says. "I signed a contract to play right field and that's where I'm goin' to stick. I'm awkward enough out there; I'd be a holy show on the infield. Besides, you never played first base in your life and one o' the pitchers or that big Griffin kid could do as good as you. What's the use o' breakin' up your whole combination just because one fella's hurt?"

"We couldn't make no change that'd be for the worse," says Carmody. "But I'll come clean with you and tell you where I'm at. I'm gettin' $1800 a month for this job. But my contract says I got to play the whole season out or he can cut $2500 off'n my year's salary."

"Well," I says, "what's the difference if you play first base or stay where you're at?"

"I can't stay where I'm at," he says. "My souper's deader'n that place we trained. She quit on me in the seventh innin' to-day. I couldn't stand on the foul line and throw to fair ground."

"You hurt it in action, didn't you?" I says.

"Yes, but he's sore at me," says Carmody, "on account of our swell showin'. And the way my contract reads, he could keep my dough if he wanted to."

"But you'll have to throw when you're playin' first base," says I.

"No, I won't," he says. "You watch me and see. If I've got the ball and they's a play to make anywheres, you'll see the old pill slip right out o' my hand and lay there on the ground."

"But I don't see why you should pick on me," I says. "Boles or Red Fulton or one o' them kids could do a whole lot better job o' shortstoppin' than me."

"Boles and Fulton is bad enough where they're at," he says, "without wishin' a new bunch o' trouble on 'em. You've played there and you'd know what you was doin' even if you couldn't stoop over or cover no ground. Besides," he says, "old Grant wants you to tackle it."

"When was you talkin' to him?" I says. "You ain't seen him since Charley got hurt and your arm went."

"That's more secrets," says Carmody. "Between you and I, my arm's been bad a long w'ile and I had the hunch it was goin' to do just what it done. So I told him a little story a couple o' weeks ago. I told him I wasn't satisfied with the way Boyle was playin' first base and I told him I was a pretty good first sacker myself and thought I'd move over there. So he ast me who'd play shortstop and I told him you'd make the best man and he says he thought so, too, but your contract read that you'd only play right field. So I told him maybe he could coax you to switch."

"It must be hard for you to shave with all that cheek," I says. "You can go and tell him now that you ast me would I play shortstop and I told you No, I wouldn't. So that's settled, and now I'm goin' to catch a train. If I can get back to-morrow I will. And if I do get back, I'll be in right field."

I left him bawlin' me out, but I knowed he couldn't do nothin' to me. I had as much on him as he had on me.

I run into a flood in Dayton, but it was salt water this time. The girl cried for two hours after I got there and couldn't quit long enough to tell me what it was about. I finally made like I was goin' away disgusted. Then she come through.

They wasn't goin' to be no $2500 from Aunt Julia. Aunt Julia'd fell in love with a G. A. R. that hadn't did nothin' since '65 but celebrate his team's victory. So Ethel, instead o' usin' her head, lost it, and ast Aunt Julia what she meant by tyin' up with a bird twenty years older than herself that hadn't shaved since Grant took Richmond. So they broke up in a riot and all bets was off.

"Well," I says, "maybe she'll get over it."

"No, she won't," says Ethel, "and even if she did, I wouldn't take her old money."

"Any high-class bank would give you new money for it," I says.

"It ain't no time for jokin'," she says. "Everything's all over. We can't get married this year; maybe not for ten years; maybe never."

"I don't have to pay all them debts right away," I says. "I can hold out $2500 and give it to Paul. The boys have waited this long for their dough; I guess they can wait a w'ile longer."

"You know what I've told you," she says. "We won't be married one minute before you're out o' debt."

"Well," I says, "it looks like they was no hurry about gettin' a license. They ain't goin' to be no post-season money for us guys."

"We'll just have to wait then," says the girl. "You'll have to save every cent o' your next year's pay."

"They ain't goin' to be no next year's pay," says I. "This league'll be past history in another season. And I couldn't carry bats anywheres else."

The more we talked the bluer things looked and I guess I'd of been cryin' myself

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"The Upson Board went up so easily over the old plaster that I could have done it myself. It took the carpenter a third of the time of plastering. And there was no litter and dirt for my wife to clean up afterwards.

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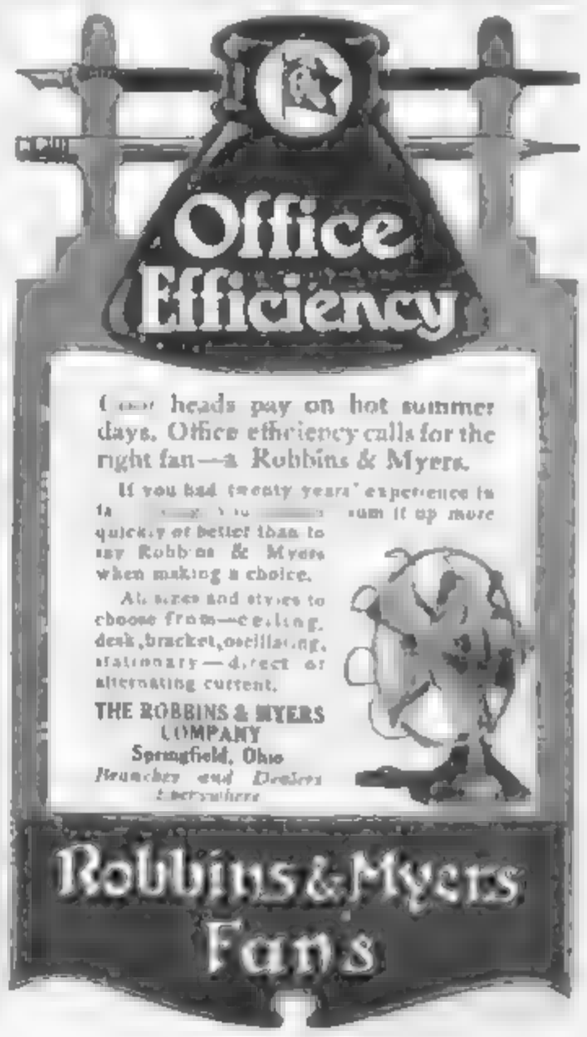
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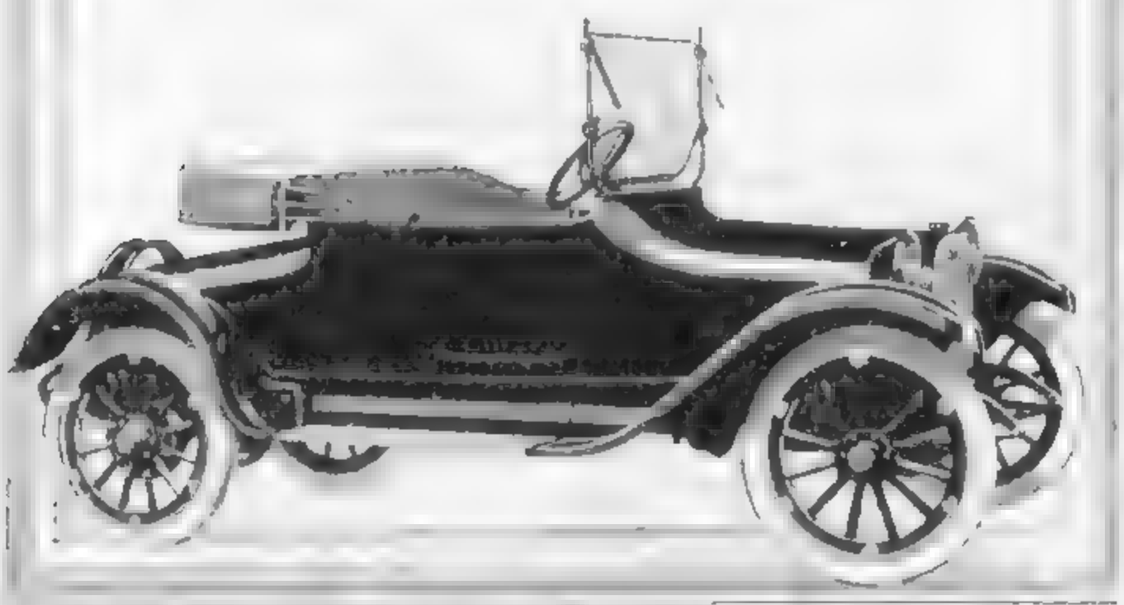

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It wears
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in another minute if the big idear hadn't came to me

"Wait a minute!" I says. "They's a chance that we can get out o' this all right."

"What's the dope?" she ast me.

But I wouldn't tell her; it wasn't clear in my own mind yet and I didn't want to say nothin' till I'd schemed it out.

"I'm goin' right back, back, back to Indiana," I says. "You'll get a wire from me to-morrow night. Maybe it'll be good news and maybe it won't. But you'll know pretty near as soon as I do."

I was up in Carmody's room at seven o'clock the next mornin'. I ast him if he'd said anything to Mr. Grant about me refusin' to play shortstop.

"No," he says. "I was hopin' you'd change your mind."

"Maybe I will," I says, "but not without he coaxes me."

Carmody didn't ask me what I was gettin' at. He dressed and went downstairs to find the Old Boy. And at half-past eight, in the dinin' room, the coaxin' commenced.

"Warner," says Mr. Grant, "Carmody's thinkin' about makin' a few changes in the team."

"Is that so?" I says. "What are they?"

"Well," he says, "he ain't satisfied with the way Boyle plays first base. And besides, now that Wade's hurt, he thinks Boyle should ought to go back and catch again. And he wants to try first base himself. So that would leave shortstop open."

"Maybe you could get a hold o' some semi-pro shortstopper," I says.

"I don't want none," he says. "I want a man that's had big league experience. I believe that with Carmody on first base and a good man at shortstop we could finish seventh yet. What do you think?"

"Very likely," I says, knowin' that they wasn't a chance in the world.

"I'd give a good deal to pull out o' last place," says he.

"Well," I says, "I'll see if I can't think o' some good shortstop that ain't tied up."

"You don't have to try and think o' one," says Mr. Grant. "I've got one in mind."

"Who's that?" I says.

"Yourself," he says. I pretended like I was too su'prised to speak.

"You can play the position, can't you?" he ast.

"Sure," says I. "That's where I was born and brought up."

"Well, then," he says, rubbin' his hands.

"Well, nothin'," I says. "I'm signed as a right fielder."

"We could make a new contract," he says.

"But listen, Mr. Grant," I says. "W'ile I know shortstop like a book, I don't want to play it. It's too hard. It keeps a man thinkin' and workin' every minute. One season at shortstop is pretty near as wearin' as two in the outfield. That's why I insisted on right field. I wanted to take things a little easier this year. That's why I was willin' to sign with you for $5000."

"What would you of wanted to play short?" he ast me.

"Oh," I says, "I wouldn't of thought of it for less than $9000."

He didn't say nothin' for a minute; a good long minute too. Finally he says:

"Well, Warner, they's only about six more weeks to go. But I'm wild to get out o' last place and I'll spend some money to do it, though spendin' money has been my chief business all season. I want to be fair with you, so if you'll finish out the season at shortstop I'll give you $2500 extra."

This time it was me that wanted to hug him. But I played safe. I considered and considered and considered and finally I give in.

"I'll do it, Mr. Grant," I says. "As a favor to you, I'll do it."

Out in the lobby Carmody was waitin' for me.

"It's fixed," I says. "He's a pretty good coaxer."

"What did you get?" he ast me.

"A November weddin'," says I.

I'd promised to wire Ethel by night, but the thing had been pulled a whole lot quicker'n I'd hoped for. I run right from Carmody to the telegraph office.

"All fixed," I says in my message. "I got $2500 extra."

At lunch time her answer come back:

"Good old boy. Did you hold somebody up?"

Well, sir, believe me or not, I hadn't thought of it that way before. But when I read her wire I had to admit to myself that she'd pretty near called the turn.

The less said about them last six weeks the better. I don't know how many games we was beat, but five was what we win. I felt worst about poor Steele. There he was, workin' his head off two to four games a week, worth four times as much as all the rest of us together, and drawin' a salary o' $400 a month. He's with a real club this year and you watch him go!

They'll always be a question in my mind about which was the biggest flivver, me at shortstop or Carmody at first base. I covered just as much ground as was under my shoes and if a ground ball didn't hop up waist high when it come to me, it kept right on travelin'.

I didn't take many plays at second base for the fear I'd get slid into. If I tagged anybody it was because they stuck out their hand and insisted on it. And I was so nervous all the w'ile that I couldn't hardly foul one up at that plate.

Carmody's dead arm wasn't half his troubles. Findin' first base with his feet was what bothered him most. Everybody in the league was ridin' him.

"Tie a bell on the bag!" they'd holler. "Look out! You'll spike yourself! Get a compass! Who hid first base?"

It was lucky for me that the Old Boy's box was on the first base side and that he couldn't see far. He could take in a lot more o' Carmody's fox trottin' than he could o' my still life posin'. He knowed, though, that I wasn't a howlin' success as a shortstopper. When he give me my extra money, he says:

"Warner, you didn't come up to my expectations."

"Mr. Grant," I says, "playin' that outfield spoiled me for an infield job. I won't never tackle it again."

And for once I was tellin' him the truth.

I ast him what his plans was for another season.

"I ain't only got the one plan," he says. "That's to get out o' baseball."

"Well," I says, "I hope you can find somebody to buy the club."

"I ain't goin' to sell it," he says. "The next man that does me a dirty trick, I'm goin' to give it to him."

IV

WELL, sir, I paid my debts first and then I sent the girl's brother a check for my share o' the dandy little garage. The marriage nuptials come off on schedule and I guess we wasn't su'prised when Aunt Julia showed up with a forgivin' smile and a check for $2500.

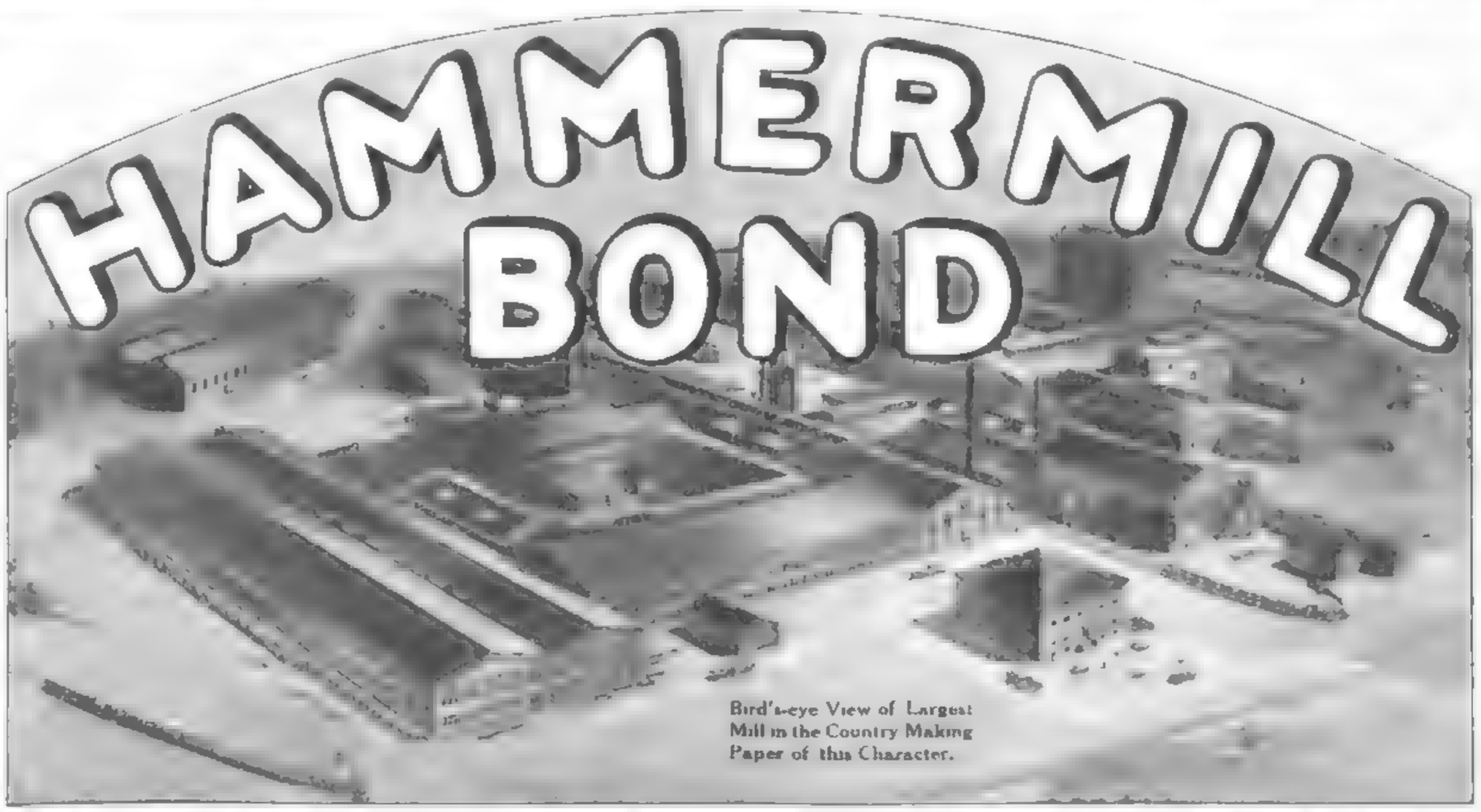
"You can't tell if it's old money or not," I says to Ethel.

"I guess we'll keep it anyway," she says.

"Maybe," I says, "I'll send it back to old Grant."

"Maybe you won't too," says she. "This money happens to belong to me and I never pretended I could play shortstop."

I feel better now that's off'n my chest. I know it was wrong, but as Jimmy Boyle pointed out, if one fella didn't take it some other fella would. And I think I got a better excuse than anybody else. Come out to the house sometime and see for yourself.



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This Great Mill Is Now Making HAMMERMILL Bond Almost Exclusively, Thus Continuing To Give You Good Service

WITHIN a few years Hammermill Bond became the most widely used bond paper in the world. Under normal conditions it required a mammoth equipment to supply the demand, which averaged two and one-half million pounds a month. Then conditions became abnormal. For the last six months the demand for Hammermill Bond has increased by thousands and thousands of pounds. WHY? Because it is the "Utility Business Paper." Because there is no other bond paper equal to it in quality, in service, or with so big a line of colors, at anywhere near the price. Increasing business necessitates increased efficiency, and Hammermill Bond, as the most efficient paper for business use, is demanded in ever increasing quantities. It is our problem to meet that demand and still give you the best service. The object of this advertisement is to explain the situation to you and to assure you of an adequate supply of Hammermill Bond.

For years we have made a big tonnage of special papers, but now we have had to turn the whole resources of this enormous mill to making Hammermill Bond. Each agent is striving to keep up his stock; your printer is doing his utmost to get what you want. We, on our part, assure you of an adequate supply. We have the mill to make it. But we ask you to be a little patient with the printer, with our agent and with us.

While the demand for paper has increased, the supply of raw material has decreased. We make the pulp from which Hammermill Bond is made, but we must have chemicals to make that pulp, to bleach it and to color it. We use these chemicals in enormous quantities. All of them are hard to obtain, all of them have increased in price, some of them hundreds and even thousands per cent. When your printer tells you that the price of paper has advanced do not feel that he is making more profit. He asks you more because he pays more, and so does our agent, and so do we; vastly more than any of us ever paid before.

But still Hammermill Bond is the most economical paper for you to use. Still it saves you money compared with other papers. Still it gives you a quality unequaled at the price. And still we will give you service on Hammermill Bond, placing it before all other interests, keeping the agent and printer supplied at all costs. Besides the mammoth stock we carry at the mill there are eighty-five stocks in cities all over the country. Every stock must be kept up. If your printer cannot get just the item you want as promptly as usual remember he can get Hammermill Bond quicker than any other paper and that it will save you money to use it.

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57

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What One Name Can Mean

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Only Heinz specially grown tomatoes and the choicest spices are used. No benzoate of soda.

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Our own growing, picking and bottling insure the quality, cleanliness and flavor of these olives.

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Did you ever eat Spaghetti cooked in the right way—with cheese and tomato sauce—the way it is prepared in the best Italian restaurants—the way that has made spaghetti à l'italienne famous all over the world? An Italian chef showed us how. The result is

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with tomato sauce and cheese.

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All Heinz goods sold in Canada are made in Canada

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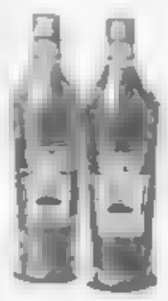
Real cream, Heinz famous tomatoes, the best spices and a well tried recipe.



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Only the first pressing of selected apples is used in making Heinz Cider Vinegar. We do not sell cider.

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We will pay for your vacation

"I often noticed your offers of spare time positions," writes Mr. Robert Crozier, of Pennsylvania. "More from curiosity than for any other reason, I answered one of them. I found the literature that you sent to me unexpectedly interesting, and I determined to give your spare time plan a trial.

"Although I am a busy man, with a steady job, I have found it easier to make money by your plan than in any other way I have tried. My spare time work for you pays me $2.00 an hour or over.

"Iamputtingallmyspare time profits into the bank at present, and expect to have enough to build a summer camp in which to spend my vacation."

We will pay the vacation expenses of thousands of young men and young women this summer.

We will also pay yours!

Agency Division, Box 112
The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square, Philadelphia

CAN THE HOTEL COME BACK?

(Continued from Page 15)

up through the kitchen staff before he began working his way up through the larger field of the general hotel staff. He knows the cuts of meats, the gradings in vegetables and fruits, the right flavor of good butter, and the correct specific gravity percentages of the various milks and creams for kitchen and restaurant use in his tavern. It all is a valuable knowledge.

Walk through his immaculate great kitchen with him—it is a liberal education in good housekeeping. Pass by the long and glowing range, the steam tables, with a steady babble of French going on between them, and come to the three dozen ice boxes, the great fuel bunkers for the hungry guests overhead. He throws open one after another of these in quick succession. In one there are the beef quarters, in another the lambs, in a third the pork. A fourth houses poultry, and the hotel man explains that all his chickens are bought by a definite weight standard, and that the standard is maintained. For instance, the broiling chickens are purchased at the rate of twenty-one pounds to the dozen.

"I do not propose to have a man come into my restaurant upstairs," explains the hotel keeper, "and have his half broiled chicken of one size to-day and of another when he comes back three months hence."

Here is system down to the *n*th degree. Early each morning when the day's work begins with the yardman—an interesting title, surviving from the days of the early tavern—starting the fires in the great range, the meat and the fish boxes should contain a certain standard supply of food. There should be ten sea bass, forty lobsters, twelve partridges, and so on right down the list. If the supply falls short then the steward knows exactly what he must go out and purchase. If six of the sea bass have been used in the preceding twenty-four hours he buys six more, and the four fish remaining are brought to the front of the ice box. The new stock must always go to the rear. Remember this kitchen is stocked and fed by system.

The hotel man throws open the door of a small refrigerator, standing by itself and holding but a single commodity.

"Spinach," he says. "My chef is a crank on spinach. He adores it and he will not allow it to share quarters with any other food. He says that it is too susceptible to their flavor."

The chef comes up. You are introduced to him. He is an Alsatian, a clean, pink-skinned, interesting man. Like a good many other hotel chefs he is a vegetarian. His dinner rests atop of his little desk in the corner of the kitchen. It is a simple, tiny affair, without meat. And he raves against white bread—the pride of our New England and Pennsylvania mothers. He tells you that he can cure almost all human ills by a regulation of the diet—and perhaps he can. As he talks he is interrupted. A waiter close by is bawling out his order to an under chef. Translated it reads:

"Lobster à la Newburg, Lyonnaise potatoes, alligator-pear salad with Russian dressing, and we'll follow up with a chocolate ice cream."

"*Mon Dieu!*" says the chef.

A Crank on Good Food

This chef, who is a crank on spinach, is not so very different from a tavern keeper who maintains a small but excellent restaurant in Brooklyn. This man is a crank on pure food. Perhaps that is the reason why his table is so excellent that people find their way to it across the East River and from the white-light and restaurant district of Broadway itself. They know that he abhors cold-storage food. And for the same reason he prints in bold type when his vegetables are fresh, and calls attention to the fact that they have never been contaminated by cold storage.

Oh, he is a crank on cold storage, is that Brooklyn hotel keeper. He tells you, with a fine show of pride, that you will not find turkey on his menu card between the first of April and the first of November.

"Between those days is not turkey time," says this man; "yet, as a matter of fact, more turkeys are eaten in hotels in summer than in winter, which is entirely wrong. This raises the price of turkey in season and ruins the flavor of the bird out of season, and the responsibility lies not only with the unthinking hotel keeper, but with the patron who insists upon eating turkey on a hot July night, and gets a frozen, flavorless bird. The same is true with guinea hen—one of the most toothsome of fowls which is eaten from July to April, whereas from September to January is the limit of the proper season."

He is also a crank on chickens. He buys his in an obscure community in the southern part of New Jersey, because he has studied the poultry industry from the standpoint of a chicken-raiser, and down there in the sand dunes he has found what he is convinced is the ideal chicken soil—at least within short shipping distance of Brooklyn. He tells you that you will find no better chicken in Paris or in San Francisco than he serves in Brooklyn, and when you ask him to prove it, he explains that the chickens his tavern serves are scientifically fed—five times a day on a mixture of corn, wheat, barley, buckwheat and kafir corn, ground together and cooked into cakes. These cakes are soaked in milk before being fed to the chickens. They are prisoners who live well, for part of this hotelman's chicken policy is not only that the birds must be fattened through rich and constant feeding, but that they shall not take off that expensively acquired fat through useless exercise.

Profits, Seven Cents a Meal

Come back again to the hotel kitchen, in which we stood a moment ago and studied the stocking of its ice boxes. Yet that is not its real system after all. The real system is to be found in the landlord's confidential books upstairs. These are made up from the daily reports that come to him from both the back of the house and the front of the house. From the little steward's office at the kitchen door come the bills for provender. From the cashier's pen in an adjoining room come the totals of the restaurant checks. It is an easy matter thereafter to figure out the percentage cost of the raw supplies. In this house it generally runs about forty-seven per cent. If it gets over fifty, mine host sends for his pink-skinned chef and has a little heart-to-heart talk with him. After that the percentage drops—or the chef. Because this hotel, which is profitable, feels that it must make a little more than one hundred per cent on its raw supplies. It is well managed, and it must take care of its pay roll, its overhead, all the incidentals, out of that remaining half of the income.

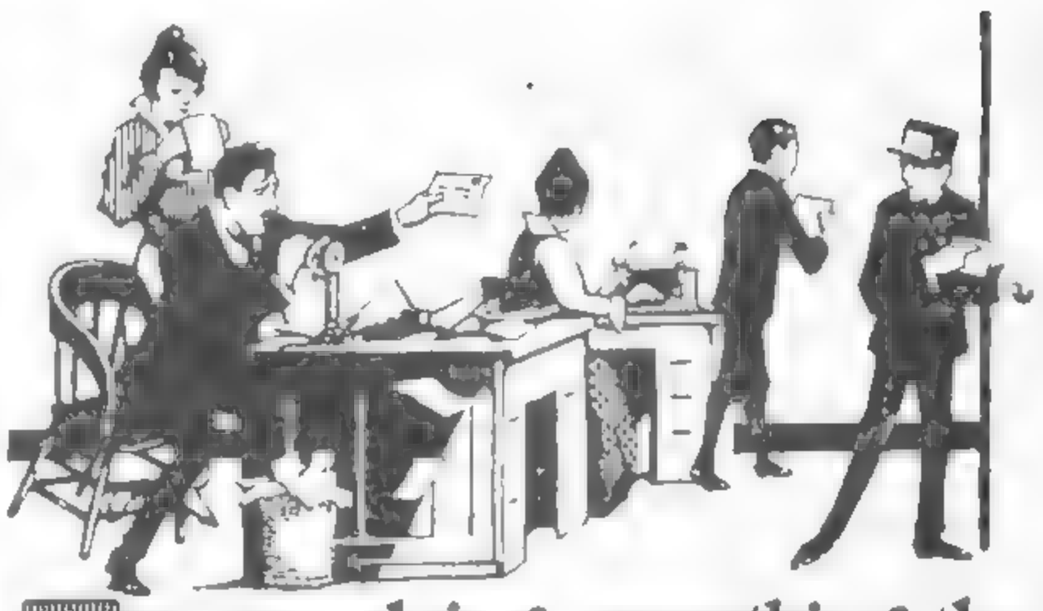
Because it is a business within a business, the restaurant of this hotel must stand upon its own feet, which means that it must show at least a slight margin of profit after all the expenses have been taken into consideration. That it does. Last year the average check in it was $1.09 and the average cost of serving a meal, including raw supplies, pay roll, light, overhead, and the like, was $1.02. The hotel man was satisfied with that. He will do considerably better on his room investment, very much better on his bar receipts. That is why he hates to see prohibition gaining so strong a hold all the way across the country. It is not that he cares for drinking himself—very few hotel men of the modern type do; but, putting all sentiment aside, he hates to say good-by to what is by far the most profitable business of his collection of many little businesses.

"If it comes down to cases," he says, "we can do without the bar business by the simple process of charging a little more and taking a higher profit on the other businesses. It is not the liquor question that is the weakness or the greatest problem of the modern hotel in America."

"What then is it?"

"Labor," he answers. "The hotel in America has ceased to be conducted by Americans. Upstairs where we have our sleeping rooms our maids are Polish. You would find it hard to give instructions to any one of them and have her follow them intelligently. And downstairs—in the back of the house—it is a thousand times worse. There are no longer any American cooks. Soon there will be no American cookery, and there may be other hotels where you cannot get sirloin steaks or pie or strawberry shortcake—with biscuit—as your mother made it, and not the abominable sponge-cake confection of the average French chef.

"You have just been in my kitchen and have heard the official language of the place.



Are you doing everything the hardest possible way?

W. A. Burnell, a business man of Buffalo, New York, found that he was doing everything the hardest possible way. Of course, he was tired all the time and things wouldn't move ahead as they should. Then he took the

Emerson Course in Personal Efficiency

Everything changed at once. He's on the right track and things are coming.

He is one of many. 12,000 have already enrolled, 30% are executives, engineers and owners. 15% are accountants and clerks. 13% are buyers and salesmen. 11% are lawyers and physicians. 6% are educators and the other 16% you can divide into every known profession in which intelligent men take a part. You—whoever you are—whatever you do—need efficiency. You need it in your business and in your home.

Man is not naturally efficient. Man's natural way is to dawdle through life doing a bit here and a bit there. But life will not let the ambitious thinking man remain that way. We must learn to take advantage of each opportunity outside of ourselves, and of each quality within ourselves. Knowing how to take advantage of each opportunity and each quality—that is what we call *Efficiency*.

Harrington Emerson acquired in practical work with many corporations the knowledge and experience that enabled him to write this course. He is the President of an Efficiency Company directing efficiency work in a number of corporations. In his work he has had to teach and train young men, some of whom today hold highly paid positions. He has thought efficiency for forty years, he has taught it for thirty years; during twenty years he slowly collected the data for this course. You can learn from the lessons of this course how you can save an hour, two hours a day—two dollars out of each day and how you can make the day a better day at the same time. You can study this course and make yourself efficient in your own life in 15 minutes a day and for little more than a dollar a lesson.

This course will give you the thing you lack, whatever that thing may be. One man found it gave him an extra day a week, one man found it saved him $3,000 a year, one man found it added $5,000 a year to his profits, one found health in it. Each found the thing he needed most. Send for this book and find out what you can get out of this course.

FREE—This Book 14 Chapters—In Colors—Illustrated

Send for this book. It contains the answer to the ever-present question of "Where is the money coming from?" Some of the chapters:

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Advice on Heating Your Home—Gratis

No one style or size of heater is suitable for every home. Buildings and conditions vary greatly. You buy a heater once in a lifetime.

To enable you to select the particular size and type of heater that will prove most efficient and economical in your home (thus surely avoiding unique expense and annoyance) we will send a special Information Blank and Diagram Chart. Fill out the Blank, indicate your door plans on chart (very simple), send to us, and our heating engineers will give you frank, unbiased advice as to exact size and type of heater you need.

We make types and sizes for every style and size home and to burn every kind of fuel. We manufacture the largest line of heating apparatus in America. Our reputation, of 60 years' standing, is maintained by a policy that holds the customer's interests first. We will not knowingly sell "misfits". Better to lose a sale. Hence our offer.

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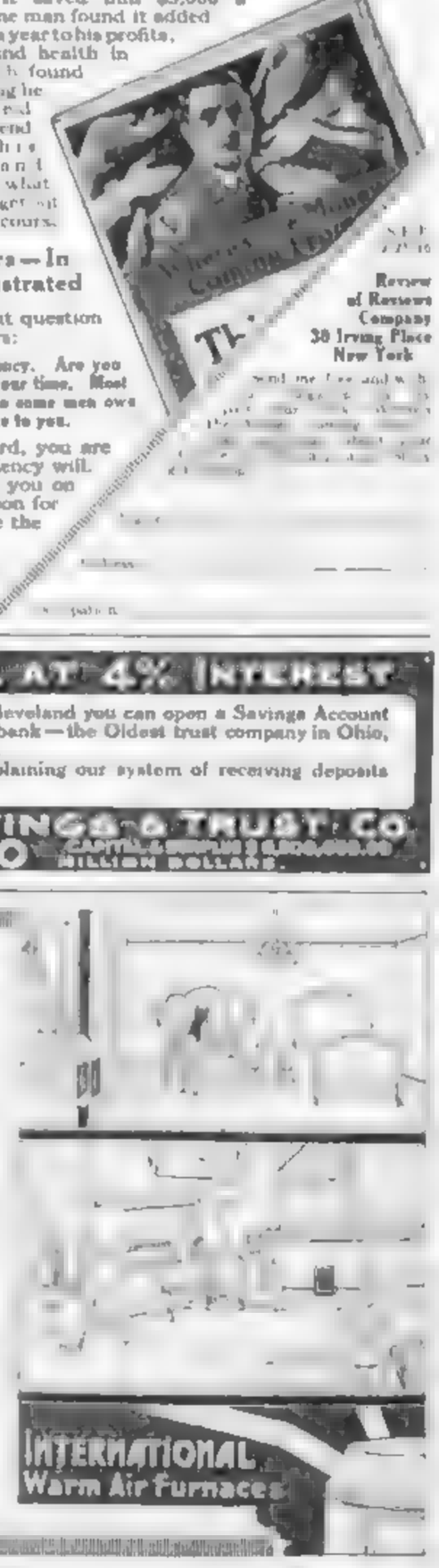
Utica, N. Y.



The Lamps that pay for wiring your home

—Yes, pay for it. Whatever your cost of wiring has been or will be, Edison MAZDA Lamps will pay for it by their economy over old-style lamps.

For Edison MAZDA Lamps make electric light go three times as far.

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Your nearest Edison Agent will tell you the best sizes to use.

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EDISON MAZDA LAMPS
Made in U. S. A. and Packed by MAZDA Service

"My College Education is now assured"

So writes
Lee R. McCullough
of Illinois

A YEAR ago he almost gave up hope of getting to college. Then, one day an "ad" like this caught his eye, and he answered it. By looking after the local subscription orders for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* he earned every cent that he needed to enter a well-known college last September.

The money he earns this year on his renewals and on new subscriptions will take him through his sophomore year with flying colors. He will graduate in 1919.

You too can earn your college expenses in this pleasant, easy way. Your own neighborhood is a good territory, and you have some spare time now. Don't wait till June. Write today to the

Educational Division, Box 313
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Independence Square, Philadelphia

What chance has a Yankee boy in such a job as that? He disdains it, in the first place. He can go and become a first-rate locomotive engineer or machinist or motor-car expert or salesman; but cooking! It does not seem like a real business to him and we have to draw on Europe. New York gets the cream of the kitchen talent, the ten or twelve cities of a half-million or more do fairly well; but after that—well, it's hard pickings for the smaller places. They may have the new hotels, but they have to equip their dining rooms, their kitchens and their kitchen storerooms with what is left over from the New York hotel help. It is a pretty crew in the back of the house that the average hotel manager in the medium-sized city has to handle. And because the house seems to move smoothly to the average, unthinking guest who does not look far underneath the surface of things, it is no evidence that the hotel is running smoothly. The chances are that it is not."

Here is a man who knows whereof he speaks. Ask him if the hotel, the ambitious new hotel built in your town so that it might attain a season of metropolitan appearance, can come back, can finally manage to squeeze out a moderate annual return to its dividend-hungry stockholders.

"If the original expenditure was not entirely too wasteful, if its present location is ordinarily good, and if it has not too much nor too unfair competition, it probably can," is his reply. "But it cannot do it without some brains. It must have system, a real system, such as modern merchants and manufacturers use, and not a make-believe. It must use great care in purchasing its supplies, particularly food supplies for the kitchen. And it must work out its own solution of the labor problem. If it can work out some sort of scheme of educating its future department heads, and educating them not toward making an imitation New York hotel in a live American town, but a hotel of fairly American type, without abandoning the logical and sensible à-la-carte restaurant system, it will be precursor of any other sort of permanent success."

The tavern keeper fairly trained and experienced must follow the definite rules that have just been laid down, keep his head steady, and study constantly and forever the problems of his own community. If he does this he ought to be able to show that the hotel can come back—his own hotel at any rate. And if he does this and prosperity does not enter his front door to sign the register and stay a goodly while, it will probably be due to far deeper circumstances, circumstances which neither he nor any other man can ever conquer. There are some hotels that never should have been built. It is far too much to expect that these can ever come back.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr Hungerford on the Hotel Business. The second, dealing with the Front of the House, will appear in an early number.

A QUESTION OF BREEDING

(Concluded from Page 13)

But Hawkins rode on at a gallop down the hill toward the gate. A long-studied lesson was printed in his brain:

"The horse must be held steady and straight for the obstacle, gathered about thirty or forty yards from it, and then given his head when ten or fifteen yards from it."

As they drew near, the gray felt a pressure on his bits for a moment, and then his head was freed. He had never been confronted with such an obstacle in his life, but he did not falter. Quick and clean he gathered, and soared over the top bar like an unleashed falcon.

Back on the hilltop two dozen men caught their breath and gasped, and the Lieutenant unconsciously shouted vigorous approval:

"Well taken, old man! You'll win in a canter."

When the gray felt the hard road beneath his feet he needed no urging suggestion. Whirling in a stride he leaped forward. That one clear jump had purged all memory of hot plains, wire fences, spurring men—dim ideas of green grass, inviting hedges, hunting horns, light-handed men, gathered in his brain. The gray had come at last into his own!

Hawkins, knees in, hands low, body forward, was attuned to every rhythmic leap—and for the first time in his life he knew the madness of sheer joy. Then they flashed by a staggering man—and Hawkins remembered!

"Take cover, Sergeant!" he shouted. "Take cover!" And he was fifty yards farther down the road.

He heard now the snarling whine of flesh-hunting bullets. Then he heard wild shouts, thundering hoof beats. He glanced up. Down a lane that joined the road about a quarter of a mile ahead a column of lancers was racing to intercept him. He saw that they had at least two hundred yards shorter distance to go. Then he leaned over the gray's withers and shortened his reins.

"Give me your best now, boy," he pleaded, and at the words the gray's ears flattened back and his great stride quickened.

In a surge of convulsive leaps he bounded forward, every muscle in his body eager for the strain. Faster and faster he ran. And Hawkins, with hand and knee and voice, helped him forward. Closer and closer came the thunder of hoof beats, and harder and harder the gray horse tore on.

Fifty yards away Hawkins looked up and groaned. Already the lancers were coming out upon the road. It would all be over in an instant. He closed his eyes and awaited the shock.

With a savage wrench the gray horse tore the reins loose from his rider's hands. These things ahead, they meant to stop him—to burn him with hot irons—to throw him with ropes—to stab him with spurs! It was to be the old game again, was it? He slackened his stride, screamed like a mad thing—the high-pitched shriek of a tortured demon—and catapulted straight into the shifting mass.

The stall-fed horses and factory-bred men who waited there had never heard the scream of an outlawed horse, nor seen the incarnate fury of a mad one, and in rearing, trampling horror they made a passage for this one.

When Hawkins came to himself the familiar face of his captain was looking up at him, and friendly hands were lifting him from the saddle. He wiped fretfully at some blood that kept getting into his eyes and tried to raise his right hand in salute, but for some reason it wouldn't come up.

"Lieutenant says — hurry — reënforcements forward," he faltered.

"They started when we saw you coming; this is the reserve troop, old man," answered the Captain! So Hawkins slipped down to the ground, and as they bandaged his head he wondered vaguely why the Captain had called him "old man." Officers sometimes called other officers and gentlemen that. Then he remembered the gray.

"Is my horse hurt?" he asked weakly. And they told him how the gray drew two long breaths and contentedly fell to cropping the short grass by the roadside as soon as they had loosened his girths.

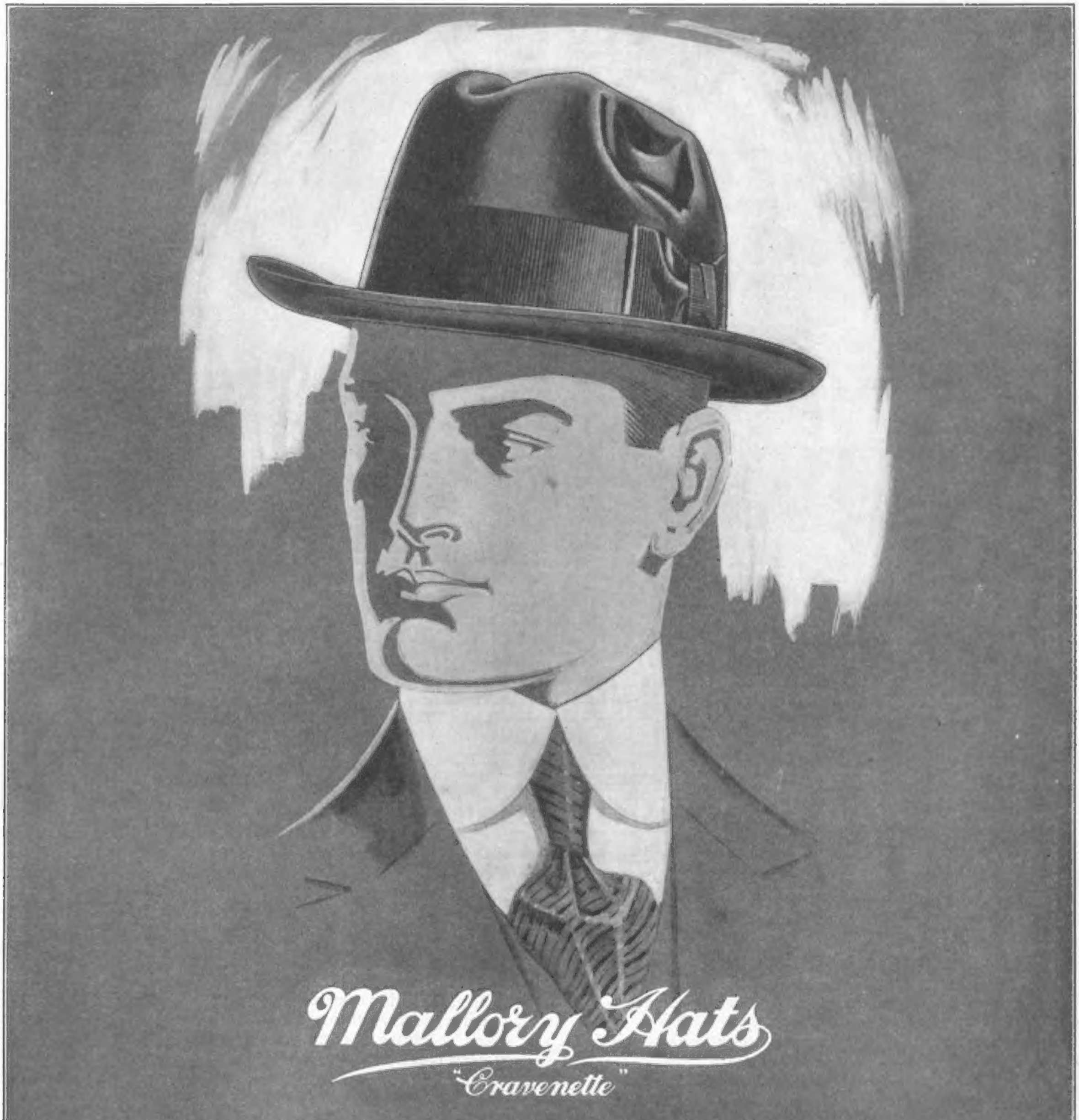
A month later Mollie McCarthy, poring over a copy of an illustrated London paper, came upon a picture that startled her—a slender young man with rather large ears and teeth that protruded slightly, wearing the riding boots and trim uniform of a cavalry lieutenant, with one arm in a sling, standing at the head of a gray horse. She looked at the heading and read on:

"GENTLEMAN RANKER WINS COMMISSION

"DARING HORSEMANSHIP WINS MILITARY HONORS

"This picture of Lieutenant Hawkins, of the —th Cavalry, was taken recently at Calais by our staff photographer. The horse shown is the mount upon which the daring horseman, alone and without support, charged a troop of German Lancers and saved the day at ——, a point somewhere in France. Cavalry officers who remember him in English hunting fields say that there are few more skillful gentlemen riders in Europe. The gray horse is said to have won several great steeplechase trophies before the Lieutenant put him into the King's service."

Then Mollie, being a woman, cried. And, being an Irishwoman, wiped the tears away, kissed the picture and cried again.



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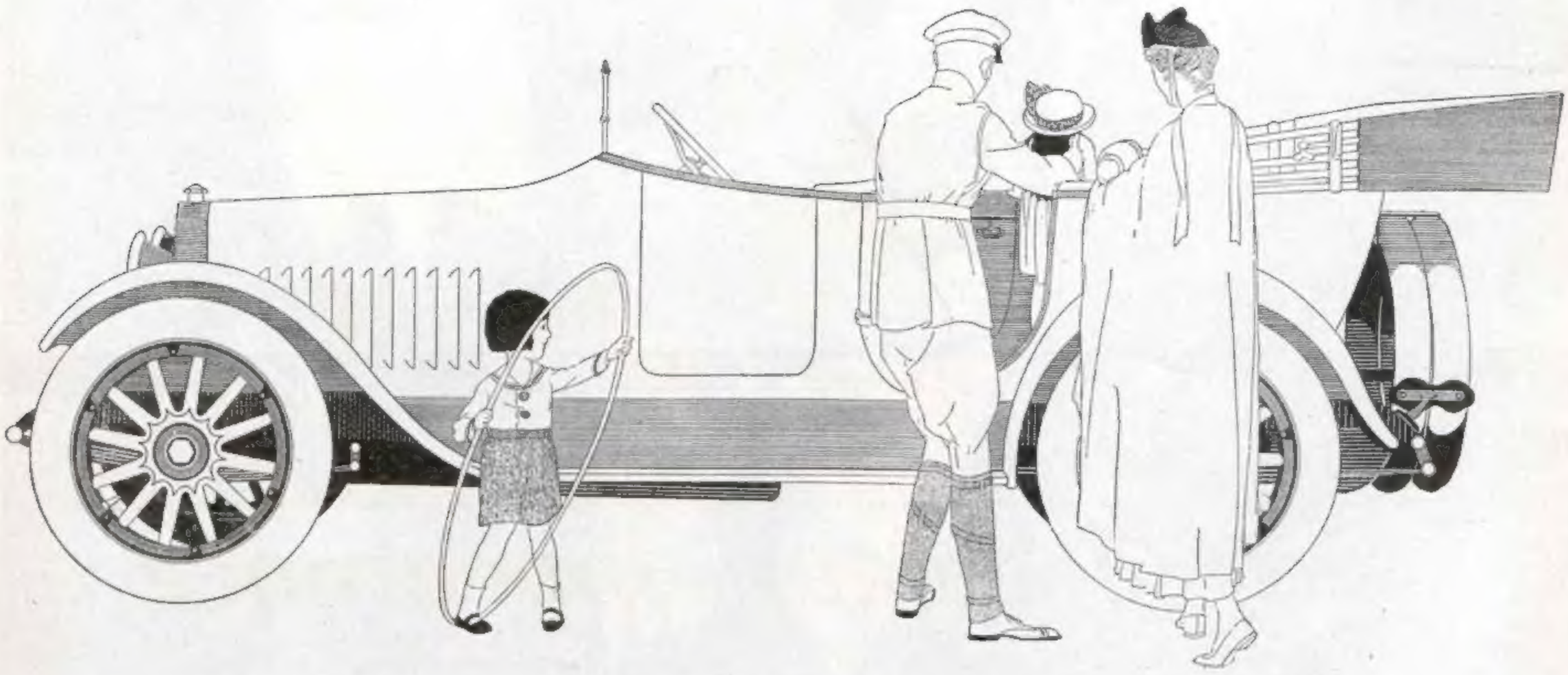

This New 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers Has a Passion for Performance

You give her gas—the gear engages—the battle with gravity is on. Picture flight as a dynamic struggle with the tugging, gripping, unseen muscles of earth called gravity.

Why and how does she win every contest with this invisible opponent with never a gasp or fret?

The answer is 3400 r. p. m.

Every blow she delivers with her pistons is stiffer because of the speed behind it. And 3400 revolutions per minute, so far as we know, is the highest crankshaft speed ever attained in an American stock car.

Her pistons are aluminum. They cost 15 to 20 times more than pistons of steel or iron. But they weigh only 12 ounces each, compared with the orthodox cast-iron piston of 2½ to 3 pounds.

Aluminum makes her small, compact, highly energized engine a Goliath, but a subtle Goliath, for might weds silken flexibility.

It makes every blow delivered by her gas-cushioned pistons swifter and more effective.

They radiate heat from the centre of the piston head much faster than if they were made of other materials, and engineers find that this prevents the accumulation of carbon in the piston head.

That's one of the secrets of the untroubled travel of the 3400 r. p. m.

The same characteristic of aluminum permits this vehement beast to carry higher compression—hence her singular fuel economy of 18 miles to every gallon of gas.

And it means quicker acceleration, making aluminum the mysterious touchstone that brings you pick-up that passes all understanding.

Finally, the anti-friction properties of aluminum mean a high-speed engine that will endure for years—one that will not quickly wear itself out in its battles with gravity.

This car has a passion for performance.

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Color options: Meteor blue, Oriford maroon with gold stripe
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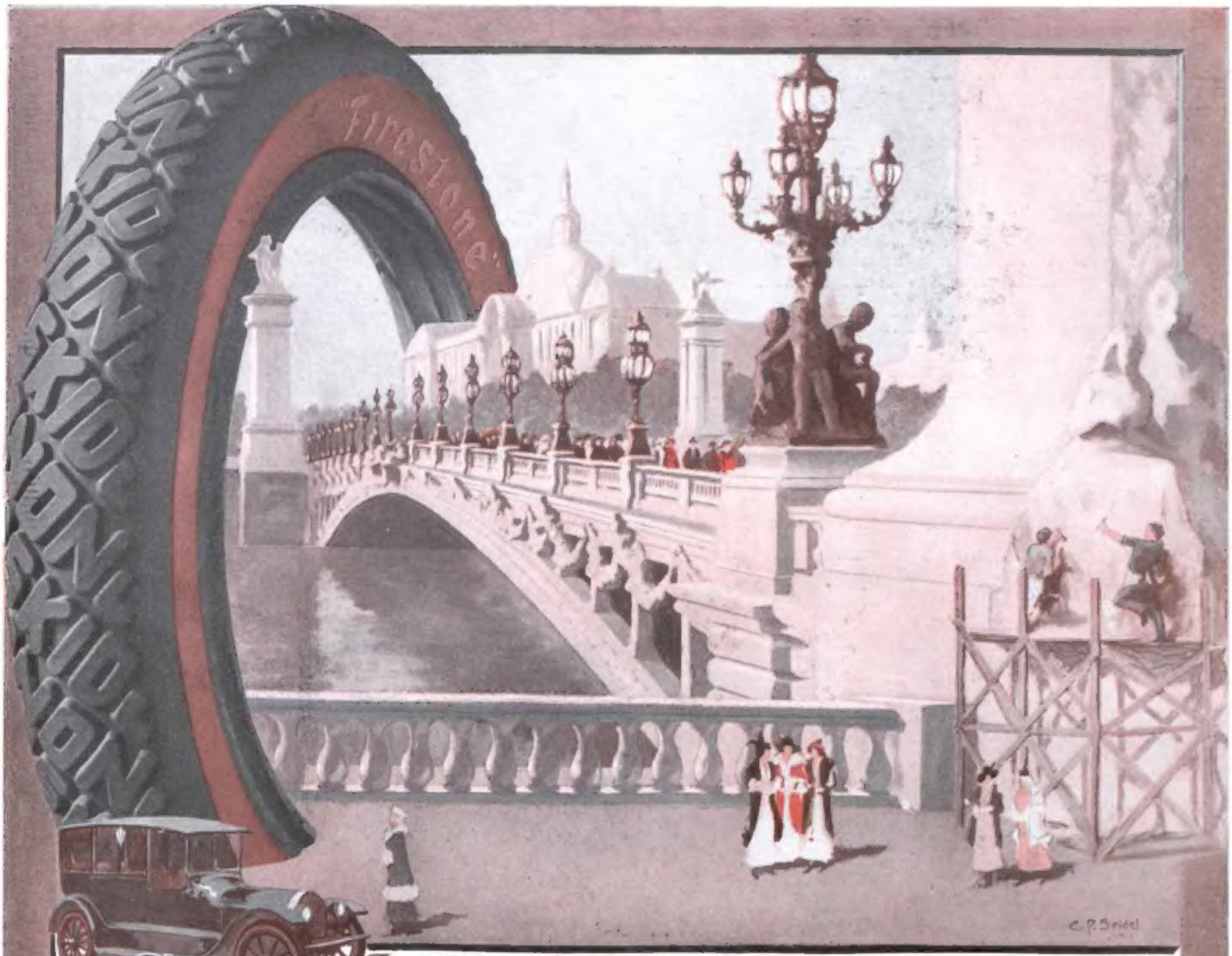

Service-Safety-Appearance

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